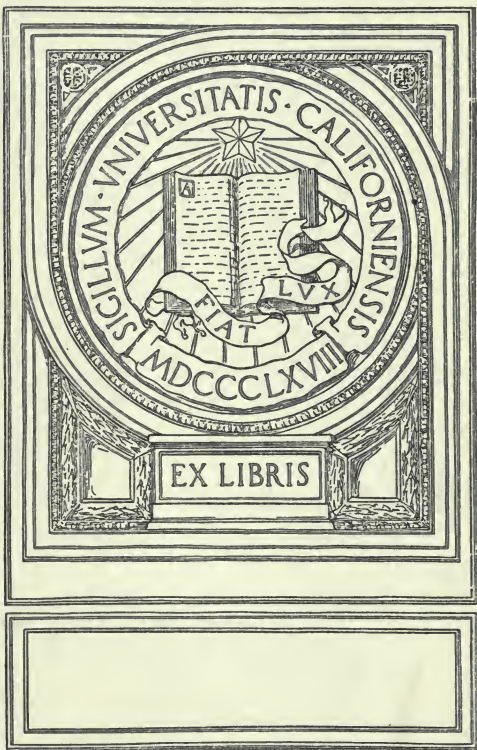




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THE  
**AMERICAN MARINERS:**

OR,  
**The Atlantic Voyage.**

—  
A MORAL POEM.  
—

οὐρανός καί θαλάσσα.

HOMER.

[Davis, John]

PREFIXED IS  
A VINDICATION OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER,  
From the Aspersions of the Quarterly Reviewers.

—  
TO WHICH ARE ADDED

**NAVAL ANNALS:**

*Or, an Impartial Summary of the Actions fought, during the late  
War, at Sea, and on the Lakes,*

BETWEEN THE SHIPS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THOSE OF  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

—  
Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.—VIRGIL.

to me the same,  
Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in name.—PITT.

—  
COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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A VINDICATION  
OF  
THE AMERICAN CHARACTER,

From the Aspersions of the Quarterly Reviewers.

---

To Robert Southey, Esq.

SIR,

The complacency with which you make mention of me in a work composed in the maturity of your taste and judgment, excites in my feelings a goodwill towards you; and I now shew my deep sense of your distinguished favour by inscribing to you this volume. It relates to the seamen\* of a great and misrepresented

\* The seamen of America have found an eulogist in Burke [See page 238 of this Volume], and a detractor in James. *Utrum horum major accipe?* James, in his dull, unconnected Narrative, has asserted, in unqualified language, unsupported by any specific testimony, that when the Essex, after her most gallant conflict with the Phœbe and Cherub [See page 315 of this Volume], was boarded by the British officers, "*buckets of spirits were found in all parts of the main-deck; and most of the prisoners were in a state of intoxication.*"

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

The prisoners! of a complement of 265 Americans, opposed to 421 English, forming the combined crews of the hostile ships, only 111 escaped death or wounds; and those ought not to incur obloquy from an unsubstantiated accusation. But the charge is necessarily refuted by the behaviour of the English Commodore, who, touched with Captain Porter's defence of the Essex, returned him his sword, with a letter appreciating his gallantry. To contend that every circumstance of the action must have been known to him, and that he would have been accessory to his own degradation in complimenting Captain Porter, had he been guilty of countenancing such enormities, and presided over a crew in a state of drunken delirium, would be a work of supererogation.

M147323

nation. I am not the panegyrist of the inhabitants of the new world, though I feel a catholic and conciliating spirit towards them ; and I trust that I am not singular in my predilection for a nation identified with our own by a common extraction, a common language, a common literature, and similar political institutions. The gradual colonization of the United States, and the incessant intercourse between the Atlantic coast and the mother country, has admitted of so little variation of national character, that the Englishman of America is not to be distinguished in form or feature, in temper or intellect, from the Englishman of Europe. A native of the North American Union is, both in his physical and moral attributes, more an Englishman than either a Welchman, an Irishman, or a Scot. Were you, Sir, to travel from London to the Lakes in the company of a man of each country, your discernment could be at no loss in assigning to the triumvirate of Britons their respective soils beyond the Severn, the Saint George's Channel, and the Tweed ; but the American would defy your subtlest unravelling of national character to give him for the land of his nativity any other than that of England.

If I can engage your belief, Sir, in the fidelity of this picture, with what indignation will you not recur to that which the Quarterly Reviewers have drawn of the counterparts of your own countrymen. Viewing the Americans through the fog and haze of rancorous party hatred, they have depicted the nation as a collection of miserable out-casts who have survived a general mutation of their muscles, ligaments, and osteology ; without one moral virtue to redeem the hideousness of their physical defor-

mity. With a total indifference to human feelings, they represent the Americans as a nation of “ clothed savages ;” who, on their part, have opposed to the calumny only an unshaken silence. Not but that Americans have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in their bosoms : not that apathy has embowelled them of their natural entrails : not that they have been drawn, and trussed like birds in a museum. If you prick them, they bleed ; if you tickle them, they laugh. They preserve the whole of their feelings native and entire, but accompanied by an understanding, which knows how to distinguish between the clamours of an insolent and profligate faction, and the voice of a great and magnanimous people. They regard the Quarterly Reviewers as a cabal of little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though shrill and troublesome insects of the hour :

τετλίγεσιν εοικότες, ὅτε καθ' ὕλην

Δενδρέω ἐφεζόμενοι ὅπα λειριόεσσαν ἱεῖσι.\*

as grasshoppers keeping up a cry from the foliage of the British oak, while thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath its spreading branches, chew the cud and are silent.

In the 27th Volume of their periodical Calumnies, their abuse against the American States has assumed every shape which the ability of the writers could give it. The

\* The *utriusque lingue docti* of my readers will preserve the integrity of the context by interpreting λειριόεσσαν not *suavem*, but *gracilem*.



article is entitled Views, Visits, and Tours in North America. It may be considered as a sort of digest of the dirt raked off from the filthy travelling-boots of Harris, Welby, Flower, and the pseudo English Woman ; and its mephitic exhalation has been severely felt ever since the accumulated load was thrust through the kennel of the Quarterly Review into the nose of the public. In matters so ridiculous, it is hard to be grave. The enormity of the misrepresentation is adapted only to the palate of the knight in Pantagruel, who could swallow a chimera for his breakfast, provided it was cooked by a critic. The Reviewer begins by drawing the most aggravated, hideous, and deformed picture of the state of religion in America, which his vilifying temper, aided by the arbitrary dominion he assumes over fact, is capable of exhibiting. “ Religion, says the Reviewer, seems to be at a lower ebb in Philadelphia than at New York ; it is “ made a jest of in the United States, and the churches “ are filled with fanatics, hypocrites, and buffoons. The “ religious duties of the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, who are very numerous in New York, seem to “ be performed without one single spark of devotion. “ They go to particular churches because their great-grandmothers went there before them, or (which is the “ weightiest reason of all) because it is their interest.” This is sufficient for a specimen of the orthodox and pious rage of the devout and zealous critic. If any one be willing to see to how much greater lengths he carries this supercilious wrath of summary condemnation, he will recur to the Review ; where after begging the question, through twenty pages with impunity, and asserting with-

out thinking himself obliged to prove, he concludes his querulous eloquence with this charitable sentence, "WE fear there is very little Religion of any kind in the greater portion of the United States!" An American might justly retort on the fantastic arrogance of this spiritual tyrant by admonishing him that there is A REVIEWER OF REVIEWERS, before whose tribunal he will have to appear; and hope, in the meekness of christianity, that at the closing scene of death, if his lungs be not decayed with scurrility, he may dictate to some Burnet at his bed-side, not only the recantation of his errors, but his repentance for those dark deeds which have acquired infinite aggravation, from the insidiousness and baseness of a lurking-hole and a mask.

To these invectives of the Quarterly Reviewers I shall oppose the testimony of a man who had emancipated his mind from the fetters of systematic theology; a testimony composed not to gratify a rancorous party spirit, but to instruct the impartial. "It is a glorious example that this country is now settling to the christian world, shewing not only the perfect safety, but many positive advantages, not only of universal toleration, but of the exclusion of any establishment of religion whatever; the civil government having no more to do with it than with philosophy or medicine. Here are Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, with seceders of various kinds, from Scotland, Independents, Baptists general and particular, Quakers, Universalists, Lutherans, Calvinists, Menonists, Dunkers, Moravians, Methodists, Sandemanians, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, and Jews, which are probably more than can be found in any other christian

country. And yet they all live, and have intercourse together, in perfect harmony; give no disturbance to the State, and are ready to render to each other every office of good neighbourhood and humanity. At the same time there is, I believe, as much real religion and Christianity in the United States as in any part of Europe; and a fewer professed unbelievers than in any other christian country.”\*

At page 89 the Reviewers give an affecting detail of the calamities which await the arrival of an Englishman in America: “To replunge into that state of life from which we happily escaped so many centuries ago;—to forego all the comforts and all the blessings of civilization;—to be set down for life in the midst of a lonely and pestilential wilderness, surrounded with disease and death;—to be devoured by fleas, and bugs, and mosquitoes within doors, and to live in the constant dread of snakes, scorpions, and scolopendras without;†—to meet the face of

\* This picture of Religion in North America is drawn by Priestly; Burke has employed his masterly pencil on the same subject, “Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people, is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of their free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind, which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion.” I leave the reader to his own reflexions over the harshness and the malignity of the Quarterly Reviewer.

† The f\*\*\*s and b\*\*s (to expunge the vowels from these indecorous words *Cynthius aurem vellit, et admonuit*) are not indigenous, but imported with the emigrants *fræ the North*. The mosquitoes have vanished—stings and all; and snakes are nearly as scarce in the United States, from the cultivation of the soil, as they are said to be in Ireland through the interference of a Saint. North America is not a land of terror; and the dread of being devoured in it could enter only



strangers only ;—*to* linger out days and years without friends, without society, without the enjoyment of a single comfort ;—*to* listen in vain, every Sabbath morning, for “ the sound of the church-going bell ;” and what is not the least of evils, *to* be deprived of those consolations in affliction, and in the hour of death, which the due attendance on divine worship, and the conversations of a religious life, never fail to afford.”

For the want of large and liberal ideas, this petty reviewer cannot contemplate, in one connected view, a desolate wilderness converted into a flourishing empire, but squats himself down in some rejected swamp, and in an unphilosophic and absurd spirit, decides on the whole from a contemptible part. With equal propriety might an American judge of England from a fen in Lancashire. If this be not stupidity, it is malice ; and his object is not the diffusion of truth, but the spreading of defamation. Of this *lengthy* lamentation, most piteously doleful, and nodding towards dulness, the reader augurs ill from the obvious nonsense of the initial sentence. He confounds his identity with that of his ancestors. No rhetorical figure can authorize his speaking in his own person of what he experienced several centuries ago ; unless he can persuade us that he has attained to the age of an antediluvian ; but he would be no great gainer by our conceding to him this point ; for we should only pity him as being a very old man without the benefit of reflexion.

the chimerical brain of a closeted Reviewer. It is blest with peculiar exemptions. It is notorious that the traveller goes armed in Asia and Africa to defend himself from the lion, the hyæna, and the pard ; but in America he roams from Canada to Darien protected by a rush.

His mention of the fleas and bugs is in a very bad taste; and his whining piety is so egregiously absurd, as to melt our indignation into laughter, and make even depravity ridiculous.

To make the reader amends for the prose of the Reviewer, I shall cite the stanzas of the bard. It is Mr. Moore's description of America.

Thrice happy land! where he who flies  
From the dark ills of other skies,  
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,  
May shelter him in proud repose!  
Hope sings along the yellow sand  
His welcome to a patriot land;  
At once, the mighty wood receives  
The stranger in its world of leaves,  
Which soon their barren glory yield  
To the warm shed, and cultur'd field,  
And he who came of all bereft,  
To whom malignant fate had left  
Nor home, nor friends, nor country dear,  
Finds home, and friends, and country here.

As my cause is that of human nature, and my party is mankind, I will, before I conclude, disabuse the public upon a representation which stands out in high relief beyond the rest. If Bruce excited the indignation of the public for wantonly relating of the Abyssinians, that they cut their beef-steaks from the backs of grazing cows, with what abhorrence must we turn from the inhuman accusation of the Quarterly Reviewers against the people of the State of Kentucky, whom, on no other authority than that of an anonymous scribbler, they represent to be in the cool habit of cutting their razor strops out of the backs of living Indians. They must be tainted with a ferocity truly diabolical to believe Americans to be so.

wicked and corrupt; and their implicit faith of the enormity admits only of the explication, that it is the allegory of their own system, and the type of their own policy. The unhallowed transports with which they thrice repeat the charge, argues strongly that they are lost to shame; and while the Kentuckian is libelled, the reader is scandalized. Those "Kentuckians (say the Reviewers) who have the least turn for economy, cut their razor-strops from the backs of Indians while alive; and according to their common practice, do it coolly and deliberately. *We believe that this infernal fact is true to the letter.*"\*

If it were practicable to treat such atrocious nonsense seriously, I would not undertake the vindication of the Kentuckians, on the plea of remorse and compunction of heart, as the assumption might be thought gratuitous; but I should at once shew that the charge necessarily meets its confutation on the very principle of economy. The race of Indians is extinct in Kentucky, and a red man is as scarce in the district as a horse in Venice. The nearest tribe of Indians is that of the Catawbias in Carolina, a distance of five hundred miles, and not even the gratification of skinning an Indian alive would compen-

\* The Federalist, from whose exploded pamphlet the Quarterly Reviewers have collected their information, is a little tippling author of Philadelphia, with only a single pair of galligaskins, who is glad to make his dinner off a halfpenny porringer of pease soup and potatoes; a thoughtless buffoon of a satirist, who would himself be astonished if he were held to the letter of his own description. The pamphlet is a joint performance. Rawle, the printer, finding his subscribers importunate for its appearance, sought the author at his lodgings; who being disqualified by his potations for literary pursuits, the typographer sat down very deliberately and finished the composition.

sate Jonathan for the expences of the journey, while there was a sympathetic calf in the neighbourhood to bellow out *in me converte ferrum*. But what I consider decisive of the point in debate is, that having applied to my barber for his opinion, who is a manufacturer of straps, the little swarthy Packwood, on hearing through the diabolical story, fell into a fit of immoderate laughter, and wiping the tears from his eyes with his holland-apron, assured me that the absurdity of the charge counteracted its virulence; that it would baffle the ingenuity of Jonathan to cut a strop adapted to a razor out of the back of an Indian, though inexorably deaf to his pressing entreaties to desist; that the skin of an Indian is too thin for the purpose; and that a Reviewer must possess a very thick head to let such an idle rumour command his absolute confidence.

It is impossible to conclude this Letter without expressing a wish that the Critical Department could be reformed by filling it with enlightened and conscientious characters. The recognized establishment of such an authority would scatter the present insidious confederacy from their lurking-holes, like a ruined nest of ants. The Quarterly Review would cease to be a practical satire on the liberality of an English public; a kindred Nation would no longer be the sport of a blind and insolent faction; and the opinion necessarily entertained by Americans would undergo a modification, that the laudable love of polite literature in the mother-country has been superseded by an unhappy passion for coarse invective, clumsy raillery, and vilifying abuse.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

THE AUTHOR.

# THE AMERICAN MARINERS.

## CANTO I.

### THE EMBARKATION OF THE CREW, AND THE DEPARTURE FROM PORT.

#### I.

OCEAN all hail! ours the proud joy to roam  
Thy world of waters glittering in their foam,  
O'er thee to gaze—to rest the roving eye  
On thy curl'd waves that plume the verging sky.  
Our home a barque—the pageant of the scene— 5  
Pride in her port, defiance in her mien,  
Whose well-arm'd deck displays a gallant crew,  
Each man a hero, to his colours true.  
But to my tale —



## II.

Where Pennsylvania's river opens wide 10  
 His arms and ample bosom to the tide,  
 A rugged cliff impends with beetling brow,  
 Whence giddy terror dreads to look below,  
 And on its tree-capt summit stands a fane,  
 Whose ancient tower surveys the rolling main. 15

## III.

Primæval is the spot, where overhead  
 Gigantic oaks their twilight shadows spread,  
 Cinctur'd with roses the magnolia towers,  
 The ancient cedars wave their sacred bowers,  
 And Nature only, in her sylvan tone, 20  
 Wakes with the breeze through green arcades to  
 moan.

## IV.

Thither the sailor oft is seen to stray,  
 As pensive Meditation points the way,  
 To note the scythe, the hand-glass and the bone,  
 That point a moral on the antique stone:— 25

His foot scarce raising midst the awful gloom,  
Lest he disturb the silence of the tomb—  
Vain thought! yet who, not curst with breast of steel,  
Would the fear spurn, and not the foible feel?

## V.

While our tall anchor'd bark at distance lay, 30  
With sail loose flagging in the breezy bay,  
Soon as the holy light shoots o'er the fane,  
And dazzling paints the ivy-mantled pane,  
Then musing up the hill yet hoar with dew,  
In solemn rites to join ascend our crew, 35  
There to incline, and ocean's God implore  
To speed their vessel to her destin'd shore.  
Bare, reverential, o'er the turf they spread,  
Where in their long long sleep reclin'd the dead,  
Each in his narrow home—with sealed eye— 40  
No more to view the splendours of the sky.

## VI.

Beneath an oak, o'ershadowing a tomb  
That eloquently preach'd man's certain doom,

The sea-chief stood : in glittering gold array'd—  
On his sword's hilt the morn's effulgence play'd— 45  
Quick was his eye—its attribute controul—  
It aw'd, impress'd, subdued the gazer's soul—  
And when his dark brow knitted o'er its glance,  
Scarce single-handed would his foe advance.

## VII.

Now as he rais'd his hand, the naval train 50  
Spontaneous knelt; such stillness held the plain,  
That in his highest flight was heard the cry  
Of the proud eagle soaring to the sky.  
Then as the kindling ardour thrill'd each breast,  
The bending crowd the warrior chief address'd : 55  
When our forefathers, from Britannia's coast,  
On the wide tempest-harrow'd ocean tost,  
Left the stern realms of Persecution's reign,  
To keep their covenant beyond the main,  
The wave escap'd, in gratitude to God, 60  
They rais'd this fane, this sanctified abode.  
Sunk are they now, they press the sainted ground,  
Where the grav'd tablet scatters praise around,  
And from the mariner approaching nigh,  
Exacts the tribute of a bosom sigh.



Yet sleep they not in cold oblivion's gloom,  
Their pious memory lives beyond the tomb,  
Lives in our breasts, and warms with sacred fires,  
Another race to emulate their sires.  
Yes! ere our vessel tempt the billow's roll, 70  
Breathe we our vows, and lift the ardent soul.  
He said, and bending to the holy ground,  
With age, and youth, and childhood kneeling round,  
Fervent of heart and voice, before the shrine,  
Invok'd the succour of the pow'rs divine: 75  
O thou who swayst the seas, thou Lord of all,  
At whose command the billows prostrate fall,  
O'er the great waters of th' Atlantic main,  
Extend thy mercy, and our bark sustain.

## VIII.

Now to the sands the crew descending bend, 80  
There in a last embrace to strain a friend,  
Or sorrowing leave a mother, or a bride,  
To weep the sailor's absence on the tide.  
Murmuring they go, as when their kindred deep  
Heaves the hoarse surges to some rocky steep; 85  
The boatswain shrilly pipes, the countless throng  
Like the sea's waves successive pour along.

## IX.

## THE FRIGATE'S CREW.

The tall New Englanders, a hardy band,  
From Barnstaple, and Sajahadoc's strand,  
Whose naval ardour rocks nor shoals can bar, 90  
Nor the dread rage of elemental war.  
Sons of the storm! with javelin wont to seek  
In icy seas the Monster of the Deep,  
His form approach, when, from his nostrils wide,  
He breathes a tempest, and he spouts a tide. 95

These our first Watch—to whom the rugged plank  
Yields slumber sweeter than the mossy bank.

## X.

The Pennsylvanians, eager to explore  
Old ocean's wildest waves and farthest shore;  
Whose prows all-daring range from pole to pole, 100  
Far as the breezes blow, the billows roll.  
When the rock'd yard dips low its pointed arm,  
They climb the shrouds—with breasts that scorn  
alarm—

Cling to the cord, display the pendant form,  
Ply their bold task, and sing beneath the storm. 105

These form a watch—and the same district hail  
With their great chief who rules the helm and sail.

## XI.

The gay Virginians—the main-deck train  
To point our battle-thunder o'er the main ;  
Who, ere they flash the cannon at the prow, 110  
Watch well their own ship's roll—the surge's flow.\*  
Wild sons of mirth—with eye as eaglet's bright—  
Waking to joy, to laughter, and to light.

A watch these form—when on the nightly gale  
Our tall ship hangs with broad and steady sail. 115

\* The American crews are eminently skilled in handling the great guns. It is notorious that their ships have disabled those of the enemy, without sustaining any material damage themselves. I have had occasion to notice that the men, in exercising their guns at a cask on the water, are ever mindful of the heave of the sea, and never fire till the ship is on an even keel. Hence their main-deck battery acquires the precision of a fort.—But this is a horrid subject to the Philanthropist !

## XII.

The Mississippians, us'd to gallies' sails,  
From silver streams that flow through smiling vales,  
Where the long loaded raft, and cumbrous barge,  
Trust to the placid wave their weighty charge.

These, in our waist, the sinewy arm afford      120  
To haul the sheets, and get the tacks aboard.\*

## XIII.

Last—the Kentuckians, new to naval fame,  
From woods and mountains, one wild scene of game,  
From boyhood taught the spiral gun to wield,  
And scalp their foe-men prostrate in the field.      125

These in the fight—from the top's airy round,  
Direct the tube—inflict the deadly wound.

Inspir'd by freedom, one congenial soul  
Pervades the bands, and animates the whole.

\* The waist of a Frigate is the midship part of the main-deck. The men stationed there are called Waisters, and their principal occupation is to pull and haul.

Daring in mien, of their star'd banner proud, 130  
Breathing defiance, mov'd the warrior crowd;  
Down the descent th' embodied seamen pour,  
Darken the vale, and seek the haven's shore.

## XIV.

The full throng'd harbour, and the peopled shore,  
An awful, silent look of anguish wore. 135  
There the soft maid the sailor's arm sustains—  
She holds him weeping and his form detains.  
And there the father clasps his love and pride,—  
His drooping wife and infants by her side.  
The hoisted topsail beats against the mast— 140  
They lean in agony, and look their last—  
Their sorrows stream; oh! who with heart to love,  
Or eye to weep, those sorrows would reprove.

## XV.

Aloof Delancey stood—no spousal tears  
Fall on his breast—no shriekings pierce his ears. 145  
In the proud lap of high adventure thrown,  
No vows but those to Fame his pulses own.



He leaves no wretched wife to watch—to mourn—  
And pile the beacon-fire till his return.  
Yet led by Friendship to the wave-wash'd strand, 150  
Warriors and Statesmen of Columbia's land  
Hang on his steps—and, sighing, see his sail,  
With ample canvass, loosen'd to the gale.  
Their sweet remembrance oft had cheer'd his mind  
On deck, amidst conflicting waves and wind ; 155  
For, e'en in scenes of peril and of death,  
Friendship like flowers can scatter fragrant breath.  
With smiles he gave them now his last embrace,  
But his heart cast no image on his face ;  
And when they breath'd their tender, last fare-  
well, 160  
In look, not sound, the parting blessing fell.

## XVI.

With downcast eyes the silent bargemen stand,  
As on the gunwale steps the Chief from land—  
Shove off! the coxswain cries—the falling oar  
Resounds, and creaking cleaves the billow hoar. 165  
Heading the anchor'd bark, they silent row,  
And as the cleft wave brawls around their prow,  
The crowd's full plaudits reach the Captain's ear,  
The shout from shore, and oft repeated cheer.

## XVII.

Sad on on the sea-beat strand a mother prest 170  
Her soul's sweet solace to her throbbing breast—  
Talbot—descended from a generous line,  
Of fairest form, in look and air divine.  
And wilt thou go, she said, relentless boy,  
Where billows threaten, and where storms annoy, 175  
To tempt the dangers of the restless deep,  
And leave these wretched eyes to watch and weep.  
Sure there's more pleasure in the tranquil charm  
Of thy dear home, remote from rude alarm,  
More in the lawn, the garden, and the wood, 180  
Than in the billows of the boisterous flood.  
When round thy bark the foamy surges curl,  
And bursting mountains wild destruction hurl,  
When thy heart sickens into deep dismay,  
Nor tears, nor pray'rs the tempest can allay— 185  
Then, with wrung bosom, thou wilt cast thy eye  
Towards thy home, and thither breathe a sigh,  
And wish, though then the wish will come too late,  
Thou ne'er hadst wander'd from thy mother's gate!  
Thus wept the dame—her unavailing woes 190  
Melt not the boy whose breast with ardour glows :  
Yes ! when at night, expos'd on deck, I keep  
My lonely vigil listening to the deep,

Oft shall I paint to mind the dome and grove,  
The hallow'd haunt of thy maternal love. 195  
Yet not from fear—that passion should not sway,  
But courage bear the sailor on his way.  
And I, the son of one whose dauntless form  
Ne'er on the billow shrunk beneath the storm,  
Will, when the blast embroils the surging main, 200  
Invoke his shade my spirit to sustain.  
Eager of action, enemy to rest,  
Thy arms I leave for Ocean's troubled breast.  
There lies my ship—her gallant trim behold—  
Her proud flag bears a wreath embost with gold. 205  
She looks the pageant of the circling sea,  
Home of the brave, the fortress of the free,  
Destin'd to ride the mountain-wave sublime,  
And roll her thunders on a hostile clime.  
For know, the tyrants of the turban'd host 210  
Detain our craft dismantled on their coast,  
While in the noisome dungeon's baleful air  
The crews lie languishing in dumb despair.  
First to Britannia's coast the rapid breeze  
Shall bear our war-bark tilting o'er the seas, 215  
Envoy of peace, to give the generous hand,  
And closer draw the ties of friendship's band.  
Then bending on, our battle-tier shall roar  
With retribution o'er the Moorish shore,



Till the long-peopled rampart shake, and all 220  
Its rock-bas'd forts stand nodding to their fall.  
The stripling ceas'd, and feeble to sustain  
The bitter yearnings of the parting pain,  
Tore from the matron's arms, let fall a tear,  
And sought the pinnace rocking at the pier. 225  
Oh! little dreamt he, as he hied to gain  
The stately ship, and launch into the main,  
That ship should hurl him from her mast's tall head,  
To mingle with the ocean's vagrant dead—  
Sever'd from her who weeps upon the shore,  
Never, ah! never, to behold her more— 230  
Why kept he not at home his wand'ring feet,  
And not thus weave his own—his mother's winding  
sheet.

## XVIII.

Now, with shrill pipe, the boatswain warns the train  
Not to delay their duty on the main. 235  
The topsail flutters, and the signal-gun  
Thrice far resounding since the rising sun,  
Calls them on board—and streaming bright behold  
The stars of silver, and the stripes of gold.\*

\* The flag of the United States—reserved for higher destinies than Europe has the capacity to conceive—displays an assemblage of stars and stripes.

Stormy and wrathful as the swelling surge,  
The mates the seamen to the barges urge,  
Whose boatmen leaning on the rested oar,  
In secret chide their comrades on the shore.  
And thus, a young Lieutenant of the deep,  
Hampden—rebukes the warriors as they weep. 245  
For flippant talk more noted than for sense,  
Invulnerable in his impudence,  
His wit on others' woes he lov'd to whet,  
And ran an Indian muck at all he met.  
Are these our brave Columbians? mournful sight!  
Hanging their blubber'd cheeks in languid plight—  
List'ning like dotards to the honey'd tongue  
Of woman—with false vows of fealty hung.  
The sex reprisals love, and will retort  
The joke that—"Tars find wives in ev'ry port." 255  
To whom an aged matron, at whose side  
A daughter hung, a sailor's weeping bride—  
Shame on you, youth—jangling your hanger's chain,  
To jest when woe and wretchedness complain.  
Wed but some virtuous maid—you will remove 260  
Your doubts, and think more nobly of our love.

When Hampden thus—if memory do not fail,  
You are the dame who once approv'd my hail,  
When landing from a cruize on yonder pier,  
I chink'd a purse of dollars in your ear, 265

And ask'd you in a kind and coaxing way,  
Where liv'd the likely lasses on the bay.

Shameless of front—the anger'd dame replies,  
Whene'er thou speak'st—a reputation dies—  
Repress that laugh—aye, hasten from my view,  
Stain of the navy, stigma of thy crew.

## XIX.

Now the tall ship the sailor-train ascend,  
And o'er the capstan-bars incumbent bend,  
Heaving they shout, and from its oozy bed,  
The ponderous anchor slowly lifts its head. 275  
The haulers sing, and through the glowing hand  
The braces glide, the wheeling sails expand.  
Crowds from the town, the hamlet, cot, and grange,  
Blacken the sea-shore to the billow's range—  
Their cries ascend, their tender shrieks revive, 280  
The rocks, the pier, the tall cliffs seem alive.  
Our ship is cast,\* and as she seaward steers,  
Sinkings of heart, and sighs, and smiles, and tears

\* Casting a ship is, when her anchor first loosens, she is placed in a position for her sails to fill.

By turns hold sway—our flapping topsails swell,  
And hands uplifted waft a long farewell. 285  
Glorious our vessel glides—in deep array,  
Her guns frown terror o'er the watery way.  
Deep meshy outworks all her rear invest,\*  
And on her beak a Virgin stands confest,  
Who to the eye reveal'd, by carver wrought, 290  
A breast that swell'd with soul, a brow that thought.  
Resting her sandal'd feet, the Nymph display'd  
Her graceful form, and the blue deep survey'd.  
Some would have judg'd her from the sea to rise,  
On our prow lighted to invoke the skies, 295  
But with the Cyprian Queen she claim'd no kin,  
Her look could never light a face of sin.  
No wanton Cupids round her arm entwine,  
And fondly strive to kiss her hand divine.  
Hence ye impure ! from Greece the Virgin stray'd,  
From Corinth's citadel—that royal maid  
Whose succouring arm, as ancient bards relate,  
Snatch'd young Orestes from disastrous fate,  
His throne redeem'd, and gave to funeral flame  
The base usurper, and the perjurd dame.† 305

\* Deep meshy outworks—a periphrasis for boarding-nettings.

† See the *Electra* of Sophocles.

## XX.

High on the deck the gallant sailors stand,  
And look a tender farewell to the land ;  
They mark the spot where lingering they delay'd  
Their last embrace, ere yet they anchor weigh'd.  
White curl the waves, our ship with spreading sail  
Smooth as a falcon hangs upon the gale,  
The peopled shore, the beacon fainter shew,  
And all is sky above, and ocean all below.

## XXI.

O land receding, land belov'd, rever'd,  
By ev'ry tie that binds the heart endear'd, 315  
Columbia's shores fast fading on the eye,  
To you I breathe my deep, my farewell sigh.  
Fam'd for true freedom, but for pity more,  
Exiles from ev'ry clime embrace your shore—  
Warsaw's defender, and the gallant host 320  
From Gaul—where Virtue mourns her empire lost—  
To you the persecuted victims roam,  
Redress their hearths, and find a sylvan home.



## XXII.

And I who sought and found a wild retreat  
Where thy Ontario's sea-like billows beat, 325  
In all the turbulence of ocean's roar,  
Whelming the bark unconscious of a shore—  
Now leave my bower of peace—on wild waves tost,  
And spread the sail for Albion's distant coast—  
But not unblest—a bright'ning, sunny ray 330  
Gilds the horizon of my wintry day—  
A consort's care, an infant daughter's smile  
Sustain my spirit, and my griefs beguile :—  
These heart-twin'd objects o'er the deep I bear,  
With pious hope, but not unmix'd with fear, 335  
To realms remote—O God, be thou their guide,  
Vouchsafe to guard them through the storm and tide.

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CANTO II.

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THE STORM, AND MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER  
OF A SHIP AT SEA.

Night now has hush'd our crew in soft repose—  
The moon, full-orb'd, her silver mantle throws  
O'er the blue deep—her splendours quiv'ring play,  
Gild our proud bark, and light her on her way :  
In such an hour who would not slumber break,  
To marvel o'er her meteor-streaming wake.\*  
In silent pomp the lofty warrior glides—  
Her hull, masts, sails, reflected on the tides— 345  
Her shadowy counterpart—to our sight,  
Blended in stillness—noiseless as the night.

\* The wake of a ship is the track which she leaves on the sea. It may be seen to a considerable distance behind the stern, as smoother than the rest of the water.

A thing intelligent before the gale  
Seems the tall ship—plunging her straining sail—  
Some spirit wandering on the billow hoar, 350  
That starts and listens to the wat'ry roar.

## II.

With stilly tread now on the gangway's height  
The centinel proclaims the watch of night,  
And as the bidden seaman strikes the bell,  
Then sounds on air the cry of "All is well!" 355  
Now at the helm the steersman lifts his brow  
To thee, fair planet, glittering o'er the prow,  
And, as he guides his vessel through the main,  
Dwells on those friends he sighs to meet again—  
That thronging wake alternate hope and fear, 360  
By distance now to memory doubly dear.

## III.

Ocean slow heaving to the swelling breeze,  
Recalls those nights in equinoctial seas,  
What time a ship-boy,\* o'er the gilded prow  
I loll'd, and chid the talking waves below— 365

\* The Author of this Narrative embraced a sea-faring life, and made several voyages to India in his early youth: one in the Worcester, of which Mungo Park was the Surgeon's Mate.



Or strove to count the sparkles of the tide,  
Their mimic fires scattering far and wide.

## IV.

But years bring grief—now as the billows roll,  
With voice articulate they melt the soul.  
Like tones of friends remember'd o'er the ear 370  
Mournful they fall, and wake the tender tear.  
Whither are all my early comrades fled?  
No more with jocund shout the sail they spread—  
Mute evermore—and blotted from the day,  
Like their swift ships they all have pass'd away.

## V.

Unknell'd they sunk—for them no mourners weep,  
Their shroud the wave, their sepulchre the deep,  
Or if inurn'd, and yet survive their fame,  
What is it but the record of a name—  
A senseless effigy—a chisell'd bust, 380  
The sculptor's effort to defraud the dust.

## VI.

Another day is pass'd—but now no more  
Our deep sail whitens o'er the billow hoar—

When night returns no more our crew is blest  
With golden slumbers, and the dews of rest.  
Intent we all beheld the waning day 385  
Depart in clouds that spread a deep dismay—  
The voice of wrecking havoc shriek'd below,  
And our dark fate alighted on the prow.  
The chief in horror gaz'd—and while around  
The still air trembled with a muttering sound— 390  
What demon, cried he, of the whirlwind's train,  
Broods o'er the waters of the darken'd main?  
Seamen, aloft! reduce the dangerous sail,  
Bare pol'd\* our bark must meet th' impending gale.

## VII.

These portents of the troubled deep I saw 395  
With secret wonder, and with sacred awe,  
From our drear deck; and at my elbow stood  
Young Talbot, fram'd for scenes of gentler mood,  
Who, as his arm round mine in friendship twin'd,  
Reveal'd the boding terrors of his mind: 400

\* A ship is said to be under bare poles, when, in a tempest, all her sails being furled, she flies precipitately before it—perhaps, at the rate of twelve knots an hour, surrounded by waves whose heads or tops are blown about with so great violence that you cannot discern the horizon. *Haud ignarus loquor!*

I dreamt, as in my canvas-cot I lay,  
Ere yet the boatswain's pipe announc'd the day,  
That I was hurl'd unfathom'd caves to seek,  
Where no sound broke the sabbath of the deep.  
Around me carcasses, a countless crowd, 405  
Some in their hammocks, some without a shroud,  
Floated in living tombs, the ocean's scorn,  
With unctuous locks, and hollow eyes forlorn.  
While speeding down the azure realm were spread  
Trunks without heads and limbs, that streaming bled;  
Torn from their cearments, the rejected food  
Of the voracious monsters of the flood.  
Incumbent mermaids trail'd their glossy hair,  
But one mermaiden sang a plaintive air,  
Who gently o'er me gaz'd with aspect bland, 415  
And gazing wrong'd her bosom with her hand,  
Pitied my youth, and with her melting shriek,  
Pierc'd the calm caverns of the hollow deep.  
The Sisters rose, shook back the streaming tress,  
And join'd the doleful wailing of distress. 420  
Then with a voice subdu'd, the weeping throng  
Around me wove their melancholy song :  
In vain you heaven-ward look with asking eye,  
Fond boy ! no more will you behold the sky.  
Far deeper limits have you yet to seek 425  
Of the exhaustless regions of the deep,  
Pass shelving rocks, and distant eddies gain,  
And mix with Proteus and his formless train.

Where awkward whales the foamy waves assail,  
And lash the marbles with their forked tail. 430  
The sunless cave of keels, a countless store,  
And rudders that obey the hand no more;  
Of many a founder'd ship, within whose hold  
The captain's gallant heart has long been cold.  
These sapphire seas by right to us belong, 435  
For whom the bard has rais'd the lofty song;  
Nicæa, and Cymodoce the fair,  
And Galatea with her golden hair.  
They paus'd—I felt the warm gush of their tears,  
And waken'd with my horror and my fears. 440

## VIII.

Hoarse o'er the main the gathering surges rise  
With heaving throws, and bellow to the skies,  
In darkness shrouded—not a waking beam,  
No star to twinkle, and no moon to gleam.  
Dashing the deep, our bare-pol'd bark is borne, 445  
Swift as a rein-deer from the sounding horn—  
A thing appal'd, she flies before the wind,  
Sweeps on, and leaves long foamy tracks behind.

## IX.

Crowding the deck, while holds the ship her way,  
The crew all view the sea in blank dismay— 450

None speak—none move—while through the troubled  
air

The hoarse blast brings the wailing of despair,  
And peal on peal o'er ocean's burning bed  
Commingle roll, and shake the cavern'd dead.

## X.

While round our hull the waves conflicting rise, 455  
The timoneer the wary chieftain eyes,  
And as beneath his hand the axle glows,  
Port! he exclaims—or, Steady as she goes!  
And oft the binnacle attracts his sight,  
(Whose pois'd lamp o'er the compass throws its  
light,)\* 460  
There to consult the card whose mystic pow'r,  
To arctic regions points in every hour.

\* The ship's compass is kept in a wooden case called the binnacle, which at night is lighted by a vibrating lamp; and being placed before the helm, the helmsman in the darkest weather is enabled to steer his course. A French poet of the twelfth century had seen it used in the night:

Quand le nuit est obscure et brune,  
Qu'on ne voit étoile, ne lune,  
Lors font à l'aiguille illuminer,  
Puis ne peuvent ils s'égarer.



## XI.

Now sudden to the crew he calls aloud,  
With warning voice, Grasp each a weather shroud !  
Oh ! may our plank repel yon whelming wave, 465  
Whose yawning hollow seems a coming grave !  
He said—an Alpine mountain full in height,  
Foaming in wrath, and terrible in might,  
It strikes our deck—which—from the ponderous blow,  
Severs like polar ice when the thaw breezes blow.

## XII.

As broke the sea o'erhead, I sought a shroud,  
Amidst the seamen mingling clamours loud,  
While at our feet the flood with horrid roar,  
Booms, hatches, cordage, in its torrent bore.  
When Talbot thus :—(who o'er the rushing tide 495  
A ratlin grasp'd, and held in gallant pride)  
This wave escap'd—the visionary loom  
Dissolves—no more prophetic of my doom.

## XIII.

While o'er our deck the boiling billows glow,  
Curl white above, and darkly roll below, 480

The young Lieutenants, reckless of the surge,  
Seek the chain-pumps, and through the torrent urge,  
The deep well sound, the clanking pump-brakes ply,  
And look around them with a seaman's eye.  
Hampden and Randolph in the waist appear, 485  
And swell the shout the laggard heart to cheer—  
So the bright stars that gild Orion's form,  
Shine through the cloudy horrors of the storm.

## XIV.

But, lo! from either hatch, a startled crowd  
Of men and women, rush with outcries loud— 490  
Pilgrims—who doom'd on foreign shores to roam,  
Were now returning to their hearths and home.  
Wild with affright along the deck they pour,  
Spread wide their palms, and kneeling, heav'n  
implore,  
Or raving call—they all their wealth would give 495  
For one more day, one hour on shore to live!  
Then as the watery mountains whelm our deck,  
A baseless station, and a floating wreck,  
From the mix'd throng is heard young childhood's  
shriek,  
And the dread father's lamentation deep, 500  
Piercing the gloom—while the poor female's fears  
Are mute—or only shewn in silent tears.

## XV.

While o'er our deck billows on billows roll,  
A stronger tide of passion sways the soul—  
The panick throng more bitterly bewail— 505  
When Hampden's mutter'd curse their ears assail :  
A sailor long my lot has been to roam  
In ship and schooner o'er the ocean's foam,  
But ne'er till now these eyes beheld around,  
Such waters deluge, and such billows bound : 510  
Columbus well a farewell scroll might write,  
Kept he but watch with us on deck to night.\*  
Surely some Jonah in our ship sojourns,  
Who now his unwhipt crimes in horror mourns,  
Grows pale with ev'ry murmur of the skies, 515  
And beats his breast at ev'ry flash that flies :  
Only doth this alternative remain  
To bring the blessings of a calm again—  
Let overboard the passenger be cast,  
His sins atone, and pacify the blast. 520  
At this some shook for fear—the more devout  
Arose and bless'd themselves from head to foot—

\* When Columbus was in hourly expectation that his ship would founder, he wrote an account of his discoveries on a skin of parchment, and having wrapped it in a piece of deer-cloth, enclosed it in a cask, and turned it a drift in the sea.

When thus the Chief—Shipmate, these pranks give  
o'er,  
Who would not laugh, were you to pay the score—  
Ev'n now, when ocean raves beneath the blast, 525  
'Twere droll to see you to the surges cast,  
Though there no friendly fish would rise to save  
The falling jester as he dash'd the wave—  
Come, help below these wretches from the shore,  
Who hate salt water, and their lot deplore. 530

His shipmate hears, and in sarcastic vein,  
With brow severe bespeaks the trembling train :  
Down to your births, it ill suits you to brave  
On open deck the rude, uncourtly wave—  
Speed ye—if aught be left to you of sense, 535  
Ere some o'erwhelming billow sweep you hence—  
And hands attend the lifted hatch to close—  
These simple hinds are formidable foes—  
Should, while they thread the ladder to the hold,  
Another torrent o'er the deck be roll'd, 540  
Our delug'd bark would shoot the deep below,  
Fleet as an arrow from the twanging bow.

The train obey : their wailings they suspend,  
The sailors lift the hatch, and down they bend.  
With pensive step the dungeon dark they seek, 545  
The hatches close—again is heard their shriek :

So the poor ghosts, when the sky burns around,  
Howl out their sorrows from the tomb profound.

## XVI.

Firm at the helm, with circumspect survey,  
The chief with guiding hand directs our way, 550  
While our heav'd bark scatters around her prow  
The surges dazzling like loose flakes of snow.  
Eyeing the swell, a sigh that oftentimes stole  
Reluctant, spoke the anguish of his soul—  
And as the wheel revolves beneath his hand, 555  
Thus he accosts his weather-beaten band :

Columbians, shipmates, names for ever dear,  
What heav'n inflicts 'tis mortal's part to bear—  
But in the tempest's darkest, fellest hour,  
There still presides an over-ruling power, 560  
To whom the seaman looks his bark to guide,  
And calm with mercy's voice the raging tide.  
Then bear your fate—dismiss ignoble grief,  
Rouse—clear the wreck to give the ship relief—  
The massy spars strewn o'er the deck demand 565  
A whole crew's labour, not a single hand.



## XVII.

Assembled at their toil the seamen ply  
The axe and lever where the ruins lie—  
While the hoarse boatswain urges on the train,  
And bellows like the bursting hurricane. 570  
Mix'd shouts resound—and o'er the steepy side  
Thunder the spars, and strew the flashing tide.

## XVIII.

Now round our craz'd barque such sea-billows spread,  
As rival in their height the mast's tall head—  
Loud and more loud they rage—and—as they roll  
Their bursting deluge—harrow up the soul:  
Scarce can our shuddering hull the shock sustain,  
The fell assault, th' invasion of the main.

## XIX.

Thus driving half-wreck'd on the midnight deep—  
My fears—my terrors banish'd balmy sleep, 580  
And on the deck, to yearning dread a prey,  
A father's breast invok'd returning day.  
When oh! as near the naval chief I stood  
Guiding his ship in silence o'er the flood,

New horrors hover'd on the night's stern brow— 585  
New horrors met the eye of moody woe—  
Sudden, terrific, labouring through the spray,  
A vast three-decker intercepts our way—  
Some admiral's ship, whose sides in middle sky  
Frown on the tempest, and its wrath defy. 590  
Full horrible around the mist she throws  
With her huge prow—and kindling as she goes,  
Bears on our wretched bark : our groans arise,  
And mingled clamours echo to the skies.

I saw the chief survey her on the deep, 595  
I saw the curdled blood desert his cheek—  
Seamen, he cried, attend your leader's call !  
Haste to the booms—the tackles overhaul.  
Should our frail bark the giant ship assail,  
Our boats—our boats—they only can avail ; 600  
Unless they float, one common fate we have,  
Our hull our coffin, the wide sea our grave.  
Shield us, ye guardian host ! to our dismay,  
Silent the hulk advances on her way—  
No hum is heard on deck—th' attentive ear 605  
Finds only awful, death-like stillness there.  
In such a night to sleep, the senses need  
Mandragora, or drowsy poppy seed—  
The pois'nous bowl, with deadly juices fill'd,  
The fatal draught from Egypt's drugs distill'd : 610

In such a night with no composure blest,  
Surely the crew have rav'd themselves to rest.  
Lights! seamen, lights!—to fire the murky air—  
A torch uprais'd!—to shew her how we bear—  
If her vast hull, her decks, her ramparts own 615  
Instincts to thinking, acting beings known.  
Hard up the helm! she comes but to annoy,  
Fix'd in the horrid purpose to destroy.  
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,\*  
She hurls destruction on our wretched bark— 620  
Stem on she comes! death spreads before our view—  
The boats! the boats! save ye, my gallant crew!

He said—the Warrior full before our eyes—  
Her keel on sea, her topmasts in the skies,  
Athwart us shot—threat'ning to cleave in twain 625  
Our hull—and give the timbers to the main.

So silent was her deck, and she so near,  
That her helm's motion we distinct could hear—  
But not a whisper'd word—or being's tread—  
Her's the deep mansion of the mute or dead. 630  
'Twas then I saw the Mother wildly start,  
And snatch her sleeping infant to her heart—  
Kiss her babe's lips, those lips of coral hue,  
And bathe with tears her eyes of azure blue.

\* Lycidas.

Clasp'd in her arms th' unconscious cherub lay, 635  
Like some soft flower that closes with the day;  
Serene she smil'd to the fond bosom prest,  
And midst the tumult innocence finds rest.

Soon as the Warrior pass'd us on the main,  
Meekly devout, the plank our knees sustain— 640  
The babe to love maternal once restor'd,  
Carest with rapture, is with tears explor'd :—  
Whate'er the transports this poor life can bring,  
The heart's best bliss resembles sorrowing.\*

\* In the event of the collision of two ships at sea, and the destruction of the smaller one, there is no resource left but in the boats. If they be of the same bulk, both may founder. Two remarkable British men of war, after leaving port, were never more heard of; the Aurora frigate, having on board Falconer, the legitimate ocean-bard; and the Blenheim, a seventy-four, manned with the heroes of the Nile. Their loss is commonly ascribed to a heavy gale, but I have often thought they might respectively have gone down in a midnight encounter with some other ship, and their startled crews have resigned their spirits in one wailing burst of anguish.

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### CANTO III.

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#### THE CASTAWAY.

Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,  
His floating home for ever left.

COWPER.

#### I.

Morn comes at last, but, oh! no solace brings, 645  
She bears no balm, no healing on her wings,  
Rayless she rises o'er our plunging prow,  
Bow'd is each heart, dejected ev'ry brow,  
Still rage the billows with terrific form,  
And howling havoc guides the vengeful storm. 650



## II.

High o'er the topsail yard, the shatter'd sail  
Flutters in fragments to the hostile gale—  
“ Seamen, aloft!” the young Lieutenants cry,  
And pressing to the rolling-tackles fly—  
“ Up men aloft, the canvass to unbend, 655  
“ While some below the weather-brace attend.”  
Vainly they summon and rebuke the crew—  
They all stand motionless before their view—  
Hampden the shroud infolds with zealous hand,  
To mount in air, and lead the naval band— 660  
Vainly he calls them on with upward eye—  
He kindles none—they pause in agony.

## III.

Ye sacred Nine, who o'er the harp preside,  
Assist my song in melting strain to glide—  
Prompt the deep murmurs of my lyre, and tell 665  
How in his op'ning bloom young Talbot fell—  
Dear to his shipmates—hurl'd before their eyes  
From the tall mast—thought shrinks from where he  
lies.  
With courage nerv'd, the canvass to unbend,  
Six seamen with the gallant boy ascend 670

The rock'd yard dipping low ;—the shatter'd sail  
Flaps to the impulse of the bursting gale—  
Talbot the yard-arm seeks with generous cheer,  
While we on deck look upward pale with fear.  
One hand the lift embrac'd—his head was bare—  
In ringlets o'er his shoulders wav'd his hair—  
Wild to the gale his azure mantle flows  
Of glossy texture, edg'd with beryl rows,  
That, rich in silken threads, his mother wove  
With her own hands, the witness of her love.  
The toss'd ship heaves him pendant to the skies,  
What now remains to us but tears and sighs. 680  
Our vows we pour—dread Spirit of the Storm,  
Spare the poor sea-boy, spare his tender form !  
Pale to the helm the wary pilot came,  
The ship's unbridled sallies to reclaim,  
But came in vain—the storm in ireful mood 685  
Bore the boy headlong downward to the flood,  
Down to the deep—like a fleet meteor hurl'd  
To quench its glories in the wat'ry world.  
Struggling he mounts, and lifts his wretched hands,  
And from his shipmates some kind aid demands, 690  
And cries for help, but cries with voice supprest,  
As the rude billow beats his quiv'ring breast.  
The Captain heard, and rush'd towards the helm,  
To check the ship ere seas his form o'erwhelm—  
Hard, hard a-lee ! with thick'ning voice he cries, 695  
Hard, hard a-lee ! the timoneer replies—

The fore-sail shakes, our vessel wildly bounds,  
And with the beating surge the prow resounds.

Then Hampden to the life-buoy eager flew,  
And lifted up, and overboard he threw;                   700  
While others cast the gratings o'er the side,  
And coops and hatches strew the flashing tide.\*  
The crew deplore and swarming seek the stern,  
Whence, in the wake, their comrade they discern  
Striving against the whelming wave to urge,           705  
That bears him like a bubble on its surge.

Through the craz'd crowd tumultuous clamours ran  
When thus the chief his stern rebuke began:  
Degenerate crew! what sink your souls with fear?  
Will ye not spring to rescue one so dear?           710  
Look ye thus on! a deedless, craven train,  
When duty prompts our boat upon the main?  
Fear ye she cannot live, and does the wave  
Appal your breasts, when Mercy pleads to save?

\* When a person falls overboard at sea the consternation of the crew will be readily conceived. The general cry through the ship is, "A man overboard! Hard down with the helm!" The helm is immediately put a-lee, the ship hove up in the wind, and her progress through the water suspended. Meantime, whilst the sails are shaking, the life buoy is launched from the quarter, and coops and gratings are thrown to aid the object of general sympathy; and, if the sea be not so tremendous as to render his situation irretrievable, the boat is lowered and dispatched to rescue him.

I ask no toils, no perils I demand, 715  
But what shall share this heart, this willing hand.  
Recreants ! redeem the credit of your name,  
Nor home return with foreheads veil'd in shame.  
Delancey spoke—and as the deck he trod,  
His form commanded, and his visage aw'd : 720  
The kindling crew, as bees on sounding wing  
At summons pour around their idol king,  
Leap on the thwarts, their guardian chief sustain,  
Grasp the broad oars, and dare the raging main.

## IV.

The boat's helm guiding, wrapt in foam appear'd  
The master-seaman, and the rowers cheer'd :  
Keep equal time, my still unconquer'd crew,  
Stretch to your oars, and throw around your view—  
Much has the frigate drifted, since from high  
The boy was hurl'd, and our ears caught his cry.  
Now from the wat'ry ridge the dizzy skiff  
Shoots like a chough—blown from some airy cliff  
Down to the frothy vale—and midst the roar  
Of the swoln sea again is seen to soar.  
The chief exhorts, and ev'ry panting breast 735  
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear  
deprest—

Intent around the confines of the deep  
Their searching eyes the luckless outcast seek—  
They call on Talbot with a voice of pain,  
And Talbot, Talbot, sounds along the main— 740  
Talbot they shout—faint on his wat'ry bier,  
Their deep cries pass unheeded by his ear—  
Looking his last, he half beholds the skies,  
Thinks on his home, and wishes as he dies.

## V.

Now on our deck 'tis sadly silent all, 745  
And rugged features melt at sorrow's call,  
And many a noble seaman mournful stands  
With downcast eyes, wet cheeks, and folded hands ;  
And many a youth averted turns to weep  
As the boat slowly measures back the deep 750  
Without the boy—dire is the row-lock's noise,\*  
Heard in the pause of ocean's raging voice.  
Then as the rope-coil the mute boatswain threw†  
To the pale oar-men, drench'd with briny dew,

\* Row-locks are notches in a boat's gunwale to receive the oars : they produce a percussive sound in rowing.

† When a boat approaches a ship at sea, there is always some one on board prepared to throw the boat's crew a coil of rope, in order to enable them to haul up alongside.



A burst of anguish issued from our train,  
Loud as the surges of the stormy main.

## VI.

With more than vulgar grief Delancey stood  
Amidst his wretched comrades of the flood.  
Tears grace the eye of man—supplied  
To him alone—the lower world denied— 760  
And he, who long unshaken and serene  
Had death in storms and naval combat seen,  
Now on the deck subdued by grief appears,  
His body bent, his soul dissolv'd in tears.  
Leaning his folded arms against the mast, 765  
He mourns the lov'd boy bleaching to the blast :  
O wretched end ! as thine no mortal's doom,  
Not e'en the sand strew'd o'er thee for a tomb,  
But in the vaulty deep thy reliques stray,  
By night unshelter'd, and forlorn by day. 770  
For thy departed soul no passing bell  
Flung to the hollow gale a solemn knell.  
For thee no mourners through the church-yard way,  
Held the black pall, and wept in long array,  
For thee no organ peal'd, no choral train 775  
With holy anthem clos'd the solemn strain.  
No duty thee the surplic'd-pastor paid,  
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd,

Nor hand officious heap'd thy rising bed  
Of swelling earth, memorial of the dead. 780  
O worthy better fate! whose lov'd remains,  
Unrescu'd from its rage, the deep contains,  
No more, dear boy, the boatswain's shrilly call  
Shall at the dawn thy waking ear enthrall,  
No more the backstay through thy palm shall glide,  
Thy body poisoning o'er the azure tide,  
Nor shall thy hand o'er the proud mast display  
The trophied flag that marks Columbia's sway.  
A patriot's ardour swell'd thy youthful breast,  
For thy great country's weal too soon repress, 790  
Thy cherish'd wish on this terraqueous ball,  
Like Hull\* to triumph, or like Burrows† fall,

\* Hull commanded the United States frigate Constitution in her action with the Guerriere. The engagement took place in latitude 41 deg. North, and longitude 55 deg. West. The Constitution carried guns of a twenty-four pound calibre; the Guerriere eighteens. At five P. M. they commenced close action—at twenty minutes past five the Guerriere's mizen-mast fell, and at twenty minutes past six her fore and main-masts went over the side, leaving the ship an unmanageable wreck. There was great firmness shewn on board the Guerriere in maintaining the fight an hour against a superior force, after the loss of her mizen-mast. Hull's chief merit is, that his crew were so skilfully trained to their great guns, that they fired them more like rifle-men than artillerists, and that he brought his ship out of the action comparatively uninjured. As the Guerriere struck, a sail hove in sight, when the Yankey frigate got all clear for another engagement.

† Burrows commanded the United States brig Enterprize in her memorable action with the British Brig Boxer, commanded by Cap-

To awe the tyrants of the turban'd host,  
And foreign fleets expel from Freedom's coast—  
But gone art thou, nor shall with grateful glow 795  
Columbia wreath a laurel round thy brow.  
When homeward steering the indulgent gales  
Back to our port restore our spreading sails,  
When with mix'd tumult, black'ning all the strand,  
Crowds swarm on crowds to hail our ship to land,  
When throbs thy mother, eager to explore  
The bark her Talbot through the surges bore,  
And throwing back her veil, with fond alarms  
Hopes, hopes to press thee in her longing arms,  
How harrow up her veins, how fades her eye, 805  
To see our drooping colours half-mast high!  
Her breast misgiving fears with boding pain  
Thou ne'er wilt bless her blazing hearth again,  
But not thee yet her darkest thoughts can form  
A vagrant corse before th' infuriate storm. 810  
Thy fate reveal'd, to me she makes her moans,  
Mingles her talk with tears, her sighs with groans,  
Me she rebukes, who her sweet solace led  
O'er the dark deep to mingle with the dead  
Where plummet never reach'd; oh! wayward doom,  
Denied a funeral and a lasting tomb.

tain Blythe. This gallant affair took place between Seguin and Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, Massachusetts. Both commanders fell in the conflict, and both were buried in the same grave. Burrows expired in the arms of victory, as the Boxer was hauling down her colours.

## VII.

The warrior ceas'd, and with a sigh repress  
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast,  
And bade his young Lieutenants loose the sail,  
And spread the canvass to the veering gale, 820  
For westward now the orb of day again  
Broke from a cloud that hover'd o'er the main,  
And unconcern'd its full reflection threw  
O'er the bow'd bodies of our mourning crew.

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CANTO IV.

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## THE CALM.

MORNING AT SEA—CREW BATHING—NEPTUNE'S  
VISIT—EPISODE OF YARROW—THE SHARK-BAIT.

The angry storm is laid, and Phœbus now                   825  
Peeps o'er the weary waves that rest below,  
And, as the morning vapour lifts its veil,  
Paints with his dawning blush our languid sail.  
No billow curls, but the hush'd ocean keeps  
An equal motion swelling as it sleeps—\*                   826  
The helm, abandon'd by the pilot's hands,  
Unheeded sways—our slumb'ring vessel stands

\* An alternate rise and depression of the sea continue long after the fury of the storm is exhausted.



Fix'd as in ice—the vanes no longer stream,  
And all is calm beneath the orient beam.

## II.

Joy to the new-born day!—not only we, 835  
But gladden'd myriads hail thee from the sea.  
Drawn from their depths the scaly tenants sport,  
And vast Leviathan maintains his court.  
Musing the sailor murmurs as he eyes  
The cumbrous monster of enormous size, 840  
Lift o'er the placid wave his nostrils bare,  
And spout the liquid column in the air,  
With tail erect the blue recesses seek,  
And thundering plunge his carcass down the deep.\*

## III.

Now sports the nimble dolphin o'er the tides, 845  
Floats in the sun, like living sapphire glides,†

\* The Whale comes up to the surface of the sea to blow the water and fetch air. When floating he resembles a black hillock, and discovers only the crown of his head, and part of his back; but, in going down, he makes a display of his fins, and erects his huge tail.

† The cerulean brilliance of the Dolphin moved by golden fins, is an object of delightful contemplation. We caught one of these fish during the calm. In the agony of dying a succession of beautiful but

The pennon'd fish he seeks—in sparkling flight  
 The victim rises and eludes his sight—  
 The deep dividing, from the surface springs,  
 And cuts the buxom air with pearly wings—\* 850  
 But short his progress through the realms of day,  
 Languid he drops, an unresisting prey.  
 But see, as though invoking the soft gale,  
 The buoyant Nautilus exalt his sail,  
 In spreading pomp his course around us keep, 855  
 And mock our stately frigate on the deep.†

## IV.

Now while the sky unveils its living light,  
 And the broad sun burns out intensely bright,

evanescent tints passed over the surface of his body, exhibiting changes from blue to orange or gold, spotted with blue and lilac; while its fins revealed the gorgeous colours of a peacock's neck.

\* The Flying Fish are seen in shoals sparkling from the sea, endeavouring to elude the rapid pursuit of their cruel enemy the dolphin. They can fly only while their finny wings are wet, and sometimes drop on the ship's deck. On emerging from the water, after their first fluttering flight, they do little more than describe an extended curve.

† It is amusing to behold the Nautilus, with a hull not bigger than a walnut-shell, and a sail not larger than a butterfly's wing, affect the lofty port—the *incedo regina*, of a stately ship.

From the carv'd stern, the bowsprit, and the mast,  
Their manly forms\* the crew discumber'd cast 860  
In ocean's arms—like shapes aërial glide,  
And dash their dancing shadows on the tide.  
Another follows whence the former stood,  
Spreads wide his arms, and shoots the silver flood,  
Plunging he falls, and ere he lifts his brow, 865  
Again the surface parts, the waters glow.†

## V.

Now two Virginian youths their forms display,  
In April beauty, naked as the day,  
Standing prepar'd their snowy limbs to lave  
In the clear crystal of the slumbering wave, 870  
With breasts ambitious of a swimmer's fame,  
Their height, complexion, and their age the same.  
So bright their shapes, so exquisitely fine,  
Both had seem'd statues by a hand divine,  
But that Frank smiling, open'd to the view 875  
His ruddy lip, a berry moist with dew,

\* The Americans, from their extensive line of sea-coast, and the intersection of their country by noble streams, are generally adepts in the pleasant, healthy, and useful art of swimming. Franklin was so consummate a swimmer, that he once had it in contemplation to establish a swimming-school on the Thames.

And threw his hair back with a jocund grace,  
As in the deep he view'd his mimic face :  
Before the crew no fear his mien betray'd—  
Bold was his attitude, and undismay'd. 880

Paul ey'd the ocean with a thoughtful look,  
And bent like poor Narcissus o'er the brook,  
One might have thought, as the boy musing stood, }  
He had let fall a jewel in the flood, }  
And wish'd to win it from its dark abode.

Half-turn'd his posture, shrinking from the blaze  
Of the rude sailors' concentrated gaze,  
With face suffus'd, his form concealment found  
From his spread hands, till the wave veil'd him  
round.

At once they spring from deck, a rival pair, 890  
At once dart headlong with their feet in air,  
And dash the deep—then rise with graceful pride,  
And from their nostrils spout the briny tide.

Graceful their buoy'd career, as in the race  
Their naked bodies grave a liquid trace, 895

With nimble-stirring feet and outspread palm,  
Along the soft blue of the level calm.

Now both the boys in frolic circles wheel,  
And the smooth surface spurn with sprawling heel,  
Float now with face upturn'd—now plunging urge  
Their shining forms beneath the wafting surge.

The welkin rings, as kindling to the goal,  
The long tress'd Frank lends to the strife his soul,

Nor less the din, when with aspiring mind  
His rival leaves him half his length behind. 905  
Frank follows fast, and now is seen to swim  
As if a pinion lifted every limb,  
Swift he pursues, o'ertakes Paul on the brine,  
Their bodies touch, and e'en their arms entwine—  
A vengeful conflict and dire deeds of blood, 910  
Between the stripling tars had now ensued,  
But that the herald, with his counsel sage,  
As the chief order'd, check'd their rising rage.  
Again the waters to their fury yield,  
Not Tritons faster plough the liquid field, 915  
Both with one speed the bridle-port attain,\*  
And both are hail'd the victors of the main.

## VI.

But see, reluctant on the gangway stand,  
With form recoiling, and averted hand,  
The ocean eyeing, his last vesture thrown 920  
Loose on the plank, his fear asham'd to own,  
The boy who ne'er indulg'd a bolder dream  
Than the clear current of the valley stream.

\* The bridle-port is a spare embrasure or opening in the fore-most part of a frigate's side, used to run out a hawser for warping.



Oft would the urchin, when, escap'd from school,  
He led the truants to the brook or pool, 925  
Plunge, and with pliant arm undaunted brave  
The shallow tide, and spurn the vassal wave,  
And laugh and linger in the winding stream  
From sultry noontide to the vesper beam.  
But now the ocean damps the tutor'd wight,  
His dark locks tremble o'er his neck of light;  
A timid tear, impending in its fall,  
He wip'd in secret, and conceal'd from all.  
Shudd'ring he stands, cold fears arrest his speed,  
Loth to retreat, not daring to proceed, 935  
Sometimes resolves to fetch his leap, and then  
His arms extends, but draws them in again,  
Till nerv'd to boldness by the cheer and shout,  
Headlong he darts, and joins the revel rout;  
Dashes the deep, his snowy body laves, 940  
Pants, and displays his tresses o'er the waves,  
Now lifts, and now his glist'ning form inclines,  
And a fair lily through mild crystal shines.

## VII.

And now the cares of empire laid aside,  
The trident-bearer skims the level tide,  
Directs his steeds, and gives his wheels to glide. }

Far off at sea, the monarch's pearly car  
On the horizon gleam'd a rising star,  
As fitful first it flash'd upon the view  
Of the strain'd vision of the gazing crew. 950  
Pleas'd all around the huge, gigantic whales  
Swarm from their coral bow'rs, and weedy vales;  
Seals plough the azure tide with awkward leap,  
And the swift porpoise gambols o'er the deep.  
Full in the van, Glaucus, with blue-swoln face, 255  
Bestrides the monster of the scaly race,  
And Tritons, as unbath'd they fly along,  
Alternate swell the conch, and raise the song.  
High in his chariot, hung with gleaming springs,  
From side to side the sea's great ruler swings, 960  
And as the clouds before his presence fly  
In heaps, and scatter through the boundless sky,  
The motley groupe he rallies, and provokes  
The cheek to laughter with sarcastic jokes.

## VIII.

Our chief observant from the deck espies 965  
With pointed telescope the chariot rise,  
Sees the old azure god throw up the rein,  
And his proud steeds come flying o'er the main.  
Hampden, if this good glass true sight supply,  
And no illusive vision mock the eye, 970

Far on the sea, the pleasure-harness'd throng  
 Of the great trident-bearer moves along;  
 And Neptune, sitting in gay plight above,  
 Tilts like a bridegroom dancing to his love.  
 'Tis he, 'tis he! I know him by his jib,\* 975  
 He comes, I trust, without his peerless rib; †  
 While like the dolphins sport our sailor-clan,  
 She would her visage hide behind her fan.  
 'Tis my good Neptune! how he shakes the heel,  
 He knocks twelve measur'd knots clean off the reel:  
 His axles thunder, and the toiling whale  
 He leaves hull down—so hard he carries sail! ‡  
 Out tompions fore and aft, and get all clear  
 Him to salute who sways the triple spear.  
 Load well the main-deck guns, and far and wide 985  
 Greet his great presence with a full broadside.  
 Rouse him with yankey thunder, whose deep sound  
 Shall make his tritons start, his coursers bound.  
 And, hark you, let the canopy be spread,  
 Of antick work with gold and silver thread, 990

\* A legitimate sailor always describes the recognition of an old acquaintance metaphorically. He knows him again by the cut of his jib, or the peak of his mizen.

† Amphitrite.

‡ As this sea-doric is intelligible to every one who has visited the coast, or crossed over to the Isle of Wight, it needs no commentary.

O'er our broad deck—and fill the copious bowl  
 With a whole deluge to exalt his soul:—  
 The bowl that holds three gallons and a half,  
 The bowl it suits an admiral to quaff—  
 The bowl of silver fretted round with gold, 995  
 Imbost with sea-fights, and commanders bold.  
 Broach the old rum—a keg of that fam'd tier  
 In the forehold—take not the light too near.  
 As in the cup the liquid amber\* flows,  
 Pour a full tide to smooth his wrinkled brows, 1000  
 Nor spare the stream—our trident-bearing guest,  
 A main-brace splicer, loves the northward zest.†

## IX.

As o'er the deep the mighty Neptune flew,  
 A shout he rais'd that shook the warrior crew—  
 Such his strong voice, as not in force to yield 1005  
 To routed armies when they leave the field.  
 Dire was the din—appalling the full sound,  
 The hoary deeps divide—the caves rebound;  
 Our tall ship trembled on the echoing tide,  
 The chief turn'd pale, in soul by none outvied. 1010

\* Liquid amber—a periphrasis for rum.

† Grog on board ship, when it tastes of the prime ingredient, is said to be made to the northward; implying, I presume, that it is mixed so as to suit the meridian of a freezing climate.

Now near the bark, he curb'd his coursers' bound,  
Reclin'd, and cast his azure eyes around—  
Gaz'd on our yards—our spiry masts so tall,  
Our sides black frowning as a castle wall—  
The countless numbers of our frolic crew, 1015  
Spurning his own sea-waves before his view:—  
Then, with a spring, his reeling chariot leaves,  
And his firm step our groaning deck receives.  
All hail! he said—the captain forward sprung,  
And on the monarch's neck with fondness hung,  
And cried, as with his palm he press'd his hand,  
Welcome on board the ship that I command!  
When Neptune thus—how travel brings decay  
On mortal man, blanching the head with grey—  
Ulysses stood at his own porch unknown, 1025  
Unrecogniz'd by father, wife, and son.  
A sea-boy thee I knew, with heart as stout  
As ever haul'd a weather-earing out\*—  
But now so alter'd!—while I grasp thy hand,  
Scarce do I ken thee, as on deck we stand: 1030  
But for the cruel beauty of thine eye,  
My dear Delancey I should not descry!  
To whom the naval chief with grace serene—  
Not years, but toils, have thus transform'd my mien:

\* In lying out on a ship's yard to reef a sail when it blows fresh, the place of distinction is the weather-earing.



Dire is thy ocean, dread in all its forms, 1035

He must decay who combats thee in storms.

Whence com'st thou, chief?

From Pennsylvania's shores.

You shew your teeth\*—

Yes, when the Lion roars.† 1040

What ship is this?

One that disdains repose.

Stripes on her flag—

Aye, to chastise her foes.

But how is this your fore-top bowlines reeve?

I see no blocks—

The bees supply a sheave.‡ 1050

The monarch paus'd, and with terrific grace,

His huge form rested on his ponderous mace,

Full twenty cubits long—and so large round,

That not ten tars could raise it from the ground.

And while he gaz'd—o'er the extended tier 1055

The gunners wav'd the match be-dipp'd with fire—

\* A ship is said to shew her teeth, when she displays her guns run out the whole length of their tier.

† A punning allusion to the British Lion.

‡ Our fore-top bowline discovered a fantastic innovation, by reeving through a sheave cut in the bees, instead of leading through a block: so the gaff-haliards reeved through a sheave in the gaff. This was a fancy of the young officers.

The captain gavè the sign—our thunder broke,  
And peal on peal a salutation spoke.  
And as the mortars breathe out flame and night,  
Full many a pulse recalls the ocean-fight— 1060  
While Neptune smil'd with that benignant mien,  
Which to the deep restores the blue serene.

## X.

And now, beneath a canopy of state,  
Rais'd o'er the deck, the mighty monarch sate,  
Beside the chief—there three lieutenants brave, 1065  
Young cavaliers, their kind attendance gave:  
Each fram'd at masques to win a lady's ear,  
Lie at her feet, and on her sandal swear.  
Columbians all: in peace their chief's delight,  
In war his champions, foremost in the fight. 1070  
But while, alas! they minister'd the bowl,  
A sigh reluctant from Delancey stole,  
Who from his bosom wish'd, but wish'd in vain,  
That Talbot's form could grace the gallant train.

## XI.

Now when the thirst of Neptune was repress, 1075  
The captain leant and eyed his giant guest.

The features of his weather-beaten face,  
With comely terror mix'd, and frowning grace,  
His sable beard with spotted sea-shells drest,  
Which like a forest mantled o'er his breast; 1080  
The conch of purple o'er his brave head plac'd,  
With wreathing salt-weed formidably grac'd,  
And coral branch, of bright, unsullied hue,  
From blemish free, as on the rock it grew.  
The gallon-cup that to his neck was chain'd, 1085  
With which the casks of founde'r'd ships he drain'd;  
But his huge hand now to the full bowl stray'd,  
And to his longing lip the luscious draught convey'd.

## XII.

Lost in deep thought, the trident bearer gaz'd  
With uprais'd vision, and the frigate prais'd. 1090  
Fair is your ship! she fills my wondering eyes  
A sixty-four-gun vessel in disguise.\*

\* It has been a fashion to call the American frigates seventy-fours in disguise; but the assumption is unwarranted. Were they virtually line of battle ships, no vessel that fights her heavy guns on one deck could have lain alongside of them ten minutes without foundering. But the *Guerriere* fought the *Constitution*, the *Macedonian* the *United States*, and the *Java* the *Constitution*, till they scarcely had a stick left standing. To settle the discussion, we need only refer to the

Such masts, sails, rigging, and impervious side,  
She floats a winged rampart on the tide.  
Her scantling suits a large ship of the line— 1095  
Before the breeze she looks a thing divine.  
Who taught your Indian shipwrights\* to excel,  
And from the British builders bear the bell?  
Yet not your ships compose your naval strength,  
Though broad their beam, and terrible their length.  
Your crews confer the spell—by nature brave,  
Rock'd on the cradle of the sky-mix'd wave ;  
Boasting their lineage from the naval train  
Who proudly bear my sceptre o'er the main.†

Battle of the Nile. In that splendid action, while an English seventy-four was engaging a French ship of the same rate, a large French frigate placed herself in a position to annoy the English line of battle ship ; but soon rued her temerity, by sinking under the fire of a single broadside.

\* Neptune seems to labour under the same prejudices with respect to the United States that many of our Critics do—who, contemplating the New World through the distorted medium of the spectacles of books, image to themselves a nation of Mohawks and a land of rattle-snakes.

† If Independent America be now a flourishing nation, in every stage of her advancement the Genius of England has presided over, and consecrated her efforts.

You think our seamen staunch? 1105

My realm they grace.

The genuine offspring of Neptunian race,  
Who hold on sea a younger brother's place.

Your praise is niggard—if our flag you scoff,  
Soon will we shake our base dependence off, 1110  
Another arbiter on ocean seek,  
Nor longer hail you monarch of the deep.  
Wedded to fame, the dow'r of conquest won,  
What seamen equal ours beneath the sun?  
Not slaves, but free-men, for the fight we arm—\*  
There lies the talisman—the potent charm!

Mournful their fate, who Neptune's laws e'er broke,  
Spurn'd his dread spear, and cast away his yoke—  
My true blues, captain, scorn your yankey boast!

Let them approach again our frowning coast! 1120

\* In the United States Navy seamen enter voluntarily for two years, and subscribe articles, the same as in the merchant-service.



Our lofty battle ships of two tiers each,\*  
 Shall from their guns an awful lesson teach  
 To after times—

Captain, you make me laugh,  
 What time I lift the nectar'd bowl to quaff. 1125  
 Say rather they will make you inly pine—  
 Saint George and conquest on their banners shine.

\* The late war between Great Britain and the United States accelerated the growth of the American Navy, as will be seen by a comparative statement of its force at the beginning and the end of the contest.

## UNITED STATES NAVY.

In 1812.	In 1815.
Constitution .....44	Independence.....74
United States .....44	Washington.....74
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Boston .....32	Java, new.....44
Essex .....32	United States .....44
	Macedonian.....44
	Congress .....36
	Boston .....32
	Fulton.....32

With Corvettes.

## UNITED STATES NAVY in 1822.

Two one hundred gun ships—seven seventy-fours—twelve frigates—  
 together with corvettes—making altogether fifty vessels of war.

*See London Magazine (official document) for January 1822.*

On our proud flag Columbia indites,  
 "Free trade, and independent sailors' rights."\*

This fragrant bowl is exquisitely wrought,      1130  
 A nobler one my longing hand ne'er sought.  
 So deep to fathom, and so wide the brim,  
 An eight oar'd barge might in the nectar swim,  
 What quaint device is this—grav'd on its side?  
 The Constitution† in triumphant pride!      1135

\* The British Orders in Council prohibited Neutrals, and consequently Americans, from trading with France, which was declared to be only a retaliatory decree; but the American Government considered it an infringement of their rights, on the principle that free ships make free goods. But what galled Jonathan in the sorest point was the search of his vessels on the high seas for British seamen, who by acts of naturalization and certificates of citizenship, were manufactured into Americans. These were novel pretensions, not to be admitted by Great Britain, as she recognizes no expatriation in her sons, and allows none to cancel the jurisdiction of their parent state. A similarity of language and manners made the exercise of this right liable to partial mistakes, and occasional abuse; a Yankey was now and then transplanted into an English man of war, who gave evidence of his consanguinity to the British, and vindicated the genuineness of his descent, either in taking a trick at the helm, furling a sail in a gale of wind, getting down yards and topmasts, or an anchor over the bow. It was, therefore, the uniform policy of the American Captains, to keep alive the remembrance of the outrage—*mañet injuria vexillo reposita*—and the American frigates went always into action with flags bearing the motto "Free trade and sailors' rights!"

† The Constitution having taken in succession the *Guerriere*, the *Java*, and the *Levant*, and the *Cyane*, is the most popular ship in the United States Navy; and has exercised the skill and ingenuity of the trans-atlantic graver. From her strength and compactness, the American tars have bestowed on her the name of "Old Ironsides."

The spangled-banner waving o'er the Cross—  
 A thousand left—one ship is no great loss.  
 How soon these vaunted trophies all were laid,  
 Won but to fall, and blooming but to fade.  
 Captain, be candid—can your lip deny— 1140  
 (Though from your bosom steal the pensive sigh)  
 When Broke engag'd, and fought you gun to gun,  
 He made your yankeys from their quarters run?  
 Beneath the fell glance of the warrior's eye,  
 How many minutes did your colours fly? 1145  
 The captain's cheek a blush of crimson dyed  
 And turning on his chair his guest he eyed,  
 Stamp'd with his foot, and frowning to him cried : }  
 The Chesapeake ! had I thy forceful mace,  
 From the great deep her hull I would efface. 1150  
 The Chesapeake ! oh ! ever lost to fame,  
 Barron\* had scandal heap'd upon her name—  
 What time his foot her luckless plank first prest,  
 Her stars were darken'd—sunken was her crest.

\* In the year 1807, as the Chesapeake, commanded by Commodore Barron, was proceeding from Hampton Roads on her passage to the Mediterranean, the Leopard, of 50 guns, was detached from a squadron to westward, with orders to search the American frigate for British deserters, and the unfortunate Commodore disgraced himself by suffering Captain Humphreys to take several men out of his ship, after a feeble resistance with one or two of his guns. Barron pleaded in extenuation that his main-deck was lumbered by the cables, not yet paid down into the cable-tier ; but the sentence of a Court Martial suspended him from any command in the United States Navy for a

When the proud Shannon hove within her view,  
 A spell descended on her recreant crew.  
 A foreign wretch from Lusitania's strand,\*  
 An upstart fiend led on the buzzing band.  
 Sordid of soul, on lucre only bent,  
 A bribe they called for, ere to fight they went. 1160

certain term of years. Being without fortune, and having a family of three daughters to support, he offered his services to the Merchants of Russia, and obtained the command of a ship out of Archangel. For a long period he encountered the heavy gales and tremendous seas of the Baltic, sustained in the bleak watches of the midnight deck with the reflection that he still was the succouring father of his children. Returning to the United States to seek a restoration of his former dignities, his evil genius still pursued him; for, learning, on his arrival, that Commodore Decatur had declared him unworthy of reinstatement in the navy, he demanded satisfaction from that gallant officer in single combat. They met on the duelling ground at Bladensburg, where his antagonist falling, he became so obnoxious to the nation, that the voice of the sovereign people inhibited him any appointment.

\* In answer to a Chronicler of "Naval Occurrences," in whose book, if, after wading through five hundred pages, we find one unbiassed assertion,

We bless our stars, and call it luxury!

It was not Adams the boatswain, but a Portuguese boatswain's mate, one Joseph Antonio, that stirred the Chesapeake's crew up to mutiny. Geoffry Crayon, who has slyly concealed from the Reviewers in his preface to his Sketch Book, (or otherwise, *Off with his head! So much for Buckingham*) that he is the author of divers Philippics against Great Britain and her navy, has undeniably established the fact.

When seamen's wages are not duly paid,  
The captain's voice is slenderly obey'd.

Hence to your guns ! the lofty Lawrence cried,  
But in his crew a coward crowd descried,  
He fell, and o'er her deck is heard to cry 1165  
His ghost for vengeance on their treachery.  
He fell betray'd, but left behind a name  
Proud as e'er swell'd the trophied-roll of fame ;  
The dying words that quiver'd on his lip  
Our hearts still echo, " DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP ! " \*

This plea is better than the sorry ground  
That the ship's bugle-man could not be found ;

\* Captain Lawrence was mortally wounded by the fire of the first broadside from the Shannon, and carried down into the cockpit of the Chesapeake before Captain Broke boarded. His dying words were, " Don't give up the Ship ! " The captain of the Shannon has been chiefly admired for his intrepidity in battle ; but the judicious historian will record the humanity that adorned his conquest. Captain Lawrence was interred at Halifax with the highest military honours. Minute guns were fired until his body was brought on shore, when it was received by the sixty-fourth regiment, with arms reversed. The corse was then borne to the grave by the seamen of the Shannon ; with six navy captains as pall-bearers, and the surviving officers of the Chesapeake as mourners ; while all the officers of the staff, garrison, and navy, swelled the funeral procession.



As if a crew were like a pack forlorn,  
Unless wound up to courage by a horn.\*

They paus'd—and while the youths o'er clouded stand,  
The captain leant his head upon his hand,  
His brimful eye his pensive bosom sought,  
And all on Lawrence ran his tender thought;  
The noble image of the naval chief  
Forc'd from his soul the overflow of grief. 1180  
He saw him cover'd with a country's love,  
To the great Capitol in triumph move,†  
What time the shouts of millions shook the ground,  
Bold as the bursting of their cannon-sound;  
When vanquish'd standards, bright in figur'd gold,  
Were to the gaze of multitudes unroll'd,  
And in their robes the conscript fathers stood  
To crown the youthful victor of the flood.

\* The Americans, in the Court of Inquiry on the surrender of the Chesapeake, ascribe it partly (*risum teneatis amici*) to the fright of W. Brown, the bugleman; who, when the two ships got foul, deserted his quarters, and, when dragged out of his skulking hole, was unable; from trepidation, to blow his horn!

Obstupuit, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit!

† Captain Lawrence was conducted in triumphant procession to the Capitol at Washington, for the capture of the Peacock when he commanded the Hornet. The action took place off Demarara, and lasted only fifteen minutes, when the Peacock struck in a sinking condition, and he lost his trophy by her foundering.

What time the Tiber,\* from his oozy bed,  
 Heard the full shout, and rear'd his reverend head;  
 Well pleas'd to see the conquering hero bend,  
 And the wreath'd chaplet on his brow descend.

## XIII.

Now, with both arms, Neptune again sustain'd  
 The mantling bowl, and to the bottom drain'd; 1195  
 And as he play'd an ardent sailor's part,  
 The liquor found a passage to his heart.  
 More! more, he cried: oh! this unequall'd juice,  
 Not Jove's best vintage ever could produce;  
 Ne'er Hebe pour'd such nectar in the bowl, 1200  
 It wraps in vision'd trance the swiller's soul.  
 Then the chief whisper'd Hampden in the ear:  
 Heave out another puncheon from the tier—

\* When the United States were colonies, the English governors, geographers, and commissioners of the land office, conspired to fill their territory with the poorest and most sneaking names that ever disgraced the earth. Since (to use a shop-phrase) the Americans have set up for themselves, they have felt the necessity of recurring to more sounding appellations;—to words, which, partaking more of the *os rotundum*, are better adapted to round the periods of the senator, and swell the song of the bard. Hence the stream that glides through the City of Washington, and mingles with the Potomac, has changed its intractable name to the classical one of "Tiber."

The Pacha's pipe—the one of regal mien  
We found last cruize on board the Algerine. 1205  
As some revenge—to quit him for his bore,  
We'll try at least to make him half seas o'er.

To whom the youth: He views with jealous eye  
The stars and stripes o'er the old Union fly;  
Did not the potent draught rejoice his soul, 1210  
In atoms he would dash the figur'd bowl.  
Once when he rais'd the cup his thirst to quench,  
I saw him give the fretted side a wrench  
With his huge hand; his labouring breast  
Our naval trophies sorely have opprest. 1215  
He calls us Yankeys\*—Sir, do you intend  
Still at his feet your offerings to extend;  
The bow, the quiver, and the bright display  
Of Indian garments flaming as the day?  
Then thus the chief—imperial is his mace,† 1220  
From pole to pole it sways the liquid space;

\* The term *Yankey* is derived from the Indian epithet *Yankoo*, which implies in the Indian language the quality of invincible courage. It was bestowed on the Americans by the Indians, who entertain so lofty ideas of American enterprize and valour, that they say the Americans are neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen, but *white Indians*. The word is now perverted from its original sense, and applied in derision.

† There was such power in Neptune's trident, that, with one blow of it, he shook Troy from its foundation. See Virgil, *Æ.* II. v. 610.

Should he so will—with one infuriate blow,  
A navy rocks in agony of woe.  
To whom the youth : could not our main-deck tier  
Cope with the prowess of his triple spear? 1225  
Rash boy, forbear! go broach the Pacha's cask,  
And hither bear some liquor in a flask,  
A proud tiara, glorious to behold,  
Surmounts the bung, in many a curving fold. 1235

## XIV.

How far'd friend Bainbridge\* when you saw him last,  
Bore he a blue broad pendant on his mast?

He did : I hail him as my Commodore—  
By him detach'd to Afric's sultry shore.

And hence these guns run out in long array,  
O'er the wide ocean spreading dire dismay— 1235

\* Bainbridge commanded the United States frigate Constitution, in the hard fought action between her and the Java, off the coast of Brazil. When the English frigate surrendered, she lay an unmanageable wreck—rolling her main-deck guns under water—without a spar standing—and her flag was lowered from the stump of the mizen-mast. It was Bainbridge who observed, when the Chesapeake was taken, that it would be necessary for the British to give more than one solitary instance to convince the American officers and seamen of their superiority.

Hence these proud banners bright with stripe and  
star,

The warrior's triumph, and the pomp of war.

The baleful spirit of revenge ne'er sleeps—

In vain the orphan mourns—the widow weeps—

Vain my attempt with circling arms to bind 1240

In one great social compact all mankind;

Love to infuse, and wake the kindred soul

To mutual intercourse from pole to pole.

For this arose the oak, for this the pine,

On the tall cliffs that beetle o'er my brine; 1245

But man, infuriate man, despoils the shade

That soothes the forest, and adorns the glade,

To rib the floating fortress, and deform

The deep beyond the rancour of the storm.

What boot your race war's deeds? or can they claim

Aught but blood-spots upon the face of fame?

O that a false renown should so much blind

The godlike part of man, th' immortal mind,

And headlong urge him to despise the laws

Of weeping nature, for a crowd's applause; 1255

A fleeting vapour, and a vagrant wind,

An echo, or a sound—to none confin'd.

Then thus the chief: Thrice happy he whose name  
Lives in the sweet, recording voice of fame.

Without this cheering impulse of the soul, 1260

Dreary the billows of thy deep would roll,



No gallant ship would on its bosom stray,  
Spread the white sail, the glittering flag display.

Who roams the sea, to his own bliss is blind,  
Hope mounts his prow—Care follows fast behind.  
Why not retire, and seek some safe retreat  
Where on the pebbly shore the billows beat;  
Some cottage on a knoll, or rising plain,  
Whose sun-bright casements overlook the main.  
Where landward, from the airy mountains steep,  
The grey-clad shepherd drives his nibbling sheep  
Down to the vale—and where, on rocks fast by,  
The goats frisk to and fro for jollity.  
Such pleasant scenes by verdant nature set  
Before your eyes, would make you soon forget 1275  
Your crazy vessel with her wave-drench'd side,  
Toiling to windward on the stormy tide.

The hill, the valley, and the waving wood,  
Charm not these eyes like thy rebounding flood.  
Here on the heaving ocean let me prove 1280  
The din and danger of the life I love.  
Ill brook these ears the voice of shepherd-lout—  
Give me the swelling of the sea-ward shout.

## XV.

While to great Neptune's hand the fresh bowl grew,  
On the chief's face he bent his earnest view : 1285  
Have you no music that with dear controul  
In folds of joy can lap the yielding soul?  
Such notes as my bold Argonauts\* once cheer'd,  
When by the steeps of Thessaly they steer'd?  
What time to Orpheus' harp they ply'd their oars,  
And left behind Pelasgia's fertile shores.  
The Captain heard, and beckoning to him near  
His young Lieutenant, whisper'd in his ear :  
Bid renegado Shelt'y hither haste,  
And with his bag-pipe charm the wat'ry waste—  
Congenial is his music to my soul—  
When the Scot pipes, my thoughts on Ossian roll

## XVI.

He said—the minstrel with his pipe appears,  
Bending alas! beneath the yoke of years;

\* Apollonius Rhodius, in his muster-roll of the crew of the good ship Argo, numbers several of Neptune's descendants. Pindar, in his fourth Pythian Ode, where he adverts to the Argonautic expedition, makes mention of two.

From their orbs wither'd were his balls of sight,  
Long, long denied the cheering smile of light.  
A little sea-boy held his tartan fold,  
Eyes to the blind, and succour to the old;  
Who watch'd his feeble step with filial care,  
And taught him aft in safety to repair, 1305  
And helpless age's delegated stay  
Would petulently bid the crew make way.

## XVII.

Hugging his peeling bagpipe to his side,  
Shelty advances with a minstrel's pride,  
While his small foot-page hums a border song, 1310  
“None here reside that would a piper wrong;”  
And as he hum'd, the child the guests survey'd  
With form half hid behind the old man's plaid.

## XVIII.

In humble guise the floor the piper press'd,  
And bow'd his head low bending o'er his breast;  
Then sat him down, and the full cup constrain'd,  
That to his wither'd palm the boy sustain'd.  
Come, Shelty, drink—the chieftain mildly cried—  
Once in thy hand, the wine-cup wants no guide—

But first thy toast, and let it be sincere—  
Thy Scotia's hills, if yet those hills are dear.  
Hoot, hoot, gude Skipper, Shelty scorns the soil  
Where man awakes to unrequited toil.  
Had I my een, they ne'er would wish to look  
Again on distant Scotia's barren nook. 1325  
That soil in this auld heart no pang awakes—  
Gee me the land o' plenty—na o' cakes.  
Should the Tweed's side my feeble footsteps press,  
Wha would relieve blind Shelty in distress?  
Words from the lip of scorn would fill his ear—  
“ Begone, we brook no sightless beggars here.”  
Then take this toast—breath'd from his inmost breast,  
Freedom's great empire--thron'd in the proud West!\*

\* The United States, at the present period, form a more extensive empire than that of Rome under the domination of Augustus; and, within half a century more, as the tide of population pours into the vast regions north of Mexico, and to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, the American territory will comprehend a tract larger than the whole Russian Empire; while, from the superior advantages of climate, soil, and commerce, it will be capable of supporting twice the population. In another century and a half, the inhabitants of the American States will exceed those of China, and the extent of their territory be quadrupled. All this immense population will consist of freemen, governed by laws of their own making; enlightened by the liberal arts and sciences, speaking the English language uncorrupted by provincial dialects, and professing the Protestant religion.

## XIX.

With arms outstretch'd, Neptune, indignant, cries—  
I marvel not the light has fled thine eyes,  
The heart, that can its country cast away,  
Is not deserving of the solar ray.  
For his own soil the brave man yields his breath,  
And shares paternal honour in his death;  
Wretch, then, art thou, obnoxious to the sight,  
To whom thy native land yields no delight.  
Hang up the traitor! whip the apostate knave—  
Give him to feed the blue shark of the wave;—  
Reeve the yard tackles, let the halter bind  
The rebel's neck, and swing him in the wind. 1345

## XX.

The piper heard, and twice an effort made  
To swell a strain—but shook beneath his plaid—  
And twice he roll'd his sightless balls around,  
Ere his check'd breathing could inspire a sound—  
Then his poor pipe a plaintive descant stole, 1350  
And the boy's accents soften'd ev'ry soul.



## SONG.

## THE SCOTCH EMIGRANT.

Ettrick's banks a long adieu!  
Friends of youth farewell to you!  
Think and kindly name a stranger  
Distant far, but ever true— 1355  
Ettrick's banks a long adieu!  
Friends belov'd farewell to you!  
Tears may dry, and hearts recover,  
When the parting pang is over;  
But believe a friend and lover, 1360  
Absent long, and far from view,  
He is aye in thought with you,  
Weeping, sighing still adieu.

Softly stealing on my ear,  
Sounds, imagin'd sounds, I hear, 1365  
That the heart in grief or gladness  
Can alternate damp or cheer.  
Often in my waking dreams  
I behold my native streams,  
Gild their hills of pine and heather, 1370  
Where my true love strays in sadness,  
There a rosy wreath to gather,  
Water'd with a pearly tear—  
Precious garland sweet and dear,  
For my temples or my bier! 1375

## XXI.

Now Shelt'y paus'd, and bowing low and long,  
Complain'd that time had done his pipe some wrong;  
But Neptune cried, thy pipe's melodious breath  
Has sav'd thee from an ignominious death;  
Without that strain—that soft redeeming note,  
The noose had pass'd around thy wither'd throat.  
A Caledonian still art thou in soul—  
A Scot when rack'd—there, tender him the bowl.  
The piper drank, and with swoln visage gave,  
The pibroch's\* call, that makes the bonnet wave;  
His hanger's hilt the chief unconscious grasp'd,  
The piper's arm the boy affrighted clasp'd;  
While the sea-god, amidst the list'ning throng,  
With his huge mace beat tuneful cadence strong.

## XXII.

A silence now ensu'd on ev'ry side, 1390  
When sudden the great ruler of the tide,

\* The Pibroch is a wild piece of martia music adapted to the Highland bag-pipe.

On Hampden cast his mild, benignant eye,\*  
 A joke preferr'd, then paus'd for a reply :  
 Suppose the land was lying on your lee,  
 The wind in-shore, and a tremendous sea, 1395  
 With not sea-room to heave about, or wear,  
 What would you do?—rave, pray, or tear your hair;  
 Then thus the youthful tar, all frank and free—  
 My vessel I would lay before the sea,  
 With careful eye the softest rock explore, 1400  
 Up with the helm, and bump her right ashore.  
 Then the Sire thus: not at the lattic'd stern  
 Cam'st thou on board—the bowsprit serv'd thy turn;†  
 Approv'd art thou to trim the flowing sail,  
 To con the helmsman, and to dare the gale. 1405

## XXIII.

Now on the deck, appear before the view,  
 Twelve hardy mariners, in jerkin blue,

\* The aspect of Neptune in the best statues is majestic but serene. It is to be regretted that in the Elgin Marbles only the breast and shoulders of him are preserved; as that work, however mutilated, conforms most to what artists term the *beau ideal*, or sublimated nature.

† It is said of a legitimate tar that he comes on board at the bowsprit, or jib-boom end, and not through the cabin windows. It was in this manner the great circumnavigator Cooke entered the sea-service.

Bearing in silence, o'er the seamy floor,  
Gifts for the ocean god, a countless store.  
These in fair order rang'd at Neptune's feet, 1410  
The captain rose the monarch to entreat :  
O thou, fam'd king, whose trident-bearing hand  
O'er the vast deep is lifted to command,  
For thee these offerings, a costly hoard,  
By our great President were sent on board, 1415  
Who, 'midst the anxious cares of public weal,  
For thy great interest ne'er remits his zeal.  
At thy feet only tributes does he lay—  
Refus'd the Gaul\*—the Pacha, and the Bey† ;  
Thee we revere, from where Penobscot laves 1420  
His yellow sands, to Darien's distant waves.‡

\* During the profligate reign of the French Directory, a demand was made by them, through the medium of their Ambassador at Washington, on the treasury of the United States. The answer returned to the exaction was worthy of the old Romans in the time of Camillus: "We will expend millions in defence, but not an obolum in tribute."

† The Government of the United States replied to the demand of the Barbary States for tribute, with the thunder of their gallant navy; and Preble bombarded Tripoli and Algiers in succession.

‡ The representations of some of the British Journalists might authorize the belief that the American Congress is an assembly of blockheads; for we are told by them that they debated three successive days in the Capitol, whether they were not the greatest, the wisest, and the most enlightened of mankind. It were well for England, if her presiding writers would invest the trans-atlantic Statesmen with

## XXIV.

Neptune the offerings view'd with glad surprize,  
 And on the heap incumbent fix'd his eyes :  
 A bow that scarce Ulysses' skill could bend,  
 Form'd a full league the feather'd fate to send. 1425  
 An Indian quiver, where now guiltless slept  
 Those winged darts that many a matron wept.  
 Resplendent mocassins without a flaw,  
 Such as fair Venus on her foot might draw—  
 Such as the urchin god might stoop to clasp, 1430  
 With instep that exceeded not his grasp.  
 Then Neptune thus : these sandals will beguile  
 My spouse's eye, and light her sweetest smile,

other attributes than those of weakness and imbecility ; for I suspect there are some inveterate old Catos among them, who begin and conclude their speeches with "*Delenda est Carthago !*" That they are not fools in what relates to the organization of their Navy, take an instance in point. At its first establishment, the debates for full *three days* related (*horresco referens*) to the defects of the British naval system of equipment. It was stated by a Member, that when Lord Nelson was off Cadiz with seventeen sail of the line, he had no less than seven classes of seventy-four gun ships, each requiring masts, sails, and yards, of different dimensions ; so that if one ship became disabled, the others could not obviate the disaster. It was, therefore, determined by these "*silly Statesmen*" to build on another principle ; and hence the American frigates, and seventy-fours, are counterparts of each other, or sister-ships :

*Faciès non omnibus una  
 Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.*



And much the Nereids, with their floating hair,  
Will sue—beseech—to gain an envied pair; 1435  
They, whose soft look—whose least word can assuage  
The surging seas, and calm their bellowing rage.  
Proto, who o'er the wave unbath'd can fly,  
Swift as the light that paints the streaky sky;  
An ocean elf, who when the storm annoys 1440  
The reeling vessel, shouts with truant noise.  
Phao, whose sapphire buskins, lac'd with light,  
Pours mild effulgence on the dolphin's sight.  
Thalia, laughing now in vernal hues,  
And weeping now in tears of balmy dew. 1445  
That wanton wee thing, kind Eulimine,  
Pronæa sage, and proud Dinamene.  
Soft Spio, with her eye of ocean-blue,  
And skin that mocks the down of the sea-mew;  
And Galatea, on her neck so fair 1450  
Waving her luscious locks of orient hair.  
How will the long-tress'd sisters of the deep  
Pout and contend, and importune and weep,  
These to put on, when the tempestuous seas  
They gladsome leave, and tread the Cyclades; 1455  
What time by moon-light, on the ebbing sand  
The mazy dance they weave, link'd hand in hand.

## XXV.

A scarlet robe the sceptred-king now eyed,  
Bedropt with gold, in brightest tincture dyed,  
And clapping with his hands, his own he drew 1460  
In scorn aside, torn and uncouth to view,  
And with it on the roomy deck he laid  
His mortal mace of knotty olive made.  
Then rising with an air, the gift he cast  
O'er his huge form, and stalk'd from mast to mast  
With ample strides—oft turning to behold  
His train in rich array of glittering gold.

## XXVI.

His seat resum'd, his face a glow express'd,  
And in his own the captain's hand he press'd,  
Then by the gifts to generous ardour mov'd, 1470  
Thus spoke indulgent to his best belov'd :  
If I have utter'd words to thee unkind,  
Be they forgotten—given to the wind ;  
Far be the thought to wound a soul like thine—  
Henceforth thy navy's honour shall be mine ; 1475  
Wide as my sceptre waves, thy ships shall ride  
With flag triumphant o'er the azure tide.

The chief, perceiving that he bit the bait,  
Press'd on the line with covert joy elate :  
Greatest of guests ! O thou, whose sceptred-hand  
O'er the great deep is lifted to command,  
This daring banner to thy sight unroll'd,  
Streaming with stars and stripes of living gold,  
To thy protection humbly we commend,  
To all but thee refusing e'er to bend. 1485

For, lov'd by thee, its dreaded stripes shall sweep  
Europe's proud navies from our home, the deep ;  
Wave, proudly wave, from Zembla to the line,  
Dominion's symbol, and bright glory's sign ;  
Ere many years restrain the world in awe, 1490  
And to the land and ocean give the law.

The Sire's cheek warm'd—a blush not over-nice—  
Not only men—but gods too have their price—  
The flag he took, and clasp'd it to his breast,  
And swore its honours ne'er should be deprest. 1495  
And midst the loud rejoicings of the crew,  
Thrice bade the Tritons rear it to the view,  
High o'er his car—and, as his groom's obey,  
And the proud banner blazes to the day,  
Then our long battle-tier\* the gunners ply, 1500  
And the wide ocean thunders to the sky.

\* On board the United States ships the guns are named by the seamen, and the *soubriquet* of each gun, engraved on a small square of copper-plate, is placed over it. As these names refer to a charac-

## XXVII.

While round the ship the crew their bodies lave,  
And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave,  
The naval youths, as near the chief they stood,  
Descried the insatiate prowler of the flood, 1505  
And loudly call, with horror in their cry,  
Shipmates, a shark! his jaws devouring fly!  
Scar'd at the sound, no more the swimmers roam,  
But toil and pant to gain their floating home;  
Whom nimbly o'er the deep the fish pursues, 1510  
As with a greedy eye their forms he views,  
And oft his jaws distend with triple rows  
Of pointed fangs, as on the wave he glows.  
Paul scarce escapes with life—his stirring heel  
The monster's glancing tooth is made to feel; 1515  
With shrieks the brine he cleaves the side to gain,  
And the crew, bending, raise him from the main.  
Meantime a wily tar, on half-bent knee,  
Throws out the bait, and watches mute the sea;  
The shark is snar'd, amidst tumultuous cries, 1520  
And haul'd on deck, a promontory lies.

teristic association in the minds of the crew, it may gratify curiosity to cite some from a frigate's battery. Main-deck:—Repeal of Orders in Council, Brother Jonathan, Washington, Mad Tom, Revenge, Liberty, Liberty or Death, Yankey Protection, Defiance, Wilful Murder, Rights of Man, Independence, Bunker's Hill, Full-blooded Yankey, Decatur, &c.

## XXVIII.

In haste the ocean-monarch caught his spear,  
And, gaily rising, to the spot drew near,  
Where rushing on with shouts, the gallant crew  
Crowd round the shark, their vengeful foe to view.  
A horrid monster, of enormous length,  
Of bulk prodigious, and resistless strength,  
Who, like a madd'ning thresher with his flail,  
Destruction threatens as he lifts his tail.  
The master-seaman, leaning o'er the wheel,\* 1530  
In the gay scene an interest seem'd to feel,  
While ruddy Frank stood laughing by his side,  
With Paul more serious, both in youthful pride:  
So shine two roses, fresh with early bloom,  
That from their native stalk dispense perfume. 1535  
Loud sounds the gather'd storm—o'er all the floor  
The thundering cloud of war is seen to pour;  
And ever and anon, to charm the crowd,  
Blind Shelt'y pipes a descant sweetly loud;  
A hoary minstrel, cherish'd and rever'd 1540  
For his sweet pipe, and silver length of beard.

\* Ships of burden are steered by a wheel, which stands on the after part of the quarter-deck, and communicates by the tiller-rope to the helm below.



Propp'd on his mace, the ocean-monarch stood,  
And calm bespoke the wanderers of the flood :  
One combatant, not all the hostile crew,  
Should meet the foe in battle to subdue. 1545  
He said : the seamen their assent exprest,  
And Neptune's counsel dwells in every breast.

## XXIX.

Reuben, a cabin-boy, no whit dismay'd,  
His fortune in the fray the first essay'd,  
And a mess-bowl which in his hand he bore 1550  
Hurl'd at the shark, but shiver'd on the floor.  
Then as the fish display'd his teeth, he took  
With trembling joints to flight, and flying shook,  
And bellow'd loud, amidst the revel rout  
Of those who bade him put his ship about. 1555

## XXX.

Sam Splice was near, a tar six feet at least,  
A glutton feeder, dreadful at a feast ;  
Well fitted he to wrestle with the storm,  
Of strength redoubtable, and giant form.  
His scornful breast with indignation swell'd, 1560  
Aloft a fearful battle-axe he held ;

And as he swung it vengeful o'er the foe,  
From the shark's tail met his own overthrow.\*  
Panting and sick, his body downward bends,  
He shudders—staggers—on the deck descends;  
And as he lay all mad and furious grew,  
And execrations on the monster threw.

## XXXI.

While on the plank outstretch'd the sailor lay,  
A simple son of Afric seeks the fray;  
Yarrow, a youth from Gambia's sultry shore, 1570  
A sable, unsophisticated Moor.  
His vest of purple left his dark arm bare,  
His trowsers white were quilted with nice care,

\* The redoubtable strength of the shark, when hauled on board, was experienced by no less a personage than Napoleon in his passage to the rock of his ostracism. One afternoon (says Las Casas) the sailors on board the Northumberland caught an enormous shark. The Emperor enquired the cause of the great noise and confusion which he suddenly heard overhead; being informed of what had occurred, he expressed a wish to have a sight of the sea-monster. He accordingly went upon deck, and incautiously approached too near the animal, which by a sudden movement knocked down four or five of the sailors, and had *well nigh* broken the Emperor's legs. He descended the larboard gangway covered with blood; we thought he was severely hurt, but it proved to be only the blood of the shark.

His ear a ring adorn'd of golden sheen,  
And gave a splendour to his graceful mien. 1575  
Tied in a true-love knot his 'kerchief blue  
Hung on his breast, broad, open to the view;  
A wreath of coral, braided round his brow,  
Rivall'd the ruby of his full lip's glow;  
A snowy turban on his head he wore, 1580  
And his whole garb proclaim'd him still a Moor.  
Bondage had not subdued his innate grace—  
His native majesty of form and face—  
Beneath a milder planet at his birth,  
He might have strode a sovereign of the earth,  
Or, like Othello, at a senate's call,  
A nation rescued from oppression's thrall.  
He was belov'd by all the naval band,  
For, kind of heart, he oft-times gave the hand  
To poor blind Shelty, when his truant boy 1590  
Left him his hours in pastime to employ.  
Propp'd on his spear, the child of nature stood  
To contemplate the savage of the flood—  
A wide mouth'd laugh his deep amaze express'd,  
The lung's loud crow, the rapture of the breast,  
And as the monster stretch'd, and roll'd his eyes,  
The gaping negro shew'd a new surprize.

## XXXII.

## THE STORY OF YARROW.

πάτον ἀνθρώπων ἀλέεινων.

ILIAD, l. 6. v. 202.

Yarrow, whose birth seem'd blest with smiles divine,  
 The cradled offspring of a scepter'd line,  
 Witness'd chang'd fortune dash his cup of joy,  
 While yet a harmless, unsuspecting boy.  
 On Gambia's margin as he listless lay,  
 By cocoas shaded from the noontide ray,  
 There, from the spheres, heav'n's pitying angels saw  
 The deadly breach of Nature's holiest law— 1605  
 Sudden, emerging from the covert wood,  
 A band of white men rush'd, and dragg'd him to the  
 flood:

With streaming tears he pleads, but pleads in vain,  
 Ruthless they bear their captive o'er the main.  
 His kingly sire and friends, a frantic band, 1610  
 Beheld the white wing'd vessel leave the strand;  
 All night they linger on the sea-girt steep,  
 Embrace in woe, and look, and wail, and weep,  
 And raving chide the kindling surge below  
 That speeds the ardour of the flying prow. 1615

## XXXIII.

Sold to a planter on Virginia's shore,\*  
The princely boy the badge of slavery wore,  
And breath'd beneath the scourge the voice of pain,  
And clank'd the fetter and the rankling chain.  
On Rappahannock's bank, the towery height 1620  
Of the stern tyrant's structure met the sight ;  
Whose wealth and grandeur, honours and repose,  
Blush, feeling Muse, were wrung from others' woes.  
Yet though no tender tear e'er Warbeck shed,  
A maid, the blessing of his nuptial bed, 1625  
Caught to her young, her warm, unpractis'd breast  
Sweet sympathy, and welcom'd home the guest.

\* The New England, or Eastern States of the American Republic, namely, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, contain no slaves. Ohio never had any. Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan are without them. New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and the Columbia District, have enacted laws for emancipating the few they contain. The Quaker State, Pennsylvania, is not wholly without the remnant of a barbarous vassalage, which the inhabitants are using their best endeavours to eradicate and destroy. Very different is the prospect when we turn to the South : Virginia is disgraced with 392,518 slaves ; South Carolina with 196,365 ; and Georgia with 105,218 ; while North Carolina, Maryland, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Missouri, and Louisiana, exhibit multitudes of the most injured beings of the human race.



A dove pursued by hawk, with drooping wing  
Once on her snowy arm was seen to cling,  
And, half entangled in her floating hair, 1630  
Smooth his white plumes, and claim protection there.  
Not o'er fictitious woes had learn'd to wail  
The nymph—she found real life a tragic tale.  
The wretched scene of persecuting fate,  
Of wanton cruelty, and rancorous hate, 1635  
Of dark revenge who scatters baleful breath,  
Of stern despair that wildly laughs in death.  
To the poor suppliant slave she lent her ear,  
Wip'd from the faded cheek the falling tear,  
And, when to soothe the tyrant all had fail'd, 1640  
His gentle daughter sued him, and prevail'd.  
But Yarrow's bosom scorn'd the vassal band  
That knelt her intercession to demand;  
The lash he bore—and hail'd the vesper beam  
To seek his pine-built cabin on the stream, 1645  
Where his poor dog rejoic'd his look to meet,  
Ran to his master, and caress'd his feet.

## XXXIV.

Crown'd was his hut with foliage waving high  
From oak and ash—a scene to charm the eye;  
But when he view'd the trees in green array'd, 1650  
Man stood between, and threw on all a shade.

Full twice five years, beneath the scorpion-sway  
Of tasking fiends, he linger'd out the day,  
When Freedom came to cheer him in his shed,  
And bade him raise from earth his drooping head ;  
Call'd him to flee, held out her generous hand,  
And Hope, with smiling air and accent bland,  
Soothes the wan wretch, and as she sees him weep,  
Points to a refuge on the distant deep.

## XXXV.

Nerv'd by the call, he shakes in air his chain, 1660  
As falls a dew drop from the lion's mane,  
To seek unseen the shaggy wood untrod,  
Where brakes conceal the panther's dark abode.  
And bids his only friend a long farewell,  
His faithful dog, beneath his lonely cell : 1665  
Him he bespeaks : O thou affianc'd guest,  
Blest with a heart ne'er own'd by human breast,  
Thee mournful I forsake, and leave alone,  
To pour the shrill, the unprotected moan,  
And haply whine for him who ever shar'd 1670  
With thee his meal, though scantily he far'd.  
Left to the white man's obloquy, thy cry  
Will touch no bosom, and provoke no sigh,  
But he will scorn thee supplicating mute,  
And spurn thee from him as a worthless brute. 1675

Me to have serv'd is thy untoward fate,  
Me to have serv'd will bring down on thee hate—  
Yet prudence—safety—bid me leave thee here,  
Then take my last caresses, and a tear!

## XXXVI.

With cheering Hope that triumph'd over fear, 1680  
The stripling sought the forest deep and drear,  
And plung'd amidst its wild sequester'd glades,  
In gloom more awful than Hircinia's shades.  
There, from an oak's high branch in leaves conceal'd,  
His arm'd pursuers stand below reveal'd, 1685  
Whose neighing horses paw beneath the ground,  
While the shrill blood-hounds snuff the root around.  
Despair and rage his master's breast inflame—  
He bitter curses heaps on Yarrow's name,  
And priming his bright gun, obtests and cries, 1690  
“ If I descry him—by this tube he dies ! ”  
And had it, Yarrow, been by fate decreed  
For thee beneath the tyrant's arm to bleed,  
Though, led by sympathy, no mortal breast  
Sigh'd o'er thy turf, or bade thy ashes rest, 1695  
Yet where thy sad, neglected relicks slept,  
Beside thy grave the faithful Muse had wept.

## XXXVII.

More frantic grown, he urges on in wrath,  
And gallops wild as chance directs the path—  
Then to the oak returns with brow severe, 1700  
And curbs his steed the yelling hounds to hear.  
There as he listen'd—sudden from the wood  
A tall stag darted through the solitude—  
His panting courser rears with fearful bound,  
And backward bent, his rider bites the ground. 1705  
Sunk on his knees, the rolling torrent gush'd  
Wide from his teeth, and o'er his garments rush'd.  
And the gnarl'd holm, beneath whose boughs he lay,  
Incarnadin'd, absorb'd the purple spray.  
He falls—he fills the wild with heavy groans, 1710  
Invokes his comrades, and his pain bemoans;  
They quit their steeds—but what can man avail—  
They look upon his lips, and they are pale—  
They take him by the hand, and that is cold—  
And his brief day is like a tale that's told. 1715  
Convulsive sobbing in the pangs of death,  
Within their arms the tyrant yields his breath;  
Homeward they bear his body on a bier—  
His dark—his demon hue—demands no tear—  
Or if they weep, the tide that drowns their eyes  
Is that Vice showers when a miscreant dies.

Now as they fade on Yarrow's steady gaze,  
He shakes the bough, and with the foliage plays,  
And, as in silence slowly move the train,  
Back to their teeth returns their taunts again.

## XXXVIII.

The fair moon rising waves her tresses bright,  
And the spread oak irradiates with light,  
Seen through the foliage of the dewy boughs,  
The elk and deer along the forest browse,  
The hunted slave descends from spray to spray,  
And night and freedom summon him away.  
A poor youth sinn'd against—yet he  
With shaking joints forsook the sheltering tree,  
And the bent grass so soft his foot-fall found,  
That not the mole could hear him touch the ground.  
Fear-fix'd he stands, against the bark reclin'd,  
And starts at ev'ry rustling of the wind,  
Dreading the lawless arm of vengeance dire,  
Of tyrant men more savage in their ire  
Than fell hyænas that through deserts prowl, 1740  
Or lion-whelps that raise the hungry howl.  
When beasts, he said, would pass me in their way,  
Men seek the harmless negro boy to slay;  
Then oh! to thee, my God, in thought I rove,  
Kneel on the rock, and supplicate thy love. 1745



## XXXIX.

Now as he rose,\* his wand'rings to pursue,  
 His faithful spaniel, obvious to his view,  
 Fawn'd on his master, and his love declar'd,  
 With humble service to his will prepar'd.  
 His dog he beckon'd, and then swiftly held  
 His course through green-wood paths, and ways  
                   conceal'd; 1750  
 Like to a fading vision, on he pass'd  
 With motion swifter than the northern blast,  
 In wilds and savage haunts to hide and roam,  
 The world before him—without law or dome!

## XL.

On swiftest pinions seems the black boy borne, 1755  
 (Eager to win his liberty forlorn)  
 Through paths so hid, that scarce a hound by scent  
 Could trace the way his eager steps he bent:

\* Yarrow rising from prayer is not a painting of the fancy. Notwithstanding a statute law of the State of Virginia which prohibits slaves, with penalties, from assembling to practise religious duties—still the poor negro turns his eyes heavenward for consolation, and his heart beats in secret with that aspiration which his lips are not permitted to utter.

He flies, close follow'd by his faithful Tray,  
As fast as feet can carry him away. 1760  
While lasts the day, the cavern's hollow gloom,  
With wildering fear, he makes his only home,  
And, when again descends the dew of night,  
Far through the moonlight wood renews his flight.  
O'er tracts still length'ning, he the pole survey'd,  
And either bear that gilds night's solemn shade;  
And as he view'd the stars with pensive breast,  
Thought that the slave might in their orbs find rest.  
At length, far distant seen, the summits lower'd,  
On whose high brow still darker forests tower'd;  
Thy throne, O Alleghany, whose proud crest  
O'erawes the spreading Empire of the West.

## XLI.

The mountain's winding base a river\* laves,  
Which, widely swelling, rolls its ample waves

\* There is a striking invaluable difference between the navigable waters of the United States and those of any country in the Old World. The Elbe is the only river in Europe that is navigable for a sea-vessel seventy miles. But the Hudson can be navigated 180 miles from the ocean; the Delaware, 160; the Potomac, 300; and there are not only several other rivers, but many bays and sounds, far exceeding in length and depth the great river Elbe. The Quarterly

And seeks the ocean with a sea-like sound, 1775  
Its cavern'd cliffs with leafy honours crown'd.  
The deep flood cross'd, slow pacing on before,  
A negro woman on her shoulder bore  
A frothing pail: her he made understand  
His lot—she pointed to her hut at hand. 1780  
No need for Mercy with her seraph strain  
To plead his cause—she clank'd herself the chain—  
Was oft compell'd beneath the lash to kneel,  
And when affliction wept—her heart could feel.  
Now, sweet as from the cell the honey flows, 1785  
With smiles she fed her guest, and sooth'd his woes,  
And bade him not despair, for God would lend  
Aid to the slave—to all mankind a friend.  
Old age loves saws, and, in her cheering way,  
She told him blackest night led on to day, 1790  
While the boy strain'd attention, till at last  
Nature, whose power he had so long surpast,

Reviewers insist (Vol. 21. p. 15.) that local circumstances will prevent the formation of an American navy, as, from the Capes of Virginia to the southernmost boundary of the United States, there is no port capable of admitting large ships. The assertion is worthy of those who made it, for the reverse is the fact. Beaufort's bay is capable of receiving the largest fleet in the world; Cumberland haven affords an excellent harbour for men of war; and since the Floridas have been virtually annexed to the United States, the Quarterly Reviewers, if hereafter they shall look up out of their graves, may, in the event of a future rupture, witness to their confusion, that the Americans, through the instrumentality of their southern ports, will render the West India colonies a burden to the Parent State.

Would yield no more; but, sinking on the ground,  
A respite from his cares in sleep he found:  
Close at his side his dog was seen to creep,      1795  
And stretch his form, but only feign'd to sleep.

## XLII.

When now wan'd drowsy night, and naught was  
heard,  
Save the hearth cricket, and ill-omen'd bird,  
When the poor bondsman, ceasing now to weep,  
Forgot his chains and wretchedness in sleep,      1800  
With rude approach, beatings assail'd the door,  
From clamorous men, who in their anger swore.  
The negress, waking, silent sought the ground  
Where lay the runaway in sleep profound;  
His head upon his arm, his form stretch'd wide,  
Watch'd by his comrade, who the dame defied.  
Soothing his growling warder with her hand,  
She shook the boy, and bade him flee the land:  
Up, up, away! if freedom, life, be dear—  
Whites at the door suspect that thou art here!      1810  
Half-rais'd he turn'd his drowsy head each way,  
Uncertain whether it were night or day; /  
While still rebuk'd, as o'er his form she hung,  
The sable matron, voluble of tongue:

Rise and begone ! a rash, pursuing band  
Storm at the door, to bind thee foot and hand—  
Hark at the hue and cry ! I draw no breath  
If Flint be'nt there, who whipp'd old Cuff to death.  
Pass through the window, and the river gain,  
While I with plausible tale their ear detain. 1820

## XLIII.

Uprose the boy, for now more clamorous grew  
The hands and voices of the out-door crew,  
And glancing through the opening in the wall,  
Light on the ground his cautious footsteps fall.  
Half flying, and half footing, in his haste, 1825  
He seeks the succour of the watery waste,  
And, heav'n invoking, gain'd the river-tide,  
His spotted comrade pressing by his side.  
With short, thick breathing, for awhile he stood,  
And view'd the starry splendours of the flood, 1830  
But, ere his body in the stream he throws,  
Thus pours his earnest, supplicating vows :  
O friendly river, on thy wafting flood,  
Bear me from those who burn to shed my blood ;  
My scatter'd garments on thy bosom lie, 1835  
And naked to thy arms for help I fly.  
He said, and plung'd beneath the darkling tide,  
By Tray attended, swimming at his side.



## XLIV.

Desperate he cleaves the flood, for, now around,  
 Near and yet nearer swells the thick'ning sound  
 Of his pursuers fell, who, as they run  
 Along the river's margin, flash the gun.  
 Fast hail'd the volley'd shot, and falling gave  
 An eddying motion to the silver wave;  
 Now like a duck he plunges, and o'erhead 1845  
 The murmuring surges rapid circles spread.  
 Mercy they offer would he come on shore—  
 Their mercy's marks his flesh already bore—  
 Nerv'd with disdain he triumphs over fear,  
 Resolv'd to make the flood his bridge or bier, 1850  
 While their rude war-whoop, and appalling cry,  
 Shake the wide river's banks, and echo to the sky.

## XLV.

Where with the river blends the streamlet bright,  
 Its surface silver'd with the moon's soft light,  
 At its full rippling mouth a shallop lay, 1855  
 Some fisher's dredge boat, dancing on the spray.  
 Prone on the tide one of the party flung,  
 Shot to the skiff, and on the gunwale hung;

'The mooring cut, and plying fast an oar,  
Receiv'd his comrades crowding from the shore.  
Now rising on their seats, the shouting throng  
Row at full stretch—the shallop flies along—  
Behind a glorious moonshine track succeeds,  
As pathways whiten through the verdant meads.  
Buck held the helm, a wight of fifty years,      1865  
Raw-bon'd and sallow—melted ne'er by tears—  
A hunter fam'd, to Daniel Boon\* allied  
By inter-marriage, and in peril tried.  
A pouch and horn were to his peag-belt slung,  
His rifle o'er his shoulders careless hung,      1870  
The barrel bright, the flint to murder true,  
And his fell tomahawk was ground anew ;  
Swaying the tiller, as upright he stood,  
He look'd Revenge in meditative mood.  
Whooping and laughing, ply'd the sternmost oar  
Bird Hyacinth, from Rappahannock's shore ;  
A hair-brain'd spark, of quick and subtle glance,  
Less frequent at a chapel, than a dance ;  
A wicked rake, whom every prudish lass  
Inveigh'd against, but dress'd for at her glass ;

\* Daniel Boon was the first white man who traversed the tract called the Wilderness, and from the summit of Cumberland mountain descried the beautiful landscape of Kentucky.

A carding, dicing, cogging, foisting blade,  
 A boy-centaur—chirurgeon\* by trade :  
 So heedless, that in danger he was gay,  
 As children unconcern'd on rivers play.  
 An unbeliever, profligate, profane, 1885  
 The priest exhorted, but his toil was vain—  
 Dwelt on regeneration and new birth,  
 But only rais'd the laughing devil's mirth.  
 On the next thwart a sober man inclin'd,  
 Of abstract air, and eloquence refin'd, 1890  
 And as he press'd the oar with gentle hand,  
 The handle ruffled oft his lawyer's band.  
 Tugging in time, with open, shaggy breast,  
 Behind him sat a rogue in face confest,  
 With blood-shot eye, and whiskers fierce and long,  
 Who from a lack of thought, indulg'd in song ;  
 And, as with stubborn arm, he flash'd the flood,  
 " Fire in the mountains !" sang in roaring mood.  
 The next seat held a wretch to Satan dear,  
 A horrid monster, call'd an Overseer,† 1900

\* Candidates for medical fame abound in the Southern States, and the wildest creature imaginable is a young Virginian doctor. There are generally a hundred, or more, attending the Lectures at Philadelphia ; where the *Quakers* have named them the *Centaurs* ; and when a riot takes place at the theatre, the city wags are sure to exclaim " Turn out the Virginia doctors ! "

† An Overseer is an inexorable wretch who stands over the negroes at work on a plantation, with a huge whip in his hand.

Whose heart was steel'd against the negro's groan,  
Because his skin was darker than his own.  
His huge whip, for a moment laid aside,  
Was fashion'd from a cow's tenacious hide,\*  
Whose thong invoc'd the cleansing of the flood,  
Yet dropping fresh with gout's of sable blood.  
Wielding this weapon, he could dextrous hack,  
Or rather slice, a negro's naked back,  
And, as the victim bray'd at ev'ry stroke,  
The lookers on but smil'd as at a joke. 1910  
When a poor female threw out thrilling cries,  
The crowd was greater, more intent their eyes;  
And, as tied up, she screaming bit her lip,  
With the more gust he plied his smarting whip.  
He flogg'd a culprit once, in duty bound, 1915  
Because a bible in his hut was found;  
The negro pleaded, that a pious man  
Gave him the book the sacred text to scan—  
The truth disclos'd, the whipper's rage increas'd,  
And in his fancy's glass he scourg'd the priest.  
A feeble person own'd the beadmost seat,  
Whose hollow eye seem'd fix'd upon his feet:  
E'en as the naked woods, whose green is lost,  
Clad all in hoar, stoop to the winter's frost,

\* In the slave-holding States of America, the whips in common use are made, both handle and thong, out of cow hides; and, by a metonymy, are called so.

So was his head made white with age, and bent—  
But years could not repress his dire intent.  
Oft mutter'd the old man, and often turn'd,  
Grasping his gun, as though he inly burn'd  
To shoot a negro in his vengeful lust,  
And cleanse the barrel of its mouldy rust— 1930  
For he had vassals of his own, whose feet,  
If not o'eraw'd, might for him prove too fleet.  
Perch'd on the prow, a hulk of dusky hue,  
A lumbering negro darken'd on the view,  
Lame of a leg, and of an eye half blind, 1935  
The most degraded of all human kind.  
Bondage with aggravated mischief stains  
The moral part of him who wears her chains;  
And facts establish, that whatever day  
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away. 1940  
The fetter they might bind, the scourge upraise,  
So Cuffey got his salted-fish and maize,  
And though his back beneath the lash oft bled,  
His laughing boast was that his mouth got fed!  
His hands the overseer's long gun explore, 1945  
A piece of three yards tube, and two inch bore;  
The lock he cover'd with his woollen vest,  
That had sent hundreds to their final rest.  
His axe lay by his side, which had that day  
Fell'd many an oak luxuriant in its spray, 1950  
Thinn'd the tall forest, crashing in its fall,  
That startled echo, answering to the call.



In order rang'd, all ply their equal oars,  
 And rend with shouts; O Roanoke, thy shores—  
 Again, again, they dash the shining spray, 1955  
 In boisterous merriment, uncouthly gay :  
 One might have thought them Anthropophagites,  
 With greedy jaws, seeking poor wand'ring wights.

#### XLV.

Unbosom'd from a cloud, with silver light,  
 The moon adorns the canopy of night, 1960  
 Gilds the banks' forests with her sacred beam,  
 And sheds a blaze of glory o'er the stream.  
 High mingling with the pine's unfading hue,  
 The blossom'd laurel stands display'd to view ;  
 Spreading around the lofty cedar throws 1965  
 Its branching arms—deep and yet deeper glows  
 The sylvan scene—while, through the leafy vale,  
 One endless chain of moss\* hangs dangling to the gale.  
 Meantime the baneful bird,† whose shrieking cry  
 Is sign of death, around is seen to fly ; 1970

\* It is, perhaps, peculiar to the sylvan scenery in North America, that an horizontal chain of moss extends from the branches of the larger trees through the interminable forest.

† The Whip-poor-will—a night bird that takes its name from its cry, which, by many, is considered ominous. Where he perches he repeats “ Whip poor Will !” in a plaintive tone, with short intervals, throughout the night.

Ample and dark, on awful wing he soars,  
And the crew view him, pausing on their oars.  
Shooting a feather, pointed as a dart,  
The lawyer's arm it glanc'd, but smote his heart—  
Gloom seiz'd his brow, the startled son of Coke  
Trembled with terror, and the band bespoke :  
Three nights ago I had a boding dream  
Of birds ill-omen'd, and a fatal stream—  
This whip-poor-will a harbinger appears  
Of brooding evil, and alarms my fears. 1980  
Loud bursts of laughter from the doctor's breast  
His scorn of superstitious dread exprest—  
And then he ask'd the pleader, in his glee,  
Dreamt you of danger ever from a fee?  
Or would you, warn'd by visions of the night, 1985  
Refuse a client's chinking dollars bright.  
A burning blush o'erspread the lawyer's cheeks,  
When thus the band the helmsman rough bespeaks :  
A truce with jesting, and your oars attend—  
Look to your priming, and attention lend— 1990  
Whose shot first kills the outlaw on the flood  
The State rewards—a sanction'd deed of blood.\*

\* Yarrow having been proclaimed an outlaw by a judicial procedure, his pursuers are authorized to shoot him ; who will, afterwards, in the community of their fellow-freemen, talk unblushingly of (I quote from Shakespeare) “ the deep damnation of his taking off.”

Now spoke the lawyer with that gentle grace,  
When, in full court, he flourish'd on a case;  
What time upon the Judge he fix'd his eye, 1995  
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tye.  
It may seem rigid, but 'tis good in law,  
To shoot a slave to keep the rest in awe,  
And e'en if wantonly you make him bleed,  
He being property—absolves the deed. 2000  
A prosecuting counsel may demand  
You at the bar should at your trial stand,  
But I could find ejectments and non-suit,  
And prove youailable beyond dispute.  
I arm'd with precedents the bench would cope, 2005  
Where men kill'd negroes and escap'd the rope;  
Let me the jury challenge, and no doubt,  
The twelve should not be gone ten minutes out,  
But, soon returning, the defendant free  
By the just verdict of the law's decree. 2010  
At this gratuitous confession star'd  
The arch physician, nor the pleader spar'd:  
Yes, Copyhold, there breathes no slier fox  
Than you to pack with rogues a jury box.  
You have your private list, your secret rolls  
Of men prepar'd to swear away their souls—  
Such now, for instance, as your friend Bob Flint—  
Chink but the mopusses—he'll take the hint.  
Flint grinn'd sardonic at the doctor's wit—  
While the old gentleman exclaim'd a hit! 2020

The rigid steersman, as abaft he stood,  
 Relax'd with smiles his gravity of mood ;  
 And, as his hands the swaying helm controul,  
 Spoke loud the language of his narrow soul :  
 Some pity slaves—and bring up whip and chain—  
 Slaves have less cause than white men to complain—  
 They feed, carouse, and, when 'tis time to sleep,  
 Without a waking care to rest they creep :—  
 Cuff, art thou not full happy as a slave,  
 And would'st thou wish thy liberty to have? 2030

Me, massa ! hie ! if free I soon should steal,  
 And tougher whip than your's my back would feel—  
 If free, who feed me, clothe me, lodging give,  
 And make it worth his while for Cuff to live?

I grant that where the system is abus'd, 2035  
 The whip made gory, and the back misus'd—  
 For instance at Jamaica, Martinique,  
 At Nevis, Guadaloupe, and Dominique,\*

\* It is computed that there is nearly a million of enslaved human beings in the British West India Islands. Should the English reader be desirous to know how they are treated there, he has only to consult the Parliamentary speeches of Sir Samuel Romilly, of Sir James Mackintosh, and of Mr. Wilberforce ; and it is probable that in the course of the perusal he will feel “ each particular hair of his head to stand an end.”

Where neither judge, nor jury, can be found,  
But every law in negro blood is drown'd, 2040  
Where such deep crimes pollute the planter's soul  
That hell will not record them on its roll ;  
I grant you there a slave has much to say  
In vindication when he runs away.  
But here where tender sympathy beguiles 2045  
The bondsman's lot, and lights his face with smiles,  
Where, when he visits his snug hut of thatch,  
The hand of happiness lifts up the latch,  
With a fair plat before his door to raise  
His cooling melons, and nutritious maize— 2050  
His wife to pound his hominy, and fill  
The gourd with water from the crystal rill—  
Where he can pile his winter hearth with logs,  
Eggs in the hen-house—in the sty fat hogs  
Crying come eat me, Cuffey, and regale 2055  
Your sweeping appetite—ne'er known to fail :—  
When slaves fly us, where these things are enjoy'd,  
It is because the pamper'd rogues are cloy'd.  
The steersman ceas'd—and now uncouthly spoke  
The man who bent the negroes to the yoke : 2060  
A true bill Buck—slaves have no bosom care  
Who breathe with us the pure, Virginia air—  
You cannot point a white man in the crowd  
Who, like a straining negro, laughs aloud—  
No, no excuse for Yarrow can be found— 2065  
Hark ! was not that the ingrate's plashing sound ?



If, above water, I his head espy,  
I'll shoot him like a squirrel in the eye.\*  
The old man, wrapt in study, rais'd his brow,  
And from his lips the testy accents flow : 2070  
The boy's head, Flint, we grant shall be your right,  
If your ball hit him first—but though my sight  
From age decays—still it, I hope, can guide  
A rifle true, o'er either land or tide.  
Then thus the tasking wretch : true is your aim—  
I know at barbecues† you often claim  
The victor's prize—yet still it must go hard,  
If I this night win not the State's reward.  
Cuff, clean'd you well my gun, as you were told ?  
Yes, Massa Flint, de inside slick as gold.  
The charge a full one ?—treble, counted o'er ?  
This hand good massa, fill gun to de bore.  
Keep dry the priming—should it chance to flash—  
You know my mind—when thwarted, somewhat  
rash !  
Massa, don't fear—if Yarrow no fall dead— 2085  
Then you kill Cuff, and take de State *his* head.

\* I have heard the backwoodsmen, in tacit compliment to their own skill, say, that a squirrel is not killed fairly, unless he be shot through the eye.

† A Barbecue is a merry-meeting in the forest-shade, near a spring ; where the company partake of a hog roasted whole *sub dio*, and carouse and shoot at a mark for a wager.

Greybeard now spoke (he held Flint's shooting cheap,  
 And sat exhaling oaths not loud, but deep)  
 The gun's not wanted—cease your babbling din—  
 This arm the boy shall punish for his sin; 2090  
 In the last voice the dying Warbeck breath'd,  
 To me his curse on Yarrow he bequeath'd :  
 Thus Gaffer Grey, who would have spoken more,  
 But his cough drown'd his words half mutter'd o'er.

## XLVI.

In silence now they cleave the liquid way, 2095  
 And softly watchful track their river-prey,  
 Intently list'ning, as they rest the oar,  
 To catch the plashing of the boy before.  
 A sound ! they hear him now in fancy's dream—  
 'Twas the shad plunging sullen in the stream—  
 Another rippling murmur of the tide !  
 The otter made it at the river side.  
 They hear him now ! it was, in act to spring,  
 The lonely heron pluming of his wing ;  
 But, fluttering, paus'd, as if delight it gave 2105  
 Ling'ring to bend above the moonlight wave.

## XLVII.

Come, now, my Muse, and trumpet-tongued proclaim  
 The wanton murderers' expiating shame,

For not such fiends this rolling orb can own,  
But Pity sues, and Justice heaves a groan. 2110  
*She* has a scourge, which, though hung up awhile  
And kept from sight—the better to beguile  
Such deeds—yet none its lash withstood  
Who ever stain'd their hands in guiltless blood.  
Yon hill—the demon of the storm is there, 2115  
To bid these wretches stop their rash career—  
His arrow hurtles, barb'd with venom'd breath,  
And chills the spirit, as the voice of death.

## XLVIII.

While they discourse, the sky is overcast  
With frowning clouds, and raves the gathering blast;  
High heaven's dread bolts, with awful fury hurl'd,  
In vengeance seem'd to rock an impious world,  
And the fork'd-lightning's flash, that scorch'd the soil,  
Flam'd as to startle guilt's insulting smile.  
One sheet of foam enwraps the toiling boat, 2125  
The lawyer dropp'd his oar, his breast he smote—  
And, as immers'd, inclines the leeward side,  
Deplores his evil fortune on the tide.  
The old man's rifle trembles in his hands,  
His striving tongue no utterance commands; 2130

Upward he turns his lustre-lacking eyes,  
Where to his claim the forked-flash replies.  
Now troops of murders, hovering o'er his head,  
Shake the task master's inmost soul with dread—  
Confusion ! cries he, and his arm uprears,      2135  
While coursing down his brow the drop appears.  
Mute stood the helmsman, as the sullen gale  
Shook with its hollow blast the leafy vale ;  
And with his savage howling, answering soon,  
The wolf was heard to bay the fading moon.      2140

## XLIX.

High on a crag, where parting rocks divide,  
And yield a passage to the rushing tide,  
A wreathing oak uprear'd its bulky form,  
That seem'd to offer shelter from the storm.  
Thither the boat they ply, and refuge seek      2145  
From the tall crevic'd-crag's impending steep.  
When sudden all the elements conspire  
The tree to whelm :—its crest the flashes fire—  
The banks re-echo—night in horror burns,  
Earth and the flood—the air to chaos turns—      2150  
This way and that the lumbering branches bend,  
The upheav'd roots the crag asunder rend,  
The crew beneath in vain attempt to fly,  
Wild is their awe, and mingled their last cry.

## L.

As rose the tempest Yarrow gain'd the shore, 2155  
And dripping listen'd to the watery roar ;  
Fix'd like an ebon statue there he stood,  
And gaz'd with phrenzied air upon the flood—  
Turning, he heard great Nature's pitying hand  
Roll the dark mass of ruin o'er the band, 2160  
And Freedom calling out his hopes to cheer,  
And echo dallying with the voice so dear—  
Then the boy felt his soul with warmth endow'd,  
And to the skies his grateful bosom bow'd.

## LI.

'Tis noon—and, from the Alleghany's brow, 2165  
The slave secluded views the world below,  
And hears the busy hum, the shout, the glee,  
Of those whom instinct bids the wretched flee.  
With folded arms and head supinely laid,  
The negro wept beneath the locust's shade ; 2170  
A crystal brook, with life and freshness fraught,  
The mute partaker of his sorrows sought,  
Who, having trac'd a weary length of way,  
Was thirsty from the parching glare of day,



And, as he lapp'd the rill with eager tongue, 2175  
O'er the toil'd dog his master tearful hung.  
For a brief hour the hostile world's wide space  
Yields to the hunted slave a resting place;  
To the wash'd-strand his ardent wishes fly,  
And the great deep is spread to fancy's eye, 2180  
Now here, now there, the swift ideas roll,  
And travel with a bound from pole to pole.  
Musing he lies, till, with her light of love,  
Vesper invites through glimmering glades to rove,  
But ere he goes, the boughs that o'er him bend 2185  
Their wreathing leaves, a sylvan vesture lend;  
The verdant cincture round his loins he binds,  
Descends the hill, and through the valley winds.

## LII.

Another day, another night has roll'd,  
And now a touching scene his eyes behold— 2190  
His dog grown weary in his arms he bears,  
With voice consoling o'er the tangled briars,  
Till in decay he lifts his fading eyes,  
And on his master's bosom fondly dies.  
Then the boy's hands a tender tribute yield: 2195  
A trench he open'd in the verdant field,  
And, sorrowing o'er his last remains, survey'd,  
As in the earth his faithful friend he laid.

Drooping of heart in solitude he roves,  
Through silent Nature's unfrequented groves, 2200  
Starts with new terror when the distant horn  
The wild deer rouses o'er the dews of morn,  
And eyes with bristling dread the sandy ground,  
Where the fresh print of human step is found.  
Yet still attending Freedom, firm in mien, 2205  
His pace sustains, determin'd, though serene,  
And Hope, fair goddess, soothing in her sway,  
Points through the deep gloom to a sunny ray,  
Her tresses waves, and smiles his grief away. }

## LIII.

Thy summits, Alleghany, crost with pain, 2210  
Grim phantoms vanish, joy adorns the plain,  
And when again the glorious fount of day  
Spreads o'er the laughing skies his golden ray,  
He hails the State whose genius, from above,  
Embraces all in one great league of love.\* 2215  
Still schemes of safety in his mind arise,  
And to the billow-beaten shore he flies;

\* The Quakers of Pennsylvania, who feel an abstract hatred of slavery, have formed themselves into a brotherhood of mercy to facilitate the escape of runaway negroes, and conferred on their soil almost an inherent efficacy of redemption.

There, as the young day broke, in mournful plight,  
From the tall cliff he cast around his sight,  
And every billow of the deep survey'd 2220  
To catch some speck that hope with sails array'd.  
On his bare arm his drooping head reclin'd,  
Wild wav'd his raven tresses to the wind;  
The swallow dash'd beside him, and the deer  
Brows'd the salt shrub,\* and ey'd him without fear.  
With transport soon, as on the rock he lay,  
He saw a white-wing'd vessel mount the spray,  
Whose brave crew watchful, from the briny deep  
Decry the outcast on the wave-wash'd steep—  
The wretched black boy, hungry, faint, forlorn, 2230  
Now suppliant bending, with his hands upborne.  
Then shake the sails, and from the sculptur'd stern  
The boat descends—his wants—his woes to learn—  
Touch'd with his tale, they succour lend the slave,  
And Yarrow finds a home upon the wave.†

\* The inordinate love of American quadrupeds for salted herbage has been consulted by Nature in the interior of the Continent by the "licks," or salt-springs, which she has abundantly supplied.

† The enormities exposed in this tale can have no application to the American States north of the Potomac, and the Ohio; whose inhabitants view slavery with abhorrence, and concur unanimously in the desire of wrenching the whip from the hands of oppression.

## LIV.

Soon as the Moor in artless mien appear'd,  
The merry mariners his presence cheer'd ;  
He comes, and as he stalks amidst the throng,  
Waves his proud knighthood's badge, his triple  
prong.\*

Then brandishing his spear, with brow elate, 2240  
The shark he threatens with approaching fate :  
Wert thou a simple rover of the main,  
This hostile arm its fury should restrain,  
For I, long goaded on by cruel care,  
In persecution's school have learn'd to spare. 2245  
But thou no charter for thy deeds canst show,  
No privateer's-man, but a pirate thou :  
A bold corsair, who, cruizing hop'd to prey  
On our good crew with unrelenting sway—  
To make an arm, a leg, a head thy food, 2250  
And the clear crystal purple with their blood.  
Well may'st thou flinch, and flirt, and rue the bait,  
Stretch thy long gills, and deprecate thy fate,  
For soon thy jaws my caboose-door† shall claim,  
And proudly wave the trophy of my fame, 2255

\* Yarrow was the cook on board, and came on deck armed with his " tormentors," or beef prong, with which he took the meat out of the ship's coppers.

† The caboose in a ship is the culinary apartment.

Thy pepper'd flesh the epicure regale,  
And now thou dy'st, unless this weapon fail.  
Then, drawing nigh, "Avast!" the sailors cried,  
And bade him give the shark a birth full wide,  
Warn'd him to keep in mind the fish's strength, 2260  
And not approach within a boat hook's length,  
A formidable monster to assail,  
That measur'd half a topsail in the tail.  
Vain was the counsel of the gallant crew,  
The moor strides on the monster to subdue, 2265  
Bold as Alcides, when he slew the snake  
That cover'd with his form the flagged lake—  
But less successful from the fight came out,  
For the shark hurl'd his hideous tail about,  
And, as the knight to couch his javelin stood, 2270  
Down on the deck he reel'd in gory mood,  
Loud braying with a beastly yelling sound,  
As his bent body struck the seamy ground,  
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,  
Now beating his hard head with lamentable groan.  
Then from the circling, saturnalian croud,  
Rise unextinguish'd bursts of laughter loud,  
And all press on in wicked haste to trace  
His ruffled turban, and his blubber'd face.

## LV.

Waving his skirted robe, great Neptune flies, 2280  
And soft the moor addresses as he lies :



Youth of the turban'd head, and dusky brow,  
Speak, fall'n hero, of what land art thou?  
His voice has ceas'd—he scarcely fetches breath,  
But rolls convulsive in the pangs of death. 2285

When I incline and view the victim near,  
I marvel what ill wind has blown him here—  
He looks a slave, who flies the cruel shore  
To seek a refuge on the billow hoar.

If so, we heard not in his deepest groan 2290  
The echo of the anguish of his moan,  
When (under an ill-fated planet born)  
He bore in chains man's obloquy and scorn!

Rais'd on his feet, again poor Yarrow reels,  
Again reverberate the bursting peals 2295  
Of the gay crew: when thus the captain spoke:  
A dying mortal is a tragic joke!

See the sad wretch, he bleeds at every pore,  
And the plank purples with his clotted gore.  
Hither, Tom Tug! his body bear below— 2300  
All other tasks, I charge you, now forego;  
Down to the cockpit in your arms convey  
The vagabond, far from the noisome fray.

## LVI.

## THE COCKPIT.

Ὀρσ', Ἀσκληπιάδῃ·

ILIAD, l. 4. v. 204.

Come forth, Machaon!

COWPER.

In the ship's hold, with awful horror wide,  
 Yawns a deep cavern, underneath the tide,      2305  
 Where silent and submerg'd, with study grey,  
 Sat Caustic reading by nocturnal day,  
 Close by a candle, to assist his sight,  
 That in the socket counterfeited light.  
 A hat triangular, with fierce cockade,      2310  
 Was on the table at his elbow laid,  
 Which, o'er his brow, was wont the boys to scare,  
 As on the deck he walk'd with martial air.  
 Bent on their seats, dispos'd to doze or sleep,  
 His mates recline, three hermits of the deep;      2315  
 Wrapt in that gravity the dull maintain,  
 The true criterion of a dearth of brain.\*  
 In the dark confines of their dungeon pent,  
 Seldom above great Rush's pupils went,

\* Every body remembers Rochefoucault's definition of gravity.

But daily ask'd some of the naval band 2320  
How many leagues the ship was still from land ?  
The wights not yet their firm sea-legs had found,\*  
And on the deck could not make good their ground,  
Where, haply should the frigate go about,  
From the lee-scuppers they were all pick'd out.  
Four unmade hammocks from the carlings hung,  
Beneath was seen a keg without a bung,  
Barlow's Columbiad, the Seaman's Guide,  
A half eat biscuit, Cullen and Macbride.  
Strewn on the floor, hand-saws and tools to slay,  
With lint and liniment promiscuous lay,  
And phials and bottles labell'd at the throat—  
(A mere apothecary's shop afloat !)  
While a lank skeleton, with grisly face,  
Made up the frightful horror of the place. 2335  
Viewing the ghastly spectre with a stare,  
The sailors ask'd what business he had there ?  
With hanging lip beheld a man transform'd  
To fleshless bones, no more by marrow warm'd ;  
And they, who rush'd undaunted to the fight,  
Dreaded the haunted cockpit in the night.

\* When a sailor walks the deck at sea he swings his body like a pendulum, and by opposing the ship's roll with a vibratory motion of his own, maintains himself on his feet. But the uninitiated, when they venture up the hatchway, are, by the first lee-lurch thrown down on their beam ends, and precipitated into the scuppers ; amidst the smiles of the captain and lieutenants, the broad grins of the midshipmen, and the laughter of the crew.

All but loblolly Ben,\* who living near,  
And a lay-brother, chuckled at their fear,  
Joy'd when the trembling tars the form explor'd,  
Held his rude sides, and vehemently roar'd. 2345

Now startled, Caustic laid his book aside,  
And to his eye his quizzing-glass applied,  
Then, as Tom's arms the sable load depose  
Close at his feet, his indignation glows :  
Your errand say ! what subject bring you here ?  
'Tis mine to heal, and not lay out the bier.  
Dare you come hither to inhume your bones ?  
Hence, hence, and cast the corse to Davy Jones.  
Then thus Tom Tug : no corpse we hither bear—  
A wounded man demands your honour's care ; 2355  
Fell'd by a shark, who with his whacking tail  
Took flat aback the negro's swelling sail.  
First he sung out, but soon in speechless woe  
Fell on the deck, and seem'd fast broaching to :  
And now we come, ere his life's ensign fall, 2360  
To beg his timbers you will overhaul.

\* The loblolly-boy is generally some lazy land-lubber transferred from the crew to the surgeon and his mates. It is his duty to pace the birth-deck to and fro at noon, beating an old mortar with a pestle, to summon together the sick ; exposed as he passes the mess-places to the derision of the tars, who vociferate to each other, " Look out, there, fore and aft, for your bread bags !"

The fam'd physician tucks his robes around,  
And his probe seizes to detect the wound,  
O'er the mute moor, stretch'd in the cockpit, hung,  
His temples chaf'd, and ey'd his lolling tongue,  
Mark'd ev'ry symptom, found the pulse was low,  
And shook his head prophetic, and his brow  
Severely knit; while whispers circle round  
Among the graduates with a look profound.  
In vain the doctor plies his healing art, 2370  
His efforts to the moor no life impart—  
When honest Tom from his side-pocket drew,  
An elixir approv'd by all the crew,  
And made the patient swill; his eye, though dim,  
Resum'd its speculation; each dull limb 2375  
Seem'd strung anew, and on the seamy floor  
He turn'd and faintly cried oh! give me more!

Then thus the leech with uprais'd hand and eyes:  
No skill of mine this sudden cure supplies,  
But, Tom, when life seem'd doubtful in the wound,  
Beyond my drugs, a healing medicine found!

## LVII.

Again the crew, vociferously loud,  
Press round the hostile fish, a darkening croud.



Jack Junk, a jolly tar of sturdy form,  
With laughing visage, blanch'd with many a storm,  
The lists now enter'd, recent from the glass,  
Which his loyal hand was ever loth to pass.  
With all sail set, and a wide rolling gait,  
He came on deck to meet a tragic fate.  
Thus and no near!\* a merry shipmate cries, 2390  
Jack heard, and roll'd the pupils of his eyes,  
A hiccup fetch'd, and, with his grotesque pace,  
Relax'd the muscles of the captain's face.  
Then, couching his long spear, all gleaming bright,  
He bawl'd "Free commerce and a sailor's right!"  
But, urging with no ballast but all sail,  
The weather-gage he lost, and the hurl'd tail  
Of the enormous monster dealt a blow,  
That, on his beam ends, laid the sailor low;  
The sot unwary smiting in the part 2400  
Where the ribs rally round the beating heart.

Neptune, in serious, contemplative mood,  
Propp'd on his massy trident as he stood,  
Serenely cried, Jack lies along the floor  
Like a ship stranded on a leeward shore: 2405

\* Thus and no near! is an admonition given the helmsman, in steering a ship, to keep his sails full; and it is here a tacit reprehension passed on Jack, whose weather leech was shaking in the wind.

Stopp'd, stopp'd his grog—a lamentable wreck—  
Hence with him overboard, and swab the deck.

The tar the mandate heard, and turning round  
His half-rais'd brow, cried, panting with his wound,  
Not yet is stopp'd my grog—I yet can drink 2410  
A good skin full, whatever you may think ;  
My sails were only taken flat aback,  
Come, messmates, to his hammock help poor Jack.

## LVIII.

Meantime on every side the monster turns,  
His tongue protrudes, and with new fury burns,  
Then writhing with a bound, his tail he rears,  
That tail which every true bred seaman fears :  
The broken cohorts mix, and none is found  
Whose valour dares approach the fish to wound ;  
Their upheld spears, their handspikes he derides,  
The broad deck trembles as he shakes his sides.  
Then thus cried brother Jonathan, (a tar  
Who long with spouting whales had wag'd the war  
In tumbling seas ; the object of his toil  
To share the bones, and barrel off the oil :\*) 2425

\* The crews of the ships from Massachusetts, employed in the whale fishery on the coast of Brazil, and in the Pacific Ocean, receive no wages, but have a certain share of the whale-bone, and of the blubber or whale-oil.

Say, shipmates, often dreadful in your might,  
Virginians, fearless in the main-deck fight,  
Ye Pennsylvanians, a sea-born band,  
To peril train'd by Ocean's plastic hand,  
Ye brave Kentuckians who oft have stood 2430  
O'er the scalp'd Indian, rioting in blood ;\*  
And you, my countrymen, though last, not least  
Dear to this heart, sons of the smiling East,  
Say, does a fish, unwieldy on the deck,  
Repress your valour, and your prowess check?  
Then let this unassisted arm sustain  
The fearful combat, and the honour gain—  
On me the glory of the day depends,  
With this one stroke behold the conflict ends.  
He said, and plung'd his formidable spear 2440  
In the shark's side, to stop his full career ;

\* That the Kentuckians scalp their Indian enemies, when lying dead in the field of battle, may be presumed on the ground of the *lex talionis*, as the victorious red-men never fail to scalp the Kentuckians. But when the Quarterly Reviewers, on no other authority but that of an anonymous writer, affirm, in unqualified language, (vol. 27, p. 74,) that *the Kentuckians cut their razor-straps from the backs of living Indians*, an universal yell of execration must follow such a calumny, deepening as it extends. But admitting the delinquency of the Kentuckians, are they not surpassed by their accusers in the savageness of their ferocity? for, from what living author's back have not they cut out a full "pound of flesh," whose political tenets differed from their own?—See the New Monthly Magazine, Obituary for 1821, p. 256. Article Keats.

But his hold lost as the fish flung about,  
Nor could he draw his recreant weapon out.  
The shark's tail brother Jonathan confounds,  
He now advances, and he now rebounds; 2445  
Now wrings and wrests his lost lance to and fro,  
But soon from terror does his gripe forego,  
Till, like a bee, that leaves his sting behind,  
The tar with plaints alternate fum'd and pin'd :  
I little dream'd my harpoon to have left 2450  
In the shark's carcass—both the blade and heft!  
Shipmates, repress unseasonable mirth,  
And hand another spear up from my birth—  
One hangs above my hammock with a coil,\*  
Which will, I guess, his yankey anticks foil; 2455  
The barb is somewhat blunted, for a score  
Of Arctic whales have bath'd it with their gore,  
But still retains sufficient of its point,  
The caitiff's strongest rib-bones to disjoint.

Then Neptune, as he lean'd against the mast, 2460  
A sceptic glance on the Bostonian cast,  
And rallied him with that peculiar grace  
Which mirth provokes beneath a serious face :

\* A whaler's harpoon has the end of a coil appended to the handle, in order to play the fish when struck.

O brother Jonathan ! thy lies would strand  
The best luff-tackle\* ever haul'd by hand— 2465  
Not to the sailors should you tell that tale,  
Tough as the garnet that clues up the sail,  
But keep it for the credulous marines,  
When next in harbour the good ship careens.

Now midst the crew the gay Lieutenants stand,  
And banter with their jokes the laggard band ;  
Eager delight among the men prevail'd,  
And with loud cheers their officers they hail'd.  
Hampden was there, who, with his jocund port,  
Look'd him the gods call Euphron, mortals Sport.  
Where'er he came, the youth all hearts beguil'd,  
Care, at his presence, smooth'd his brow and smil'd ;  
In foundering seas, when lubbers felt deprest,  
He, ev'ry inch a tar, still had his jest.  
Now, with an arch and laughing air, he ey'd, 2480  
And thus address'd the Yankey near his side :  
Insatiate Jonathan, will not one spear  
Glut thy revenge, but thou must bid us bear  
On deck the lance that o'er thy sack is hung,  
Whilst thou stand'st there with self-applauding  
tongue.

Seamen are we, not soldiers from the ranks,

\* Of any hyperbolical story the sailors say that it would carry away a luff-tackle to hoist it in.



To swallow down like gulls thy monstrous pranks ;  
The whales thy arm in arctic seas made bleed  
Of bulk invented, are huge whales indeed.  
Out of my north-west passage !\* while I stand, 2490  
And the shark's tortures end with this firm hand,  
An axe my weapon, which I know to wield  
With more success than thou the spear and shield.  
Then drawing off the vest his fair form grac'd,  
Loos'd from the clasps, on the bare deck he plac'd ;  
His curls redundant, o'er his brow display'd,  
Half-veil'd his forehead in a golden shade.  
A smiling archness from his glances flow'd,  
And on his cheeks two summer-roses glow'd ;  
His side-long look, from eye of gleeful blue, 2500  
Still on the tar a tacit censure threw—  
Who blushing stood, repress with shame and fear,  
While the crowd's laughter peal'd upon his ear :—  
Then the youth rais'd his hatchet to assail  
The gaping shark, and nick'd him in the tail— 2505  
Again he flounders, but, with strength decay'd,  
The crew press forward, and impart their aid,  
Ply his tam'd body with repeated strokes,  
And the fish dies amidst the sailors' jokes.

\* A phrase equivalent to clear the gangway; or make room.

## LIX.

Now to the spot the cabin-boys draw near, 2510  
In semblance bold, but fill'd with secret fear,  
To measure him with log-line, and decide  
How long his cumbrous carcass, and how wide.  
As they approach where the huge monster lay,  
His triple row of teeth imparts dismay, 2515  
And, horrid to relate, from either jaw  
Protruded trickling blood and gobbets raw  
Of dolphin, skipjack, and of albacore,  
Mix'd in one mass of undistinguish'd gore.  
His fallen brows two pilot-fish retain, 2520  
His late purveying guides along the main;  
Who still instinctively appear to dread  
His mouth, and cling adhesive to the head.\*  
The fry of children trembled as they view'd  
The fish, whose tail so many tars had rued; 2525  
And as an urchin, a fool hardy child,  
Footed the shark, his brother him revil'd  
For being rash, and, in no tone of jest,  
Bade him recede, for in the monster's breast

\* The pilot-fish (*gastorosteus ductor*) adheres to the shark when hauled on board, but avoids his jaws to the last, keeping generally at the hinder part of the head.

Life might yet lurk ; and then, with arch surprize,  
 Another thought he saw him move his eyes,  
 While a curl'd pated elf, with uprais'd arm  
 And foot recoiling, feign'd a coy alarm.

## LX.

## THE FIGHT.

*τὰ δ' ἄμφω χεῖρας ἀνέσχον.*

ODYSSEY, l. 18, v. 88.

Meantime, amidships, where the painted rail  
 Confines the running rigging of the sail,      2535  
 Where round the cleat the cross-jack brace is pass'd,  
 And pins of iron hold the clue-lines fast ;  
 Two boys, by wrangling on the deck, made foes,  
 Unpack their angry hearts, and menace blows :  
 Firm front to front each frowning champion stands,  
 And poises high in air his close-clench'd hands.  
 These acts, O Liberty ! all spring from thee,  
 Thy claims their birth-right, and thy cause their plea ;  
 Their sacred rights infring'd, each bosom strong  
 Swells with thy spirit to resent the wrong.      2545  
 One Shelty's page, Caleb of truant mind,  
 Who made no scruple to desert the blind ;

The other Jug, the boatswain's bullying boy,  
Who oft was wont sarcastic to annoy  
The little minstrel, call him blind-man's dog, 2550  
And sneering hint he filch'd the piper's grog.  
When on his page the sightless Sheltly hung,  
Jug, in his wanton mood, would loll his tongue,  
And uncontroulable, of humour rude,  
His mirth, profane and infamous, intrude. 2555  
Sometimes the graceless boy, to please the few,  
Would the Scot mimic as his pipe he blew,  
And with such gestures writhe his form about,  
That not the grave could hold from laughing out.  
Then Caleb, with his eye-balls flashing fire, 2560  
Was seen to stamp the plank in martial ire;  
Frown in his choler, and infuriate turn,  
The fight demand, and for the combat burn.  
That as it may—in conflict now they press'd,  
Fist rais'd to fist, and breast oppos'd to breast;  
Abetting Caleb, Paul and Francis stand,  
They whisper science, and direct his hand,  
And with their counsel words sustaining gave,  
Proofs of their love, but needless to the brave.  
Jug found a second in his friend Sam Splice, 2570  
Whose savage air betray'd a soul of vice,  
His head bound up attests his late disgrace,  
And public scandal sat upon his face.  
Both champions stand undaunted on the ground,  
Move their clench'd hands, and meditate a wound;

With grinning teeth, Caleb his hot breath draws,  
Nor is it fear, but rage that makes him pause.  
On as he comes, the boatswain's wary boy  
Shifts when his hand he raises to annoy,  
Shuns his stern menace with unerring sight, 2580  
And weighs and speculates the future fight.  
Then presses in his turn:—the headlong shock,  
With foot unshaken as the living rock,  
Caleb resists—and, grappling with his foe,  
Full in his mouth impels the staggering blow. 2585  
Then thus Sam Splice: I see your steerage fails,  
The foe takes all the wind out of your sails,  
Now shift your helm, and, rounding on your heel,  
Lay him aboard, and make his timbers reel.  
Thus counsell'd he—the boy complying heard,  
And forward rush'd, in all his might prepar'd,  
Foaming in ire, with wishes dire possess'd  
To dash the vital stream from Caleb's breast:  
Not more abrupt appears the billow dark  
That breaks with fury on the lab'ring bark, 2595  
But mock'd with skill, an unexpected blow  
From the keen minstrel met his knitted brow;  
Like a boat broaching-to his head he sway'd,  
And soon on deck his lubbard carcass laid.  
There, grovelling on the plank, he struggled long,  
Close grappled by the raging son of song,  
Who, as on Jug he fell, by chance or skill,  
Bore high his better arm, releas'd at will,



And, giving to the gales all human ties,  
Strives with his thumb to gouge out both his eyes.\*  
Take thy reward, exclaims the piper's boy,  
Nor with thy taunts again the blind annoy—  
Soon, like old Sheltys, shall thy during way  
Be shut for ever from the light of day;  
No more to know the sun, nor star, nor moon,  
Nor night distinguish from the blaze of noon.  
With quivering feet the scoffer beats the floor,  
And the crew's aid his urgent lips implore:  
No pity in one laughing face appears,  
The tars reply with jokes instead of tears;      2615  
And while the victor's thumb assaults his eye,  
Then wild uproar and shouts ascend the sky.

Joyous, carousing with his messmate Chip,  
And the good gunner, o'er a bowl of flip,  
At ease reclin'd beneath the clew'd-up sail,†      2620  
Pipes caught his minion's supplicating wail.  
The brimming grog-cup from his bronze-hand fell,  
As, starting on his feet, again the yell

\* American pugilism is not altogether in the taste and style of a Mendoza, as it tolerates *gouging*; or what, in the slang of the present day, would be termed the *thumb fancy*.

† In a calm, at sea, the courses are clued up to keep the footropes from chafing.

His ear assail'd—so listening on the gale  
The lion hears his whelp howl in the vale. 2625  
His comrades knew the voice, full well they knew,  
And silent wonder seiz'd the drinking crew.  
Thrice call'd the victim. Holding by a shroud,  
The brawny boatswain answer'd thrice aloud :  
Hoarse and impetuous was his stormy breath, 2630  
As blasts that menace mariners with death.  
Behold I come to aid thee, Jug ! he cries,  
And o'er the deck with generous ardour flies ;  
Like lightning midst the circling crew he flung,  
Where o'er his quivering boy the minstrel hung,  
Whose finger in Jug's ear a fulcrum made,  
While his bent thumb to scoop his eye essay'd.  
Distemper'd vision mocks the victim's sight,  
The cheerful day seems chang'd to dusky night,  
Till, in a growing mist or cloud conceal'd, 2640  
The masts, yards, sails, are only half reveal'd.  
The breathless boatswain in amazement stood,  
Chill horror for a moment froze his blood,  
His hardy bosom swell'd with labouring sighs,  
And tears of iron trickled from his eyes.\* 2645  
Then in his wild, ungovernable rage,  
With his rude hand he seiz'd the piper's page,

\* Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. MILTON.

And bore him to the bulwark, thence to throw  
His caitiff-body in the deep below,  
When Hampden, interposing with his might, 2650  
The urchin rescued gasping with affright.

Now summon'd by the voices of the crew,  
Threading the ladder, up the hatchway flew  
The answering leech and mates :—they, touch'd  
with wo,

Saw Pipes reclining o'er his boy stretch'd low.  
So bends a gardener, who surveys with pain  
His fallen plant, surcharg'd with storm and rain,  
Bent from the root—his injur'd lily fair—  
The prostrate offspring of his dearest care.  
The bursting sweat that o'er his temples flow'd,  
The mortal anguish of the boatswain show'd,  
As, rueing yet the minstrel's rigid sway,  
Prone on the deck the wretched sea-boy lay.  
They raise the victim, and their healing art  
The leech and ministers around impart ; 2665  
With unguent soft his anguish they allay,  
And to his sight restore the welcome day.  
Morn seem'd to chase the shadows of the night,  
He look'd, and look'd, to mark returning light ;  
Sudden defin'd all objects to him show'd, 2670  
In streams more bright the solar radiance flow'd,  
Yet still his friends their tender care employ,  
And to his hammock bear the languid boy.

## LXI.

Again the chief, with friendly smiles, invites  
His guest to share his festive board's delights, 2675  
The bowl presenting with fresh liquor crown'd,  
Emboss'd with forms of burnish'd gold around.  
Then Neptune, as he rais'd it in his hand,  
Pronounc'd a blessing on the Captain's land,  
His awful brow relax'd, and soft address'd 2680  
The plaided Piper bowing low his breast :  
Now swell a strain—and shed with nectar'd lays  
O'er Freedom's land the perfume of thy praise ;  
None so barbaric but has heard her name,  
Columbia, daughter of immortal Fame. 2685

Shelty unclasp'd his bonnet from his brow,  
And laid it on the deck with reverence low,  
His hoary head, made bare, display'd to sight  
And set his features in an open-light :—  
Then, as the bag-pipe to his lip he prest, 2690  
The strain awak'd the patriotic breast.

## SONG.

## C O L U M B I A.

Columbia's shores are wild and wide,  
Columbia's hills are high,  
And rudely planted side by side  
Her forests meet the eye. 2695  
But narrow must those shores be made,  
And low Columbia's hills,  
And low her ancient forests laid,  
Ere Freedom leaves her fields,  
For 'tis the land, where, rude and wild,  
She play'd her gambols when a child.

And deep and wide her streams that flow  
Impetuous to the tide :  
And thick and green the laurels grow  
On every river's side. 2705  
But should a transatlantic host  
Pollute her waters fair,  
We'll meet them on the rocky coast,  
And gather laurels there :  
For oh ! Columbia's sons are brave, 2710  
And free as ocean's wildest wave.



The gales that wave her mountain-pine  
Are fragrant and serene :  
And never clearer sun did shine  
Than lights her valleys green. 2715  
But putrid must those breezes blow,  
That sun must set in gore,  
Ere footsteps of a foreign foe  
Imprint Columbia's shore :  
For oh ! her sons are brave and free ; 2720  
Their breasts beat high with liberty.

For arming boldest cuirassier  
We've mines of sterling worth,  
For sword and buckler, spur and spear,  
Embowell'd in the earth. 2725  
And ere Columbia's sons resign  
The boon their fathers won,  
The polish'd ore from every mine  
Shall glitter in the sun :  
For bright's the blade, and sharp the spear  
Our warriors to the battle bear.

Let Britain boast the deeds she's done,  
Display her trophies bright ;  
And count her laurels bravely won  
In well-contested fight. 2735

Columbia can a band array

Will wrest the laurel wreath ;

With truer eye and steadier hand

Will strike the blow of death :

For, whether on the land or sea, 2740

Columbia's fight is victory.

In purple streams let Gallia wade,

And frantic in her mood,

With civil discord draw the blade,

And spill her country's blood. 2745

Too dear the skill in arms is bought

Where kindred life-blood flows,

Columbia's sons are only taught

To triumph o'er their foes :

And then to comfort, soothe and save. 2750

The feelings of the conquer'd brave.

Then let Columbia's eagle soar,

And bear her banner high ;

The thunder from her dexter pour,

And lightning from her eye. 2755

And when she sees from realms above,

The storm of war is spent ;

Descending, like the welcome dove,

The olive branch present :

And then will beauty's hand divine. 2760

The never-fading wreath entwine.

The sightless piper ceas'd, and lowly bow'd,  
While rung the deck with the tars' plaudits loud ;  
Full was the bursting of the naval roar,  
As billows when they lash the rocky shore. 2765  
A hectic flush'd the trident-bearer's cheek,  
Then spoke he with the smile that calms the deep :  
Come, minstrel, gang with me, thy pleasing strain  
Would soothe my hours beneath the azure main.  
Striding a dolphin, thou should'st blissful roam  
My coral caves, and make the deep thy home,  
There, where the snowy nereids love to dwell,  
In sea-bright grots o'er-hung with speckled shell.  
Restor'd to youth, the grasp of hateful age  
Should lose its hold, nor bend thee with its rage.  
Thus to the Scot the sea's sole sovereign cry'd ;  
He heav'd a sigh, and calmly thus reply'd :  
Neptune, to change these hoary locks that spread  
The snaws of age round sightless Sheltie's head,  
Is not his wish—he knows 'tis fate's decree 2780  
That sanguine youth is not from sorrow free.

## LXII.

The gaily conscious seamen feel their pow'r,  
In the wild Saturnalia of the hour,  
And, while fresh bowls the cabin-guests inspire,  
Approach with rolling gait their ocean-sire, 2785

To swell on deck his levee, and implore  
A good keg of ten gallons, less or more.  
Onward they come, like an impetuous stream  
Glistening beneath the summer's radiant beam;  
And full the murmur of their rushing course, 2790  
As their own Niagara's torrent hoarse.  
High waves their flag, that gorgeously displays  
The sapphire's azure, and the ruby's blaze:  
And as around a flame the banner pours,  
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle soars,\*  
Who, crown'd with recent conquest, to the sky  
Directs his grateful, bright, rekindling eye.

The generous monarch rose—and, at the sight,  
He look'd—he smil'd ineffable delight—  
Then spoke with transport, as in order'd rows,  
The tars fall back, and one deep file compose.  
Gods! what a noble crew! the warlike throng  
That plough'd the Euxine to the harp and song,  
Must yield to these! let any of them keep  
The helm, and safe the ship mounts o'er the deep.  
Yard-arm to yard-arm, with their guns run out,  
These lads would make the splinters fly about;  
Work for the cockpit! many a doleful yell  
Would issue where their grape and chain-shot fell.

\* The American standard is surmounted by an eagle, in emulation of Roman fame.

Full many a noble mariner is here! 2810

Shipmates, all hail! what cheer, my sons, what cheer?

How fare ye, boys?—is your grog-tackle right?

Your jib-stays, seamen! are they bows'd up tight?

Then thus Bill Breeze, the spokesman of the band,

Twirling his tar'd hat in his better hand: 2815

Bad cheer, your honour, leeward is our plight,

Our unbows'd stays all hanging in a bight,

And hence we hither come, a suffering train,

Redress to ask the sovereign of the main.

Then the king thus: O you old swab-fac'd dog,

I guess'd your mission was a tub of grog:

What countryman art thou? where truly bred?

At Portsmouth born, you hail from Marble head!\*

\* So great is the similarity between the ships and crews of the two nations, that during the late war, some ludicrous mistakes were the consequence. In February, 1815, as Sir George Collier, with his squadron, was cruising for the Constitution, a brig hove in sight which he suspected to be a captured British merchantman, and he hoisted the American flag on board his own ship the Leander. She proved to be the John of Liverpool, a prize to the Perry, privateer; and the prize-master, a full-blooded yankee, tossed out his boat, and without any hesitation went on board the British man of war. The moment Jonathan got upon deck, he congratulated the officers on the squadron being at sea, and in a condition to do a *tarnation* deal of mischief to the d—d English *sarpernts*, and play the devil's game with their rag of a flag. He then walked up to Sir George Collier, and, to the extreme amusement of every one on board, making a profound bow, addressed him as Commodore Decatur; adding that he knew his ship, the President, the moment he saw her, and that Nick himself could not deceive him. Sir George smiled complacently,



The tar replied : truth is my soul's delight—  
At Stony Point\* I first beheld the light. 2825

Humph ! Stony Point ? its bearings, friend, impart—  
The place was never mark'd upon the chart.

Your pardon, Sir,—on father's map at home,  
It makes a figure great as ancient Rome—  
I thought, an please you, on my candid word, 2830  
That all the world of Stony Point had heard !  
'Tis on the Hudson, where our General Wayne  
Surpriz'd the warrior Johnson and his train ;  
When neither moon, nor star, afforded light,  
A yankey trick he play'd them in the night. 2835

and pointing to the *Acasta*, asked if he knew her ; his reply was that she was the *Macedonian* ; and when asked what the *Newcastle* was, he said that he could not positively determine, but guessed she was the *Constitution*, though not painted as when last at Boston. Jonathan then entreated to be supplied with a keg of molasses, and, on being told there was none to spare, made another low reverence, wished Commodore Decatur a good voyage, and took his leave with great apparent satisfaction ; when the first Lieutenant, to his unspeakable horror and consternation, undeceived him as he halloed for his boat at the gangway.

\* Stony Point is a post on the east bank of the river Hudson, opposite Verplank's Point. During the revolutionary war it was taken by the British ; but surprized and recovered soon after in a night-attack (July 15, 1779) by General Wayne, who made prisoners of the whole garrison, consisting of five hundred men, with their commanding officer Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

My father was a fisherman, old Bill,  
Who taught me young a sail to jibe and fill.  
When but a nursling I was set afloat,  
And knew no other dwelling than a boat,  
Scarce higher than the thwart, I ply'd an oar, 2840  
And help'd to dredge along the rocky shore.\*

I like thy look—all flattery apart—  
Who sees thy countenance may read thy heart.  
Declare thy station, sailor, and thy name,  
Hast thou in battle won a warrior's fame? 2845

My name is Breeze—and, in a heavy gale,  
Bill is the first aloft to furl the sail.  
For sailor's rights, on board old Iron-sides,  
I work'd at single wages, double tides—

\* The Quarterly Reviewers, after having very gravely assured their readers that the Americans have no southern ports (Vol. 21, p. 15), peremptorily assert that, in the event of a rupture with Britain, the largest fleet they could equip in the only ports which will admit it, might be very leisurely destroyed before hands could be brought together to man it. This is ominous infatuation: *quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*. The domestic fisheries being suspended, their countless fishermen would be transmuted by war, as quickly as by a charm, into crews for the largest fleets, without the rigour of a conscription; and an appeal lies to the evidence of facts, that there is a delicacy in attacking American ships of war in their own ports. Commodore Decatur's two frigates and a brig were blockaded in New London harbour, month after month, by squadrons that relieved each other as provisions became short, without a single attempt being made to destroy them.

When the black *Guerriere* found our tier too hot,  
Bill was at quarters ramming home his shot;  
And when the *Java* lay a rolling wreck,  
A raking gun he pointed o'er her deck.

Knew you Decatur, whose exalted name  
Glory on golden pinions wafts to fame! 2855

An please you, if you mean the commodore,  
With him I battled on the Barbary shore.\*

\* It is a prevailing opinion that the Navy of the United States was called into existence by the late war; but the fact is, that hostilities against the Barbary powers first conferred on it a character. The shores of the Mediterranean resounded with the broadsides of the American frigates long before the capture of the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian*, and the *Java*; and the successes of Hull, Decatur, and Bainbridge were not the effect of an untried energy. These men had served as subalterns under Preble, the father of the American navy; and acts of heroism were achieved by his officers and tars that are only not generally known, carent quia vate sacro, because they have never been ably recorded. The Philadelphia frigate commanded by Bainbridge, having grounded, and been taken possession of by the Turks, Lieutenant Decatur undertook, with the boats of the squadron, to cut her out from under the batteries of Tripoli;—boarded her with matchless valor, exposed to the red-hot shot of a formidable range of forts;—slew the turbanned chief, fighting hand to hand on the quarter-deck, and succeeded in hoisting the stars over the crescent. In this ever memorable enterprize, three young American Lieutenants, Somers, Wadsworth, and Israel, emulated the patriotic spirit of a Leonidas; for, the fire-ship which they conducted, becoming, by some reverse of wind or tide, surrounded by an overwhelming Turkish flotilla, these gallant youths, preferring death to surrender, blew themselves up in the air. A monument, executed in Italy, has been erected to their memory at Washington.

Help'd him the Philadelphia's deck to gain,  
When she lay moor'd with swivels and a chain,  
Beneath a bloody battery, whose shot 2860  
Before they told a furnace made red hot.  
Mounting her side, our chief conspicuous shone,  
And soon the valour of his arm made known;  
For, at the gangway, as he sprung on board,  
There, hand to hand, he met with clashing sword  
The turban'd Rais—who sunk beneath his frown,  
While the boat's coxswain haul'd the colours down.  
Bill was not idle—with this sworded-hand  
He slew a Turk, the second in command.  
Alla! il Alla! was his wrathful cry, 2870  
As his bright sabre glitter'd in the eye;  
But Bill luff'd up, and, as he gave a yaw,  
With his half pike belay'd his uncouth jaw.  
A golden cross that on his breast he bore,  
I took a fancy to, and long time wore; 2875  
Till at New York for debt in dungeon pent,  
In want of cash—Bill's bosom bauble went.

There is in royal state a secret charm  
That can effrontery subdue—disarm—  
While the tar spoke, his panic-blinking eye 2880  
Betray'd his awe of Neptune's majesty.  
And he, by nature impudently bold,  
Could not the king with steady glance behold.

A silence all the naval guests possess'd,  
When the sea's sovereign thus the chief address'd:  
As bold a fellow this as ever spoke,  
To kill a Turk, and tell it as a joke.  
Had fortune view'd his birth with kinder brow,  
And in his cradle he been called *Monro* ,\*  
Instead of standing now with hat in hand, 2890  
This stately ship might be at his command ;  
But born *Bill Breeze*, 'tis his from first to last,  
To swab her deck, and serve before the mast.  
Come, bid the boatswain, that hoarse growling dog,  
Touch his bright call, and tune the note to grog  
Let him assume his music-breathing face,  
And pipe all hands on deck to splice main brace.  
Ill suits it, skipper,† mortal man to bear  
The brow still bent, and give up life to care.  
Enjoy the moment—see how steals the day, 2900  
On pinions light, with secret lapse away ;  
How many more bestow'd no mortal knows,  
Then snatch the joy the present hour allows.

The captain spoke—*Pipes* and his tarry train  
Advance on deck, three mastiffs of the main ; 2905

\* *James Monroe*, President of the United States.

† A familiar name for captain.



The leader portly, with his rough breast bare,  
The mates bold ruffians with a foremast air.  
Now with each feature working from the throat,  
They strain in unison a stunning note;  
Between each linked bout a pause they make, 2910  
And the joy'd crew to extasy awake :  
“ All hands to splice main-brace ! up boys, repair  
“ With your huge cans, and the chief's bounty share ! ”  
Then to the steward's tub the seamen fly,  
Thirst on the lip, and laughter in the eye, 2915  
Crowding they press the cup to take in hand,  
And halting Yarrow mingles with the band.

## LXIII.

His noon-tide station now the sun had pass'd,  
And our tall ship a deeper shadow cast,  
As, doubly-pictur'd on the glassy deep, 2920  
The vessel o'er its image seem'd to sleep,  
When Neptune, with an air of high command,  
(His huge, rough trident in his brandish'd hand)  
With voice that shook the ship from stem to stern,  
Bade his head-groom prepare for his return : 2925  
Glaucus, my steeds ! the sun is sinking low,  
And we ere night have many leagues to go.

Glaucus, reclining on the gangway rail,  
Stood 'midst the children of the helm and sail ;

Fair to the waist he seem'd, but all below  
His fishy scales a strange discordance show;  
With forky fins to plough the foamy brine,  
A tail enormous lengthen'd out his spine.  
In the sire's hand the massy grog-bowl flam'd,  
And as a toast the chief's good ship he nam'd, 2935  
But, ere he drank, vociferously spoke,  
While his loud voice a louder hiccup broke:  
What hoa there Glaucus! sound your crooked shell,  
And to their posts my sea-born train compel.  
Constrain'd again my mandate to renew, 2940  
I'll make you run the gauntlet through the crew,  
Switching your tail the gamesome tars among,  
Like a mad bullock by a hornet stung.  
Rein, rein my steeds! my Amphitrite afar,  
In pensive mood, awaits her Neptune's car; 2945  
No doubt, she marvels at my long delay,  
And asks what charm can keep her lord away.  
Then, with a meaning glance thrown on the band,  
The triton growl'd, The charm is in your hand!  
And in revenge for Neptune's pride and scorn, 2250  
But feebly swell'd in mockery his horn.

Monarchs love mirth—not always does the crown  
Look on the heads of vassals frowning down—  
His testy groom the sea's great sovereign ey'd,  
And smiling through his regal state reply'd: 2955

It ever was thy food to flout and jeer,  
And play the buffoon with thy honour'd peer—  
Your aid, good Glaucus, my melodious guide—  
Your hand to help me down the frigate's side.

## LXIV.

Now holding by the red-rope\* Neptune stood, 2960  
In act to seek his chariot on the flood,  
While his proud coursers toss'd their manes on high,  
And flakes of splendour lighten'd to the sky.  
With arms presented, martial in their mien,  
A youthful troop of rifle-men were seen, 2965  
Subtle of glance—while Tom Pipes pour'd around  
A linked bout of shrill, fantastic sound.  
Then with the look that stills the raging main,  
The king repeats his kind adieu again :  
Captain, farewell ! this moisture in my eyes— 2970  
'Tis womanish, and takes me by surprize—  
It soon will pass—my brave Columbian heart,  
I never sorrow'd so from man to part—

\* When a distinguished personage leaves a ship of war, ropes covered with red baize are shipped to conduct him down the side-ladder, and, as he descends, the boatswain solemnly pipes, and the marines present their arms. If the quality of the departing guest be eminently great, the crew man the yards, and salute him with one vast shout.

A spell is on me, as around I cast  
My sight on thy ship's tackle, yards, and mast, 2975  
And I could linger here, and not be gone  
Till the day fade and stars wake one by one.  
Youth! on Decatur's glory\* fix thine eye  
With steadfast glance—as, rapid through the sky,

\* Stephen Decatur first distinguished himself in the Barbary War (from 1801 to 1805), under Commodore Preble, in the Mediterranean, where he became the idol of the American nation, by his intrepidity in cutting out the Philadelphia frigate, with the boats of the squadron, from under the fire of the batteries of Tripoli. At the declaration of war against Great Britain, he was appointed to the command of the frigate United States; and October the 25th, 1812, on the American coast, fell in with and captured the British frigate *Macedonian*, Captain Carden, after a spirited engagement. It is affirmed that Decatur's fire was never equalled by any single deck; and in his letter to the Secretary of the American Navy, he does not betray any exultation at the capture of an English frigate, but rather finds an excuse for the length of the action: he got his prize safe into New York. During a considerable part of the war he was blockaded at New London, by Sir Thomas Hardy, and January 15th, 1815, in putting to sea, in the *President*, his ship grounded off Sandy Hook, but got off again injured in her sailing, and was chased by the British squadron, composed of the *Majestic*, a *raze*, the *Endymion*, the *Pomone*, and *Tenedos*. The *Endymion*, by her superior sailing, was the first up with the *President*, when, at half-past five in the evening, an action commenced with great gallantry on both sides, and Decatur, unawed by the overwhelming force in sight, fought his ship with unbroken courage. After an obstinate running fight of two hours, the *Endymion's* sails being cut from the yards, she consequently dropped astern; but notwithstanding the *President* crowded all sail, the squadron came up with her, and after receiving a broadside from the *Pomone*, Decatur, at half past eleven at night, struck those colours which he had so honourably defended.



Orion, carried in his rival-car, 2980  
Turn'd to the Pleiades, directs his star.  
He said, when through the naval concourse flung  
A haggard youth, and to the monarch clung,  
And, murmuring moving tones amidst his woes,  
With gestures strove his purpose to disclose. 2985  
Ill-fated boy! he spoke but with his eye,  
And hand that pointed to the verging sky;  
With voiceless motion kneeling to implore  
The king to take him in his car on shore.  
Then press'd the sergeant through the glittering band  
Of swords and epaulettes, and stretch'd his hand  
The importuning maniac to restrain,  
And bear him from the sea's sole sovereign.  
But Neptune felt compassion as he gaz'd:—  
The wretched mortal in his arms he rais'd, 2995  
And gave him to the midshipmen who stood  
Plucking his robe in fond, familiar mood,  
(Youths who preferr'd the toil that billows bring  
To soft repose beneath a mother's wing)  
To Paul, who, look'd transfix'd by sorrow's dart,  
As he receiv'd the sufferer to his heart,  
And kind-caressing Frank, whose gayer grace  
Play'd in his smile, and sparkled o'er his face.



## LXV.

Meantime the monarch looking o'er the chains,\*  
Instinctive, with a seaman's eye complains: 3005  
Captain, excuse my meddling, but behold  
A starboard main-shroud, in the war grown old,  
Is stranded near the service, and demands  
A knot or splice from some sea-farer's hands.  
The chief, with smiles, his gratitude express'd, 3010  
And thus a school-boy-midshipman address'd:  
The captain of the main-top hither send,  
And bid him loose the laniard end for end,  
Clap on his tackle with a seaman's care,  
Knot the part stranded, and the fault repair. 3015

## LXVI.

Now while the snorting coursers paw the spray,  
With feet of storm, impatient of delay—  
The jolly monarch thus the chief address'd,  
As in his own the seaman's hand he press'd:

\* The chains, or rather chain-wales, project from either side of the ship, abreast of the lower-masts, and contain the dead-eyes for the reception of the laniards of the shrouds.

True to thy country, and thy country's fame, 3020  
Pledge me in one more bowl Columbia's name;  
As some return, sweet piping through your shrouds,  
Propitious gales shall chase the scattering clouds,  
And soon from deck the gladden'd vision hail  
The headland signal of your whitening sail. 3025  
Then Glaucus (who his steeds could scarce restrain)  
A mournful cadence pour'd along the main  
Through his conch-shell. From all the salt pro-  
found  
The confluent waters echo'd back the sound.  
Alien the notice fell on Neptune's ear, 3040  
When thus the groom, who ill his freak could bear:  
Look where he stands! rolling his azure eyes,  
As to his lapping tongue his hand applies  
The full-crown'd bowl:—he's like a vessel moor'd  
When once he gets his drinking tacks on board.  
Come, master, let this gallon be your last.  
As they serve out the grog here to the mast,  
Discretion urges, since the rum is strong,  
At the jib-halliards not to pull too long.  
Then the king thus: Triton, you misbehave.  
Peace! or I'll give thee to this chief a slave.  
Ere others' failings thy sharp tongue assail,  
Take the kink out of thy own noisome tail.  
Glaucus replies: It weaves your brow a wreath  
Always to throw my tail into my teeth— 3045

It has its use—when laughing from my lip  
The brine, 'tis like a rudder to a ship.  
Though in a porpoise-point I end below,  
Neither ill favour'd is my cheek or brow,  
And as I stand and view you face to face, 3050  
Few are more seemly of the mortal race.  
Not me could absent Proteus e'er excel  
In the rare art to sound the crooked shell—  
Hark! to its mellow descant o'er the spray,  
And how each blast articulates *away!* 3055  
Come, master, try the parting shock to bear—  
Peace, Glaucus, peace! I'm fix'd and rooted here.  
Master, I pray you, fly the treacherous bowl,  
'Tis not ship-shape to grieve your spouse's soul.  
Mark but the sun! how wears the fleeting day, 3060  
'Tis time to pipe down hammocks\*—come, away!

\* In ships of war the crew carry their hammocks upon deck every morning, and at sun-set they are piped below; the boatswain's mates winding their shrill calls, and growling out at each hatchway "Down all hammocks, ahoy!" Then swarm up the ladders the seamen to the nettings, seeking their sacks of war: exhibiting at each aperture of the deck what Doctor Johnson would, perhaps, have called the full-tide of human existence. On board the Northumberland, when the hammocks were piped down, it was the practice of the young midshipmen to form a ring, linked hand in hand, and rally round Napoleon; in order that he might not be annoyed by the crowd rushing on deck. This was the very soul of youthful generosity, and I never could read the glorious record in *Las Casas* without emotion.

*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

Your wife dejected sea-ward looks and sues,  
And you relentless can her tears abuse.  
Come, master, heave ahead ! or I will roam  
The deep without you, and bear tidings home 3065  
That you from out the ship can not be got,  
While in the locker there remains a shot.  
Then farewell, shipmates ! Thus the needle steers  
To his lov'd star. My bosom has its fears  
Lest Amphitrite with grief I overwhelm.  
Master, hold on ! mind, mind your weather-helm !

## LXVII.

At length the full-gorg'd monarch of the main,  
Reel'd to his car, and dizzy seiz'd the rein ;  
The scourge he raises, but with swimming eyes,  
His head hangs heavy as o'er sea he flies, 3375  
Till from his seat he falls with shock profound,  
And in his dire descent, the billows dance around.  
Full swift the Nereids, by affection sway'd,  
Rise from the deep, and minister their aid ;  
Sooth the affrighted steeds, and in a ring 3080  
With hair dishevell'd mourn their prostrate king.  
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,  
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast,  
And as the ocean-monarch groaning lay,  
Thus pour'd the boding accents of dismay : 3085

What ails our sire ! whence, bending down his head,  
Wears he the semblance of a mortal dead ?  
Speak ! has some rebel monster of the main  
In combat sought to wrest from thee thy reign,  
To snatch from thee thy trident, whose stern sway  
From pole to pole the raging waves obey.  
Her hand the prostrate monarch kindly press'd,  
While tears reliev'd the anguish of his breast :  
Nymph, to yon ship my fate alone I owe,  
With liquor laden—source of all my woe— 3095  
Her with the lofty sails, and warrior head,  
With tompions out, and boarding-nettings spread—  
In her was Neptune play'd a yankey trick,\*  
Whose guilty chief shall rue it to the quick.  
Glaucus, when Amphitrite unyokes my car 3100  
That whirls her Neptune o'er the deeps afar,  
Seek thou the god of storms, supreme o'er wind,  
And bid him from their caves the blasts unbind,  
Himself the wirlwind ride, on pinions dark,  
And keel-up turn the treasonable bark. 3105

\* The first Yankey trick on record is alluded to by Butler, in his facetious poem of Hudibras. Soon after the arrival of the first settlers in New England, a white man having killed an Indian, the whole tribe assembled and demanded the death of the criminal. But he being in the heyday of youth and strength, and consequently valuable to a rising state ; the Colonists hanged instead of him, an old, superannuated personage, whom years and infirmities had reduced to crutches. The Indians, on detecting the *ruse* practised on them, called it a “ *Yankey Trick*.”



Then thus the groom : (as to his mouth he gave  
The fragrant roll, his solace on the wave)—  
At your own door the sin and scandal lie—  
You coveted the drop that dims your eye :—  
The fault is your's—so wait till time and rest, 3110  
And penance due to folly calm your breast.  
Is this the first time—by some fifty score—  
That you've been groggy—more than half sea's o'er?  
On board the tall three-decker could you stand,  
When the old Admiral order'd aft his band 3115  
To soothe you with the poor, exploded strain,  
That Britons only conquer on the main.  
Their ships, 'tis true, could cheerly sway away  
On ev'ry top-rope, and inspire dismay  
With the red-cross, when only for their foes 3120  
The sea gave Dons and Monsieurs to oppose.  
But now when Yankey frigates heave in sight,  
They pipe to prayers, before they tempt the fight,  
And when they strike their flag, attest the skies  
They fought a stout two-decker in disguise !\* 3125

\* The Quarterly Reviewers indulge only broad grins at the American Navy, but these grins, if persisted in by their successors, may, in the long run, become *sardonic*. A fleet composed of 12 *American* 74s, each ship vieing in tonnage with an English hundred gun ship, and manned with fully as numerous a crew, that is 1000 men, would in a line of battle be an object of derision only to fools or madmen. Twelve thousand prime yankey seamen fighting a proportionate number of cannon, and firing them more like riflemen than

Then the king thus : I see how sits the wind !  
*Bribes, bribes* have made you to their treason blind.  
 What's in that keg beneath your finny feet ?  
 A present from the crew—and passing sweet !  
 'Twill suit the nice tooth of my nereid-wife— 3130  
 She never tasted such in all her life :  
*Long Sweetening* is its just and proper name,  
 But by *Molasses* better known to fame.  
 Then Neptune pensive :—aid me in the car—  
 My stomach and the liquor are at war— 3135  
 Oh ! for a gentle air to fan the seas !  
 Whistle, good Glaucus, and invoke the breeze.

artillerists, would peradventure make such men as the Quarterly Reviewers stop their ears at every broadside. It must likewise be taken into the account that British blood circulates in Jonathan's veins—that the great grandfathers of the aforesaid crews drew their first breath either in England or Wales, in Scotland or Ireland—that they feed on beef and drink porter—and that they talk and, unfortunately, swear in English. The Quarterly Reviewers, by their misrepresentations relative to America, and deceptions practised on their readers, have done more real injury to the common weal of England, than all the offenders, that, since the establishment of their Literary Inquisition, have been freighted off to Australasia. They may indulge their laughter, but they cannot alter the fact, that in the event of a future war with America, England would find the United States' Navy a respectable force. It would not be policy to send her channel fleet across the Atlantic, and she might require a fleet in the Mediterranean, or in the Baltic. She could attack the United States only by detachment ; and a smaller armament than that she could detach would be rendered equal or superior on the part of the Americans by the celerity with which they could recover any check, whilst the disasters of their enemy might be irretrievable.

I see a cat's paw\* yonder in the west,  
The rising gale will cool your fever'd breast.  
Here, on my shoulder, rest your weight of woes,  
And while I guide the chariot find repose.  
Subdue your anger, master, and disdain  
To act the furious tyrant of the main;  
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,  
And I believ'd that *gifts* had conquer'd *thine*. 3145  
The arch groom ceas'd, and with his glittering thong  
O'er the hush'd billow lash'd the steeds along;  
Beside him Neptune doz'd—behind the train  
Of Nereids clung, as the car roll'd amain,  
And their fair faces often turned aside, 3150  
To stop the titt'ring laugh, the blush to hide.

Meantime our full throng'd yards display a host  
Of pendant tars—their country's prime and boast;  
And as refulgent to the view off-roll'd  
The car-borne god, on flaming wheels of gold, 3155  
Their cheering shouts resound. With buxom breast,  
(Eas'd of the load his festive soul deprest)  
Uprose the monarch from his pearly car  
To take a last look of the man of war,

\* A cat's paw is a partial heaving of the sea's surface in a calm—the germ of the breeze. How often on the ocean have I heard the master of a ship, looking anxiously over the counter, exclaim, after an enduring calm, "Yonder is a cat's paw, at last!"

And on her threw his eye's returning love,      3160  
The glance he gives Onchestus' hallow'd grove,  
Or Calaureia, his ador'd retreat,  
When seaward rapt by his swift coursers' feet.  
Ineffable to view his head he rears,  
And at each naval cheering pricks his ears.      3165  
Then as his huge form o'er the deep he bent,  
Back to the ship his lofty voice he sent,  
Thrice to its fullest pitch. Again, again, again,  
His rending clamours shake the sky and main.

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CANTO V.

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## THE MARINER ON THE ICE ISLAND.

ἐν ἡϊόνεσσι καθίζων,  
 Δάκρυσι καὶ στοναχῇσι καὶ ἄλγεσι θυμὸν ἐρέχθων,  
 Πόντον ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον δερκέσκετο, δάκρυα λείβων.

ODYSSEY. E. v. 159.

## I.

Now while the waters of the ocean lie 3170  
 One blue ethereal, like another sky,  
 When not a breath disturbs the deep profound,  
 A glorious calm expanse without a bound;  
 The chief with uprais'd eye, and anxious mind,  
 Prefers a prayer, and importunes the wind; 3175  
 With look averted views the lingering prow,  
 And chides the slumber of the sea below.



Yet dear to me the hour without alloy,  
When all is ocean, holiday and joy,  
Ev'n infancy partakes the rapturous glow, 3180  
And my sweet prattler flies her nurse below  
To revel on the sun'd deck, and rejoice  
Her father with the accents of her voice.

While round my neck thy little arms are spread,  
And this fond breast conceals thy little head ; 3185  
While thus thou holdst me in affection's chain,  
I grow myself in heart a child again.

Soon, I may hope, yon glorious orb of light  
Thy lips will hymn, seen o'er the headland height,  
And that it soon shall dart on us its ray, 3190  
As on the evening shore we mildly stray,  
Where thou delighted, with thy busy hands,  
Stooping for shells upon the ebbing sands,  
Shalt treasures heap—while I, as round I cast,  
My eye o'er sea, will tell of travel past ! 3195

## II.

But see, once more the breezes curl the main,  
And to the east direct the fluttering vane :  
Joyful the chief beholds the rising gale,  
Joyful he hears the rustling of the sail.

Out reefs! he cries, the weather now is kind, 3200  
Columbians! spread the canvass to the wind.  
The top-sails swell, our ship with stately mien  
Walks the wide surge, the ocean's vested queen.  
Now the white billow hides her, now she keeps  
Her course with airy lightness o'er the deeps.  
Steady along! the quarter-master cries,  
Steady along! the timoneer replies.\*  
Like Eol's harps that daintily entwine  
Their wires with leafy porch of eglantine,  
Sweet through our shrouds the balmy breezes blow,  
While with new life the ocean seems to glow.  
Sporting ahead the porpoise shews his form,  
No dire precursor of the raging storm,

\* In men of war, a quarter-master is appointed to con, or direct the helmsman. During a head-wind, or when the ship is close-hauled—standing by the dog-vane staff on the quarter-deck, he looks aloft, to the mast-head, and growls out—Thus! Thus!—or, Near, boy, Near! Sounds producing dyspepsia, and symptomatic headache among the passengers; which the ship, rolling lee gunwhale in, or pitching her bumpkins into the water, aggravates to vehement nausea. But when the ship is going large, with a noble breeze abaft the beam—her weather main-clue-garnet hauled up—single reefed topsails—jib and spanker set—and knocking it off finely at the rate of nine, aye, eleven knots an hour, with oh! such a following sea—then, may it please your worships, you will hear the said old yarn call cheerfully to the sea-dog at the wheel—Steady so! steady! or, Port! my soul, Port!—or, Starboard! my boy, Starboard a little! While the Lieutenant of the watch, pacing the quarter deck, will stop for a moment at the binnacle, and utter,—Don't come to windward of your course!—sounds that excite a general hilarity of countenance, and involuntary rubbing of the hands.

But the companion of our watery way,  
His brown back seen above the glittering spray.

## III.

Now as o'er sea to pleasure's voice we glide,  
A streak effulgent marks the briny tide,\*  
Where, at its verge, the saucy billows rise  
In antic shapes, and mingle with the skies.  
From all the deck intensely gaze the crew, 3220  
And alps of ice burst dazzling on the view,  
Their base an island, awful to explore  
Broke from the frozen chains of Labrador,  
And conscious flying southward from the reign  
Of endless winter o'er a torpid main.† 3225

\* On approaching an island of ice, in clear weather, a lucid streak is seen spreading along that part of the atmosphere which is next to the horizon, to which mariners have given the name of ice-blink. It not unfrequently exhibits a counterpart or picture-shadow of the island for a considerable distance before the actual mass becomes visible; resembling, in this respect, the curious atmospherical phenomenon of the Mirage. It is evidently produced by the refraction of the rays of light on the water.

† These lofty ice-islands, floating in mid-ocean, have their origin in the northern seas, and are the slow growth of centuries. They first adhere to the main-land, where they accumulate to an enormous height and extent, by the falling of snows and rain, which instantly congeal, till their great weight overcoming the power of

In crowds the sailors issue from below,  
All ages, ranks, their several tasks forego,  
No tongue its bursting tribute can restrain,  
But shouts involuntary shake the main.  
Where'er they bend, or turn the marvelling sight,  
The proud mass swells a glittering isle of light;  
Silver'd with frost peak rises over peak,  
Nature's pantheon ! temple of the deep !\*

cohesion, the key-stone of the mass gives way, and the several bodies are impelled into the Atlantic by the action of the wind and current, where bathed in a warmer fluid, the lower part dissolves, while the upper undergoes disruption.

\* These stupendous masses, floating as lofty islands in mid-ocean, consist of a clear, compact, and solid body of ice, cerulean of hue, and transparent as crystal. Their most elevated parts are always covered with snow. They are of prodigious height and extent, and their bleak summits rising above each other in endless perspective, exhibit to the eye a stupendous scene of desolation.

Darwin has made a remark relative to the ice islands so irresistibly ludicrous, that I shall cite it for the reader's amusement. *If the nations who inhabit this hemisphere, instead of destroying their seamen and exhausting their wealth in unnecessary wars, could be induced to unite their labours to navigate these immense masses of ice into the more southern oceans, two great advantages would result to mankind ; the tropic countries would be much cooled by their solution, and our winters in this latitude would be rendered much milder for perhaps a century or two, till the masses of ice became again enormous.* This project could be only tolerated in the infancy of physical science. All the ice-islands ever formed in the Arctic seas could not affect the lower latitudes in so sensible a degree as to produce a positive alteration of climate. Nor would the impression of the ice chill the superficial water of the ocean, for when it became cooled, it would, from its

While thus they marvel at the bright display,  
As fools behold the pageant of a day, 3235  
The wary chief his bark to windward steers,  
And whispers counsel in unwilling ears :  
Friends, you have found the things in life you prize  
To distance owe enchantment in your eyes,  
That when approach'd their splendours disappear,  
And leave behind a moral and a tear.  
So these fair isles, alluring to the view,  
Have ruin spread o'er many a gallant crew,  
Startled the helpless wretches from their sleep,  
And hurl'd their midnight bark beneath the deep.\*

## IV.

Meantime our chief hauls closely to the gale,  
And sighs as wisdom spreads the cautious sail;

increased density, sink into the deep abyss. But what would render the whole plan abortive is the total impracticability of transporting the ice into the tropical regions; for it would begin to melt in the latitude of forty-eight degrees, and in a short time afterwards the ships employed in this great undertaking would have nothing left but their tow-lines !

\* In June, 1803, the British packet, Lady Hobart, when going at the rate of eight knots, ran, in the dead of night, against an Ice Island in the Atlantic, higher than the mast-head, and of great extent. The ship, on striking, settled down to her fore-chains in the water, and the crew and passengers had scarcely time to take to the boats, when she suddenly gave a lee-lurch to port, and foundered head foremost.



Slowly we coast the Isle more dazzling white  
Than snows on Appenine's aspiring height.  
Inhospitable rise the livid heaps, 3250  
No bird has dwelling there, no thing that creeps.  
But the tides mournful, with alternate roar,  
Now back return, now break upon the shore,  
Wildly abrupt, inexorably hoar. }

Rounding a point whose snow-incrusted steep 3255  
O'erhangs in awful solitude the deep,  
Sudden a cliff reflects a rolling blaze  
That, in its double splendour, fills the gaze  
Of wonder wrapt in sight. Anon a cry  
From all the crowded deck ascends the sky. 3260  
With bursting grief some clasp each other's hand,  
Grief the indulgence of the naval band;—  
The first, the noblest of the warrior host,  
Mourn on the deck in gushing sorrow lost!

Then our great chief with sympathetic breast 3265  
In faltering accents thus the crew address'd :  
Columbians ! see how melt the flames away,  
And, lost in undulating air, decay,  
Kindled by some poor wretch who, o'er the deep,  
Full many a shapeless day has sat to weep, 3270  
And, on each changeful wave, his vision cast  
To catch some speck that hope proclaim'd a mast !

Who sighs lest, ere the sun withdraw his beam,  
Our ship unconscious pass his beacon-gleam.  
Now gallant comrades be it all our care      3275  
Rescue to give this victim of despair.  
Our signal-flag—quick let it wave on high  
To indicate his watch-fire we descry,  
And minute-guns peal cheerly o'er the main  
Hope through his bosom to infuse again.      3280

Swift at the word aloft the streamers float,  
The deep-mouth'd cannon strains its brazen throat,  
By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,  
The main flames quick with momentary fires,  
While, echoing frequent from each frozen steep,  
The clamours wake the spirit of the deep.

Now toil the crew—one soul inspiring all—  
These, formed in lines, the weather-braces haul  
With earnest voice;—these to the davits urge,  
And grasp the oars to dare the ocean surge.      3290  
At once the sails a fluttering motion keep,  
At once the boat descends npon the deep,  
And I, long practis'd in the seaman's art,  
Now with emotion bear a seaman's part,  
The helm I guide, the rowers briskly ply,      3295  
We seek the point where curls the smoke on high,  
And there in frozen solitude we find,  
Beneath an icy cliff, a man reclin'd,

A wasted wretch sitting in ocean's view,  
The lone survivor of a shipwreck'd crew, 3300  
In dread, at every tempest of the sky,  
His brittle lodge would into atoms fly.  
Bare were his blue-swoln feet, his head was bare,  
Half clad his shivering form, and loose his hair ;  
Heaping the pyre he sat, and o'er the ground 3305  
A fish's bones, scrap'd clean, were strewn around ;  
No hut, no tent, gave shelter to his head,  
The sky his canopy, the ice his bed.

Soon as our shallop shot beneath the steep,  
Uprose the forlorn hermit of the deep, 3310  
And with mute rapture's mingled tear and smile  
Saw human forms approach the torpid isle.  
No word he utter'd as he view'd our crew,  
But up to heav'n his eyes fast streaming threw,  
Till, in our kind embrace, he thus express'd 3315  
With fault'ring voice the workings of his breast :

In dark despair when wretched mortals rove,  
They learn reliance on their God above.  
I in this solitude his love have found,  
Where famine dwells, and horror stalks around ;  
Hither he sent you, and his acts declare  
That every being has his watchful care.  
But is not this illusion ? calm my fear ;  
Speak, strangers, speak ! that I a voice may hear.

My own dear countrymen—a kindred race— 3325  
Oh! not unblest, I sink in your embrace,  
Your signal-flag first made this bosom know  
A pause of grief, an interval of woe—  
And when your cannon shook the isle around,  
With my glad foot I smote the torpid ground.  
Hunger for now five days had made my life  
A lingering death, with nature still at strife—  
No sustenance but what the sea supply'd,  
A silly fish that left its parent tide—  
The panting food, unconscious of the flame, 8335  
Eager I ate, my appetite to tame.  
He paused awhile—and, as we sorrowing view'd  
His feeble form—his tale of woe pursued.  
To Dantzic bound, our ship from Boston came,  
Her captain I, and Coventry my name, 3340  
Through our fair rigging pip'd the friendly gale,  
Mirth held the helm, and pleasure spread the sail;  
But soon (ah! shifting state of things below!)  
The voice of joy was chang'd to shrieks of woe:  
Night's starless vault dispens'd no guiding ray 3345  
O'er the expanse of central ocean's spray,  
But, the breeze fair, the crew were wrapt in sleep  
Careless on deck, as fast we ran the deep—  
When as our vessel measur'd with her length  
The wave, and dar'd it in its darkest strength, 3350  
Freely careering o'er the watery way,  
The icy rocks her striking prow betray.

My waken'd comrades scarcely rais'd the head  
 Ere they all found a tomb in ocean's bed—  
 Wailing they sunk! Oh, destiny severe, 3335  
 And I surviv'd far deeper woes to bear.  
 Cast on the beach supine that night I lay,  
 And when the deep was redden'd with the day,  
 I sigh'd not—wept not\*—overwhelm'd with woe—  
 Horror refus'd my eyes an overflow; 3360  
 And, if I breath'd, I did not make a moan,  
 Despair and anguish froze my heart to stone.  
 Restor'd to consciousness, I look'd and found  
 A dreadful desolation reign around—  
 Where'er I turn'd my sight, above, below, 3365  
 No trace appear'd of Nature's genial glow.  
 In dumb amaze I hop'd the glacier's gleam  
 Was but the vision of a waking dream,  
 And yet I stood, and yet I fear'd to move,  
 Dreading the actual misery to prove, 3370  
 Till, with wild awe, I startled heard around  
 Clashing tremendous with appalling sound  
 The thawing isle;—then turning with dismay  
 Beheld the bellowing chasms burst away  
 Huge piles of crumbling ice in open day. }

\* Io non piangeva, si dentro impietrai.

Ugolino. Dante. Inferno 33.



Wild with afright I fly the falling steep,  
And mournful raise my eye to heav'n, and weep,  
And as my plaints are mock'd by every wave,  
In impotence of sorrow I would rave,  
And roam, unseen by mortal, the drear coast,  
Forlorn and famish'd, desperate and lost,  
And, by the roots, in phrenzy tear my hair,  
And wring my hands in madness of despair;  
Till faint I sink upon my frozen bed,  
With only ice to pillow my bare head. 3385  
Oh! as the glacier echoed to my tread,  
Hope at the sound my sickening bosom fled—  
I felt a wretch, struck from the roll of men,  
Without the privilege of beasts—a den —  
Sad tenant of the waste—my shivering form 3390  
By day and night unsheltered from the storm.  
Planks, beams, and carlings, sever'd by the force  
That check'd our vessel in her headlong course  
The bleak beach strew'd : thither a chest was cast  
Incumbent, by the fury of the blast, 3395  
Whose till supply'd a gunner's flint and steel,  
From which a spark, provok'd with eager zeal,  
This pyre inflam'd. Five days beneath the steep  
I watch'd each changeful billow of the deep,  
And fancy oft would feign a vessel's form  
Far in the offing—looming in the storm—  
And then it seem'd that mercy deign'd to dart  
One beam of brightness to my longing heart,

But, when the clouds dispers'd, my tearful eye  
Saw only in its search the sea and sky. 3405  
As one forsaken, faint with thirst, alone,  
Sunk on the sandy waste with heart-wrung moan,  
As mocking his hard fate, the burning haze  
Pourtrays a streamlet to his languid gaze,  
So falsely on the sea, with unreal hue, 3410  
A sail the billow gave my pensive view.

How my sad bosom envied him his lot  
Who, blissful cast upon some earthly spot,  
View'd; when the sun shone out, a verdant scene,  
The hills, the vales, the mountains cloth'd in green.  
Thrice happy he, who on some island thrown,  
(Though doom'd to breathe in solitude alone)  
Might, wreck'd on *earth*, not forfeit every right,  
But in deserted caverns lodge by night,  
Or raise a hut upon the sea-girt shore, 3420  
And watch the toiling ocean from his door,  
See nature's genuine form exulting round,  
The ground with grass, the trees with foliage crown'd,  
Partake the common soil, the common wood,  
Whose roots and fruitage yield sustaining food, 3425  
String his firm nerves with toil—the goat pursue  
From crag to crag—still keeping him in view,  
Snatch from the mountain-dam some kid to cheer  
His hearth—or tame to hand some weanling deer;

Climb for the sea-bird's nest the rocky steep, 3430  
And trail his net along the briny deep.  
He might with brow serene behold the day  
Shed on his lonely lodge a farewell ray ;  
What time the sun o'er ocean's placid stream  
Darts its last soft and horizontal beam ; 3435  
And, as the kindling sea's extended roll,  
Holds a clear mirror to the starry pole ;  
With contemplation, his divinest joy,  
On heavenly things his melting soul employ,  
Nor heed that he is by mankind forgot, 3440  
But from a sinful world abstract his thought.

But here where nothing thrives beneath the sky,  
And nothing breathes but such a wretch as I,  
Without a roof—a cave—unshelter'd, bare  
To the keen searching of the inclement air— 3445  
So worn by famine—so subdued—so wan,  
That scarce I move the shadow of a man—  
Where'er I turn, there shuddering I survey  
A joyless coast, through all its length of way—  
A sickly, pale, unhospitable wild, 3450  
A dreary waste where flowret never smil'd,  
Where no reviving gales, but blasts arise,  
Hollow and mournful, as my forlorn sighs—  
Where, when the sun his highest course has made,  
No tree, no dwelling, casts a longer shade— 3455

Where not a sea-bird roves—but wide is spread  
The haunt of sorrow, and consuming dread.  
Oh! sever'd from the world, the doom is mine,  
Beneath these alps with chilling blasts to pine,  
Where, o'er the frozen plain, the orb of day, 3460  
Faint as my hopes, emits a glimmering ray.

What time the gifts of sleep my eyes should close,  
Benumb'd I lie, a stranger to repose—  
Beneath the driving blast, and beating rain,  
I reap my sad inheritance of pain. 3465  
If aught of slumber visits these moist eyes,  
Soon from my naked bed I frantic rise  
The thawing isle explodes—the cliffs resound—  
The pealing ice-quake rends the solid ground\*—  
Before the gust—amidst the lightning's flash, 3470  
Pile after pile descends with hideous crash—  
Awe-struck I gaze—the mighty heap is fled—  
No trace remains where late it rear'd its head.

What, if the sea its food again supply,  
All here declares that my last hour is nigh. 3475  
This isle is unreal mockery—each steep  
Nods to its dissolution in the deep—

\* The enclosed air of the main body of an Ice Island, when expanded by heat, bursts the exterior coat with a terrible explosion, not inappropriately denominated an *ice-quake*.

These glittering heights decay beneath the beam  
 Of each day's sun, unstable as a dream—  
 The pillars of support in which they trust, 3480  
 Groan to the wave, and tremble at the gust—  
 Ere yon moon disappear, now in its wane,  
 The crumbling mass may sink beneath the main;  
 And (such my fate) at life's untimely close,  
 My poor remains will not enjoy repose,  
 But I shall find, while o'er me bounds the surge,  
 The sea my tomb—its mournful swell my dirge.  
 Pacing with painful step the formless strand,  
 A poor, forsaken wretch, with upheld hand,  
 Bewailing thus his fate—your cannon's peal 3490  
 Made me, sweet heaven, once more existence feel—  
 Another and another\*—hark! the shock  
 Shakes the impenetrable frozen rock.  
 I rush to climb the promontory's brow,  
 Forgetting all is pathless ice and snow— 3495  
 My pyre responds—a brighter flame I raise,  
 Till your sail whitens through the mid-sea haze,

\* The abrupt exclamations of another and another—and again, again—are not of modern origin :

Another and another answer him.

Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis.

Again, again, o'er each melodious string.

Glover on Sir Isaac Newton.



Then, kneeling, I exclaim—Ye powers supreme,  
Can it be real, or does an outcast dream !  
He ceas'd, and, leaning on us with a smile,      3500  
Seem'd to repose in silent pray'r awhile ;  
Nor did we unsubdu'd his sorrows hear,  
We felt as men, and dropt a human tear.  
Then to embark no more we make delay,  
For the last circles of departing day      3505  
Burnish the deep—and from our ship's high mast  
A signal-banner flutters to the blast,  
To warn us from the ice-isle, and recall  
Our shallop e'er night's veiling shadows fall.

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**CANTO VI.**

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**THE ARRIVAL IN PORT.**

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,  
Tendimus in Latium.*

**VIRGIL.**

**I.**

The moon is up! and with a kindling smile  
From eye of gold illumines the glittering pile,  
Through every crevic'd rock delights to pour  
Her liquid glance, and brighten o'er the shore.  
As heaven with stars, with gems the mountains glow,  
While magic revels in the vales below;      3515  
Form'd by whose potent spell, fair cities rise  
With burnish'd windows rich in various dyes;  
Gay banners stream, and bastions arm'd for fight  
Exalted bear a wreath of silver light;

And marble-crowned tow'rs grace the coast, 3520  
A realm of rays (the beauteous work of frost.)\*

## II.

Faint heaves the wave—beneath the dazzling steep  
Our ship becalm'd reposes on the deep  
Her slumbering prow—the Isle, by Iris drest,  
Inverted lies on ocean's conscious breast. 3525  
Now as the tars the languid sails brace round,  
And thread the deck—the crystal cliffs resound  
With yo-haul-o—while sullen on the shore,  
At every pause, is heard the billow hoar.†  
Fast bears our passive frigate to the strand— 3530  
The shallop—cutter—barge—are quickly mann'd,  
And sent ahead. Randolph exhorts the train  
With long resounding hurrahs o'er the main,

\* Ice islands are frozen into an infinite variety of forms, exhibiting by moonlight to the beholder ideal cities—churches with their tops adorned with spires, and their sides with pillars and arched windows—long rows of houses with their pointed gables in front—vistas opening through woods terminating in extensive plains;—while the *frost-smoke*, enveloping the mountain-summits in a mist, supports the illusion of inhabitants. The Dutch mariners compare these resemblances to their own towns, and confer on them the familiar names of Haerlem and Amsterdam.

† That celebrated navigator John Davis, whose name is given to the largest strait on the globe, fell in with an ice island of such elevation and extent, that during a week which he was occupied in coasting it, the shrouds, ropes, and sails of his ship were frozen.

As, keeping equal time at every oar,  
They tow the drifting vessel from the shore. 3535  
Meantime the common crew, a marshall'd band,  
Mingling their clamours, on the gunwale stand,  
All arm'd with poles ;—while, as we ride embay'd,  
The captain views the tumult undismay'd,  
And as again our vessel seaward glides, 3540  
With soul superior at the helm presides.

## III.

## THE SABBATH AT SEA.

Peril and toil disturb the seaman's breast,  
Like the surrounding deep depriv'd of rest ;  
And much it boots him that he raise the eye  
On bended knee, and supplicate the sky. 3545  
When the mild Sabbath smiles o'er ocean's face,  
Our well-clad crew collect with decent grace,  
And all unsummon'd rev'rently incline  
To own the mercy of a power divine.  
What though no dome displays its portals bright 3550  
With deep-ton'd bell our matins to invite,  
Pious on deck, the day we sacred keep,  
And make our bark a temple on the deep.

Prelates the stately edifice may boast,  
Nature in awful form affects us most : 3555  
Not the proud swelling column massy proof,  
The moulded pediment, the fretted roof,  
The sculptur'd pile to just perfection brought,  
With all Vitruvius, all Palladio thought,  
Could e'er transport to heav'n the gazer's soul, 3560  
Like the wide ocean boundless in its roll.

The holy book, with silver clasps embrac'd,  
By the sea-chief is on the capstan plac'd,  
With placid look—serene as summer sea,  
Not whiten'd with the foam of sanctity. 3565  
Now hark, with solemn voice, he reads aloud  
The sacred service to the naval crowd,  
Who, as their teacher's words ascend in air,  
Their bosoms bend in penitence and pray'r.  
An unbought pastor, reverend to view, 3570  
The bright example of a reclaim'd crew,  
Like Noah in his ark, with special grace,  
Withdrawn he seem'd from the shore's sinful race.  
The ritual clos'd, all chaunt in solemn strain  
That psalm which has its comment in the main : 3575  
They who in ships their pathless courses keep,  
Behold the Lord's great wonders in the deep,  
Prompt, at whose bidding, rise the waves profound,  
That toss the bark, and spread destruction round.



Now the bold spirits of the sailors fail— 3580  
Like drunken men they reel beneath the gale.  
Ascending on the summit of the wave  
With greedy whirls, the haggard wretches rave,  
And in the peril of the trying hour  
Cry for remission from a heav'nly pow'r : 3585  
Nor cry in vain—for, at his sovereign will,  
Hush'd is the wind, and every billow still.

What though no organ with its pealing swell  
Through the long cloister'd-aisle is heard to dwell,  
Not less accepted sounds sweet Sion's song 3490  
On the deck chaunted by the simple throng.

#### IV.

##### SPEAKING A SHIP.

While night o'er sea her silver veil displays,  
And at the helm the mariner surveys  
Orion and the greater Bear—that guide  
The trackless path of vessels through the tide—  
Now, sudden, from the main-top's airy round,  
The watch vociferate with mingled sound,  
A sail ahead of formidable mien!  
And soon from deck old ocean's guest is seen.

Then thus the chief: our vessel keep away— 3600

Up with the helm!—the timoneers obey.\*

Then at each hatch the drum† the ear assails

With doubling din—and Pipe's voice prevails,

As o'er the birth-deck, follow'd by his mates,

Like a bell-wether, to the crew he bleats: 3605

What ho Columbians! to your guns repair—

A prize in sight—up, and the dollars share;

My buckskins, snapping-turtles, tuckahoes,‡

Exalt your standard, and subdue your foes.

Meantime our colours, from the staff unroll'd, 3610

Display the bird in martial prowess bold,

And, as his wings distend in proud array,

The flashing mortar thunders o'er the spray.

Then, as the fluttering stranger backs his sail

Broad on the bow, our chief is heard to hail: 3615

What ho the ship ahoy! impart your name—

Your country—destin'd port—and whence you  
came—

In vain we look aloft your flag to seek—

You shew no bunting at your mizen-peak.

\* There are two men stationed to a large ship's wheel, one at the weather, the other at the lee-spokes.

† When an action impends at sea, the drummer beats to quarters.

‡ The natives of the lower part of the State of Virginia are nicknamed Buckskins—those of the upper region 'Tuckahoes—and the Kentuckians Snapping Turtles.

You see the Sachem—Baltimore our port— 5620  
From Cowes our last—at Lloyd's our ship report.  
When on our lee we heard your cannon roar  
We guess'd the union at the staff you wore,  
Till as you bore away before the breeze,  
We saw the stars, the glory of the seas. 3625  
What ship is that? so fearfully she looms,  
You might our bark hoist in upon your booms.

Our stately ship, alive to naval fame,  
Bears on her sculptur'd stern Electra's name.

But why my vessel with your shot detain? 3630  
The great highway of nations is the main.

When first hull-down by moonlight you were seen,  
I took you for some dirty Algerine.

And I, when first I saw you bear away,  
And heard your shot athwart my fore-foot\* play,  
Furious in mood, all desperate for fight,  
I took you, captain, for a scurvy knight.†

\* A shot crossing the line of a ship's course, but a-head of her, is said to go athwart her fore-foot.

† In an American there is a good deal of the plainness and rugged fearlessness of an old true stamp Roman, before his country was

What news from yankey land? who, at this date,  
Guides with commanding eye the helm of state?

A worthy democrat, as times now go, 3640  
An honest politician—James Monroe.

Shame on the weal! the negro-holding rogues  
Are sure to wear the Presidential brogues—\*  
I guess'd that Adams would have gain'd the day.

Before him come old Hickory† and Clay. 3645

enslaved; he seems to carry in his pocket the Declaration of his Independence, which has for its exordium, "*We hold the truth to be self-evident that all men are created equal.*" Hence you will hear a yankey on the deck of his coasting-sloop, laden with apples and pumpkins, jews-harps and ginger-bread, accost the captain of an English first-rate with all the boldness of unbought freedom. You will hear him exclaim, "On board the three-decker ahoy! I say, squire, I wish you would put your helm up a little, and not go to windward of my sloop! Maple log roll over you; you are taking every breath of wind out of my sail! Don't run me down. Any news from the old country? What is Bony driving at now?" Meantime the man of war advances in dignified silence, only interrupted by a bite of the lip bordering on an execration.—Mark the difference of deportment between freemen and slaves. Where a Spaniard or a Portuguese would be seen lowering his sails in submission, an American is heard disputing his passage.

\* Of five American Presidents four were Virginians.

† General Jackson, the hero of New Orleans and the Hannibal of the West, once consoled a lieutenant, who complained to him that the soldiers called him club-foot, by saying that he was named by them old Hickory.

How speed the Floridas? will Onis\* yield?  
Or must our hunters† take again the field?  
If once we get possession of that range,  
Cuba, I guess, its government will change.‡  
Coffee will be so cheap (our statesmen say) 3650  
That captains' wives may sip it twice a day.

Into our ports there speedily will flow  
The freight of all the Archipelago—  
From countless bays the gulf§ we can annoy,  
And give our tars a lucrative employ. 3655  
No foreign flag, without our leave, shall gleam  
In the blue mirror of the wafting stream.

\* Don Onis, the Spanish negociator.

† The troops who subdued the Floridas, and repulsed the British army under General Pakenham at New Orleans, were Tennessee and Kentucky back-woods-men.

‡ The acquisition of the Floridas gives to the Atlantic States an extensive line of coast along which the trade from South America will have to run the gauntlet; while the proximity of numerous commanding harbours to the Western Archipelago threatens the conquest of the islands.

§ By the accession of the Floridas, and their multiplied southern ports, the United States' navy is enabled to interdict Europe from any intercourse with the Gulph of Mexico, and exclude her flag from the abundant marts for her manufactures in South America.



Know you the coast?

Yes, well, indeed, I may—

Last year I sounded every port and bay. 3660

There's not a creek—an inlet but I know,  
From bleak Cape Sable to the Perdido.\*

What news abroad? how fares it with old Spain?

She's at her mass and mummary again!

Where are the Cortez? 3665

Scatter'd o'er the earth—

Spain's Freedom was a poor, abortive birth!

Who of the old world would not kneel a slave,

Must seek the new beyond th' Atlantic wave.

\* The Spaniards, in order to disarm the cupidity of the United States' government, published erroneous surveys of the coasts and harbours of Florida; they represented the noble bay of Tambo inaccessible to large ships by the shallowness of the water on its bar, and the intricacy of its channel. But the American Executive, with the quick and inquiring eye of their eagle, despatched, in 1818, the Enterprize brig of war, with directions to examine the bays and harbours from Cape Sable to the river Perdido, and ascertain the actual capacity of the coast. The result was highly favourable to their anticipations of naval pre-eminence.

Where are you bound with all your guns run out?

To give the Algerines an Indian shout!

The Dey wants tribute—he shall have it hot

From two fam'd tiers of twenty-four-pound shot.

What weather have you had?

A hurricane 3675

Since we left port has vex'd the toiling main.

So huge the billowy sea, so rude its roar,

'Tis marvel how our bark its surges bore.

Oft when the straining hull sent forth its moans,

I thought we all should visit Davy Jones. 3680

On her beam-ends one hideous night she lay,

Hopeless the task to cut the shrouds away,\*

And o'er the wreck a breach the billows made,

While we to heav'n in jeopardy all pray'd.

Then as we heard the swelling surges rave, 3685

And death's loud summons mingle with the wave,

Amidst the horrors of the mountain-foam,

We thought, alas! upon our hearths and home.

When day return'd, one of my venturous band

(A truer tar ne'er took a helm in hand), 3690

\* When a ship, in a heavy gale at sea, is thrown on her beam-ends, the only alternative left is to cut away the laniards of the weather shrouds; thereby she generally gets up, as the phrase is, on her legs again.

With uprais'd axe essay'd the mast to wound,  
 And in the deep a tomb untimely found.  
 We saw him rising o'er his watery grave,  
 We saw him struggle with the yawning wave—  
 We heard him shout—but no kind aid could give, 3685  
 No boat between the sea and sky could live!

## V.

## THE OCEAN SPECTRE.

Ω πόποι! ————— ILIAD, l. 23. v. 103.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

SHAKESPEARE.

The stranger ceas'd—attentive hung our crew,  
 When to the side the master-seaman drew,  
 The trumpet raising in his hand, he plac'd  
 On the broad bulwark fair, with sculpture grac'd, 3690  
 And, as the canvass quiver'd to the gale,  
 Thus, tearful, told his own distressful tale:  
 O kind sea-farer, not thy breast alone  
 From the fell blast the weight of woe has known,  
 For late we saw borne headlong down the tide, 3695  
 From the tall mast, a boy, our naval pride,  
 Leaving a mother to bewail his doom,  
 And sink by slow decay into the tomb.

Their tender parting on the sea-beat strand  
Dissolv'd the most obdurate of our band, 3700  
When with soft action, and with plaintive tongue,  
To her lov'd child the weeping parent clung,  
And fondly pray'd, with eyes and hands upborne,  
The host of heav'n to grant his safe return—  
But fruitless her sad suit—she hopes in vain 3705  
Soon on his breast to lean her head again!  
The warrior ceas'd, and, as he turn'd to weep,  
A shriek was heard arising from the deep—  
A tender, plaintive, lamentable cry,  
That seem'd in anguish to invoke the sky— 3710  
Clouds veil'd the starry host—through darkness drear  
The well known accents vibrate on the ear  
Of all the crew. Urg'd by the clamorous crowd  
Their gallant leader answer'd thrice aloud,  
And thrice, while bristling locks his dread proclaim,  
With eager voice he calls on Talbot's name.  
No answer made he. Fill'd with awe profound,  
In mute amaze the seamen stood around—  
Our bark her sympathy could not restrain,  
Her long keel trembled on the reflux main, 3720  
And had she been with human speech endow'd,  
Her sorrows then in mournful tones had flow'd.

Wild in amazement, but to doubt inclin'd,  
Hampden the chief accosts with anxious mind:

Saw you not rising from his watery bed 3725  
The mournful phantom of our Talbot dead?  
Ghastly his visage, but the same his mien,  
Erect, and conscious what he once had been?

I saw the wretched blue swoln boy, and knew,  
Though clouds half-veil'd him from my piercing view—  
Pale was his face—no more the enliv'ning red  
Mantled his cheek—there grief its ravage spread—  
And oh! his glazed look all words defy—  
There was no speculation in his eye!  
My blood ran back, depriv'd of vital heat—  
My shaking knees against each other beat—  
Trembling I seiz'd an oar to give my aid  
To a poor ghost, a disembodied shade,  
And call'd the crew to low'r the boat, and save  
Their shrieking shipmate from the salt-sea wave—  
The morning planet told the approach of light,  
Flitting he sunk and vanish'd from my sight—  
No form above the deep—no sign appears—  
All help that I could lend was helpless tears!

Oh! no kind help, the melting chief replies, 3745  
Is doom'd the shade—that blessing heav'n denies—  
His corse unurn'd, the spirit seem'd to mourn  
Its wretched body vagrant and forlorn.



Whirl'd by the eddies of the raging wave,  
A vault tumultuous, and a living grave; 3750  
His sad remains no mortal's soothing care,  
He call'd on us to rescue and to spare!

The vessels part in silence—and our sails  
Reflect the dawn, and catch the fresh'ning gales.  
Still fond affection pours the tide of woe, 3755  
Still for the boy the seamen's sorrows flow—  
No joy to them convey'd the morning-ray,  
But stretch'd unsocial on the deck they lay;  
There on the plank a couch of grief they found;  
And mantles wrapp'd their drooping heads around.

## VI.

### APPROACHING LAND.

#### CABIN CONVERSATION.

As now exulting to Britannia's shore,  
Around our keel the billows part and roar,  
The attentive chief, with compass taught to stray,  
On the spread chart points out the vessel's way,  
To the "fast anchor'd isle" directs his eyes, 3765  
And spans the distance that between us lies.

Beneath his cabin-roof he sat reclin'd,  
While sped the rapid bark before the wind;  
Dashing the quivering rudder in its sweep,  
Was heard the billow of the darkening deep. 3770  
A brilliant lamp, above the table hung,  
Sway'd by the roll, in long vibration swung;  
On either side the floor three guns appear,  
The sternmost cannon of the warlike tier,  
Between whose carriages, of dusky red, 3775  
The pointed piles of iron balls are spread.  
A moorish youth attends in vesture fair—  
A swelling turban binds his jetty hair—  
Behind the captain's chair he silent stands,  
And half-familiar folds it with his hands. 3780

Now, to the young lieutenant by his side,  
Thus spoke the man in war and tempests try'd :  
Hampden, if two more days this breeze prevail,  
In port shall we be furling every sail.  
At break of day, when dreams they say are true,  
I dream'd the sea had lost its azure hue,  
And ere my eye-lids drowsy slumber fled,  
I made the coast of Cornwall right ahead.—  
I dream'd we made it broad upon the bow,  
And that the girls had got the ship in tow.\*— 3790

\* When, on approaching land, a ship goes fast through the water, the tars facetiously say that the girls have got her in tow.

Their shapes o'ertake you wheresoe'er you rove,  
Whether o'er sea, or through the rural grove.  
Who in the scuppers has two skulks to-night?—  
Beside you, Sir, behold that luckless wight!—  
Then, list lieutenant—when the morn appears, 3795  
And from her tresses shakes old Ocean's tears,  
Place at the airy mast-head some good hand,  
Or rather eye, to look well out for land,  
Some canvass-climbing boy with footsteps light,  
Some youthful Lynceus of unrivall'd sight. 3800  
Let him his glance employ, and soon the crew  
Will find their navigator's dream prove true.  
Lorenzo, on the deck my wishes bear,  
And bid the officer below repair.  
Stand : give the word ! who at this hour goes there ?  
A friend to this good ship—a yankey tar.—  
Randolph ! what cheer ? your hanging capes denote  
A fresh breeze landward wafts our good sea-boat.  
What news aloft ? make you the sod to-night ?—  
Naught but Cape Fly-away is yet in sight. 3810  
Though leaning lately o'er the rough-tree rail,  
I snuff'd the Cornish coal-fires in the gale,

\* In ships of war the crew keep alternately four and eight hours nightly watch ; they who weather out the eight hours come twice on deck, and, in the good old sea-term, are said to have two skulks in the lee-scuppers.

And thrice I sneez'd.—The smelting furnace glows.  
 What says the reel?—\*—Twelve knots at least she goes.  
 I never saw her match—no ship that glides 3815  
 O'er sea, e'er cleav'd with swifter prow the tides.  
 Stiff as a church†—however rough the main,  
 She'll carry sail till all is blue again.—  
 She knocks it off, indeed—'tis time to sound,  
 Lest on our lee we shuddering view around 3820  
 Dread Scilly's rocks, on whose disastrous reef  
 A gallant navy perish'd with their chief.‡

\* The rate of a ship's velocity through the sea is ascertained by the log-line, which is marked off by knots, and wound on a reel.

† The term stiff is applied to a ship in contradistinction to crank. Of one that carries sail well, it is always said that she is as stiff as a church.

‡ On the morning of October 24, 1707, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, returning from the Mediterranean to England in the Association of 90 guns, 640 men, with the Royal Anne, 100 guns, 754 men, Sir George Byng; the Saint George, 90 guns, 638 men, Lord Dursley; the Eagle, 70 guns, 446 men, Captain Hancock; and the Romney, 50 guns, 250 men, Captain Cony; got soundings off the Scilly isles in 90 fathoms; the wind blowing strong from the S. S. W. with thick, foggy weather. The admiral lay to with his fleet that day; but, in the evening, believing that he saw the Scilly light, he made sail under his courses, and steered by compass E. and by N. with the fatal persuasion that he had the Channel open; for, soon after, the different ships made signals for a lee-shore, and the Association, striking on a reef of rocks, went instantly to pieces—her whole crew perishing: the Eagle and the Romney shared the same disastrous fate, both ships also going to pieces, and not a man being saved: the Royal Anne escaped by the presence of mind of her lieutenants, who sheeted home the top-sails and weathered the breakers close under the main-chains: and the

Hie you on deck—look out for squalls ahead—  
'Tis now in bow, and heave the deep sea lead—  
Summon stern Pipes—we wait not for the day 3825  
To fathom with the line our watery way—  
Turn up the hands—cooks, doctors, idlers all,  
At each wide hatchway give the rogues a call.

## VII.

## SOUNDING IN THE CHOPS OF THE CHANNEL.

Haul down the jib! and man the spanker brails!  
Let go the bowlines—back the after-sails— 3830  
There, you are well—the top-sail brace belay—  
Sam shift the helm, the ship has got stern-way.  
Is not that lead yet arm'd? come, bear a hand,  
We want to see the print of shells or sand.—  
All ready with the lead! look out behind!— 3835  
Down with the helm, and shake her in the wind.  
Heave, heave away! beware there, in the chains!—  
Watch, shipmates, watch! here's soundings for your  
pains!—

Saint George was actually dashed on the same rock with the Admiral,  
but miraculously set afloat again by the same wave that beat out Sir  
Cloudesley's lights.



How many fathoms?—Ninety, less or more.—  
 What says the lead? a smooth, or rocky shore?—  
 Sand! intermix'd with shells of red and white!—  
 Scilly's ahead—look out well for the light!  
 Now haul we up, an offing to attain—  
 Rig in the booms—Pipes, urge the laggard train.—  
 Top-men aloft! and bear abaft the brim 3845  
 The backstays ere the shaking sails we trim.  
 Aboard main-tack! hang on the clue, my souls.  
 Now, sailors, now! as she to windward rolls!  
 A tackle on the leech—there, there, belay!  
 Thus bawls the boatswain, and the tars obey.\* 3850

## VIII.

## SCILLY LIGHT-HOUSE.

Sublime in darkness o'er the midnight tides,  
 Making an offing, swift our vessel glides,  
 In seeming terror, courting ocean's roar  
 To shun the perils of a leeward shore.

\* The illustrious Johnson, in his famous edict, interdicts writers the use of nautical language even when discussing nautical affairs. This reminds one of the polite lieutenant in Shadwell's Comedy, who says, "I wish my crew to reform, and discard your larboard and starboard, hawsers and swabs: I will have no such thing as hawl cat hawl, nor belay: uncouth words, only fit for dutchmen to pronounce, and enough to unship an englishman's under-jaw."

Pacing in gloom the deck with anxious tread, 3855  
The chief first hails o'er ocean's kindling bed  
The watch tow'rs glare: A hopeful sight!  
There, in the west, Randolph, is Scilly's light!\*  
Speak not, but mark well where I point my hand—  
It gleams again—we hug the English land. 3860  
'Tis no ship's lanthorn—brighter is the glare—  
See how it rotatory streaks the air!†  
Welcome fair lamp! held from the topmost tow'r  
By pity in the dark, tempestuous hour,  
When the pale moon and all the starry host 3865  
Are hid—and havoc howls along the coast.  
Shine on, O beacon, o'er the billows shine,  
Diffuse thy friendly ray, thy beam divine,  
Safely to light, as to their common home,  
The prows of every port that cut the salt sea foam.

\* The Scilly isles are a cluster 'of dangerous rocks to the number of 140, lying ten leagues west of Cornwall. Six only are inhabited. St. Mary's, the largest isle, is about two miles and a half long, one and a half broad, and between nine and ten miles in circumference. Its inhabitants amount to 700. Trescaw is about half the size, and has 40 families. St. Martin is little inferior to Trescaw, and has 17 families. St. Agnes is remarkable for its Light House, and has 50 families. Bryer has 13 families, and Samson only one. The isle of Scilly, which confers its name on the groupe, is a mishapen, inaccessible rock, the northwesternmost of the whole. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fleet got upon the reef called the Bishop and his Clerks, in the south-west corner of the cluster.

† The Light House on St. Agnes (the southernmost of the inhabited Scilly Isles) has a lanthorn on an improved principle, exhibiting a number of Argand's lamps; which, moving round, produce a bright and conspicuous light, in every direction, once in a minute.

I am like one who, with a wakeful eye,  
Beholds a meteor flame along the sky,  
And rouses by his side some drowsy wight  
To bend his gaze, and share the glorious sight.  
We haul'd off in good time—but one league more,  
Our ship had thump'd her bottom out on shore.  
But note those lubbers who return our shout,  
And pledge their faith to keep a good look-out.  
Hoax them, lieutenant:—through the watch of night  
Slumber preys heavy on their drooping sight.— 3880  
Forecastle, there! a good look-out maintain!—  
Aye, aye! no danger broods upon the main.  
A light here ho! the light-house on our beam!—  
See you a light?—a light? you surely dream!  
Luff! keep your luff!—What! stands it in our way?  
With you for guides we had been cast away!

## IX.

## MAKING THE LAND.

The lingering night is past—o'er ocean's stream  
The beacon pales its inflectual gleam,

\* When a ship approaches the coast in the night, a quarter-master calls at short intervals to the watch on the fore-castle, Keep a good look-out before there! to which injunction they rebellow, in the same tone, Aye, aye!

Each waning star from heav'n's blue vault retires,  
And Venus fading last of all expires. 3890

The wilderness of waves has chang'd its hue  
To paly green from dye of deepest blue,  
The twittering swallow hovers o'er the mast,  
The wreathing rock-weed on the sea is pass'd,  
And as our rapid prow the billows lave 3895

We meet the curlew floating on the wave,  
Who, being peer'd at, dips his plumage white  
Full in the foam, and vanishes from sight.

Now toil the tars—their hardy bosoms glow,  
They heave the ponderous anchor o'er the bow, 3900

While up the hatch the cable's stubborn coil  
From the deep tier is urg'd with shouting toil.

While now on ocean's bosom faintly die  
The last pale glimpses of the twilight sky,  
Watching from deck intent the coming morn, 3905

We look her blush the headland to adorn,  
And many a naval groupe already hail

Thy pastures, Albion, breathing in the gale.  
Now, hark ! aloft the canvass-climbing boy,

Nestling amidst the shrouds, with brawling joy,  
Calls to the sailors, as he points his hand,

Good tidings shipmates—land, the blessed land !  
Then thus the chief with rapture's glist'ning tear,

O ! word to charm an angel from his sphere !



What looks it like? 3915

I dinna ken its name,  
But spy it, captain, in the salt sea faem—  
And, in gude faith, sin' heav'n will have it sae,  
A kirk! a bonny kirk o'ertops the bay.  
One with a chimney?

Hoot, you do it wrang—  
Sic as where Sheltly dearly loves to gang  
Wi' his auld beard new-trimm'd. Hoot, hoot awa,  
I see twa kirks, and twa kirk-yards witha.\*—  
Speak English—with your border-brogue have done,  
To us 'tis German coil'd against the sun—  
Look sharp about—is any bark in sight?—  
Yonder is one with sail as siller bright.—  
What looks she, boy, to thy discerning view?

One that defrauds the weal of revenue? 3930

A smuggler, eh!—She looks, Sir, vary shy—  
They've got their sweeps out, and inshore they ply.  
They take us for a king's ship, Sir, nae doubt,  
They're all on deck putting their sloop about,  
Save some who, o'er the wave-repelling prow 3935  
Their kegs are sinking in the deep below.†

\* In coming from sea, and making the Land's End at E. or ENE. two round hills are seen, on the higher one of which a church may be discerned, and on a nearer approach another church becomes visible upon the outermost end of the low land.

† Smugglers, on the British coast, when in danger of being captured, often sink their kegs concatenated by a splice into a kind



Now they both ply the sweep, and hoist the sail—  
They're busy as the de'el, Sir, in a gale.

Our flag display ! we roam not to deprive  
A smuggler of his freight—all trades must thrive—  
They seek again their flaggons—venturous grown—  
They see our stars, and joyous bless their own.  
Boatswain ! what boy is he who spies the land ?—  
The veriest rogue, Sir, under your command.  
How name you him ?—Caleb, the piper's page, 3945  
His voice my bosom fills with deadly rage.  
My poor boy Jug, who stood him once in fight,  
Goug'd by the wretch, is half depriv'd of sight ;  
His larboard top-light, Sir, can scarce discern  
The plank he treads on, or the stem from stern.  
Does Scotland's leafless region claim his birth ?  
Wherefore his Erse ?—He talks it, Sir, in mirth.  
His uncouth dialect from Sheltie caught,  
His mimic tongue has to diversion wrought :  
A true North Carolinian, from Cape Fear, 3955  
The young imp from no mischief can forbear :  
Without remorse he leaves his hoary sire,  
To join the skulkers at the galley-fire ;\*

of chain ; and, after the lapse of weeks, will return to the identical place, and drag successfully for their immersed freight, guided back by the remembrance of the bearing of some cape, or particular object on the shore.

\* Small vessels have a caboose for cooking the victuals : large ones a galley-fire. A ship is a microcosm ; and at the galley the

His quips, his pranks, his pastime to pursue  
 Amidst the most abandon'd of the crew. 3960  
 And, when sung out for, up the hatch will dart,  
 And at Tom Cox's traverse play his part.  
 When all the hands are pip'd, in vain I shout—  
 He stands two calls before he e'er turns out—  
 And though not longer rests a ground-tier butt,\*  
 The recreant slumbers till his clues are cut.†  
 As for salvation, Sir, I humbly hope,  
 If overboard, I would not throw a rope‡  
 To save his soul!—Pipes, if there truth be found  
 In adages—the boy will ne'er be drown'd. 3970  
 Main-top-mast cross trees! whence with roving feet  
 Went you aloft the chalky coast to greet?—  
 'Twas Shelty's will, Sir! only yesternight  
 The blind man saw it, Sir, by second sight—

quid-nuncs assemble to discuss the news of the day. The falsehoods fabricated around the ship's *ingle* are called "*Galley Packets*;" a proverbial phrase for spurious news.

\* They who keep no watch at sea are likened to a ground-tier butt for the length of their slumber.

† Those who do not turn out, after being repeatedly summoned, have the clues of their hammocks cut—which is called *sawing their bed-posts*.

‡ Of a worthless fellow the sailors say, If he were to fall overboard I would not throw him a rope.

And charg'd me to endeavour to discern! 3975  
 The Land's End first, and a full bottle earn.\*

## X.

## THE PROMONTORY OF BOLERIUM,†

## OR THE LAND'S END.

Now for Britannia's isle we closer haul,  
 The sea her trench, proud fleets her floating wall,  
 Far in our wake the Longships‡ leave behind,  
 And round Bolerium with indulgent wind 3980

\* He who descries the land first is entitled, by prescription, to a bottle of rum.

† The Land's End, or the western extremity of Cornwall, is called in the old authors the Promontory of Bellerium, or Bolerium, from Bellerus, a Cornish giant, who made it the place of his abode. Milton, in apostrophizing Lycidas, alludes to this tradition :

Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old.

‡ The Longships are rocks off the Land's End, on the boldest of which a Light House is erected. To form some notion of this perilous reef of granite it needs only be told that, in a tempest the structure rocks violently, and that its lanthorn, though 110 feet in height, is covered with the bellowing surf. Had Zanga been placed here to trim the lamps, it may, I think, be questioned whether he would have exclaimed :

“ I like *this* rocking of the battlements !”

Up Channel steer. The cape with awful brow  
Looks down vindictive on the sea below,  
Shrouded in clouds—while at his feet,  
With granite bound, the waves unwearied beat.  
And oft in darkness his deep groan resounds 3985  
When the hoarse surges lash the rocky mounds,  
And the pale ghosts of mariners deplore  
Their shatter'd wrecks that blacken all the shore,  
Mingling their wailings with the cormorant's shriek  
That o'er the floating corse directs his ravenous beak.  
Rounding the point, our ship the headland nears,  
And every object more defined appears.  
High over head the straying herds that graze,  
Cropping the shrubby herbage, stop to gaze,  
Or, looking down the promontory's steep, 3995  
In startled posture listen to the deep.  
Close by the main, we mark with glad surprize  
The azure smoke in spiral columns rise  
From the sea-cottage (fram'd of drifted wood,  
Or stranded planks, the refuse of the flood) 4000  
Bleak and expos'd upon the rocky shore,  
Where the surge flings the salt-weed to the door,  
From whose quaint casement, full of ruddy health,  
The peeping children view our ship by stealth,  
Now obvious to the crew on deck, and then 4005  
Hiding their heads with laughing eye again.  
More bold the coast, we come so near the beach,  
That fancy with her arm can almost reach

The heron standing listless and alone,  
 With laggard pinions on the moss-wreath'd stone,  
 By the sea's verge : anon, as strains our sail,  
 It flutters, screams, and floats upon the gale.

## XI.

### SAINT MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Saint Michael's Mount who does not know,  
 That wards the western coast ?

SPENCER'S SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

Far on our left, Penzance,\* thy turrets rise,  
 Beneath a climate mild as Lisboa's skies,  
 And Marazion† beetles o'er the steep, 4015  
 Where in the cliff the choughs‡ their eyrie keep,  
 Oft winging in mid-air their circling flight,  
 To mock below the boatman's aching sight.

\* Penzance, a name signifying the Head of Sands, is situated in the N. W. angle of the arm of the sea called Mount's Bay, commanding a view of the mount rising in castled-pride from the waves.

† Marazion, called likewise Market Jew, from an annual fair once held there by the Jews, was, before the Reformation, the great thoroughfare of pilgrims in their way to the sacred edifice on the Mount.

‡ The chough is very common on the coast of Cornwall. It differs from the crow in its violet hue, and red-legs and bill.



Now as day's orb ascending gilds the main,  
 An argent scene—the Chersonese\* we gain; 4020  
 Smooth flow the waves, and, as our vessel glides,  
 A silver-pinion'd swan, the Mount† presides.  
 Incumbent frowns the tier along the steep,  
 Whose brandish'd cannon interdict the deep,  
 No stranger may the winding bay explore, 4025  
 Nor moor his bark along the guarded shore.  
 Broad on the surge the dark isle's base extends,  
 And, shooting to the sky, the summit ends  
 A pointed pyramid, whose waving wood,  
 In cloud-capt height, surveys the rolling flood. 4030  
 Once o'er its brow Earl, Baron, Vavasor,  
 Display'd the banner, and defy'd to war  
 The feudal tyrant, who, with ruthless hand,  
 Bore high the sovereign ensign of command.  
 And see the fane ærial once ador'd 4035  
 By thronging pilgrims, and with awe explor'd,  
 Now, mouldering in decay, on memory calls  
 To breathe a soul into its silent walls.

\* Cornwall forms a Chersonese, or Peninsula.

† Called Saint Michael's Mount from the supposed appearance of the angel Saint Michael on it. Hence Milton :

Where the *great Vision of the guarded mount*  
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.  
 Look homeward *Angel* now —

LYCIDAS.

Hail to the chapel, hail the fane forlorn,  
And moss-grown stones by tears of vot'ries worn,  
Where once, as mid the shrines the soft dew fell,  
To solemn pray'r slow toll'd the vesper bell.  
And hail the turret from whose rocky height  
The monk compassionate held out the light,  
Blest if his aid in midnight storms could save 4045  
The lab'ring bark, and guide her o'er the wave.  
Now all that meets the eye some symbol shows  
How man decays, whilst time unceasing flows,  
How wave on wave impels the human tide,  
How ages sink forgotten as they glide. 4050  
Beneath the cloister's consecrated gloom  
The monk and mariner have found a tomb,  
They who the aisles were chaunting wont to tread,  
And they who to the gale their canvass spread.  
And now no more upon his staff reclin'd, 4054  
The pilgrim, who no length of way declin'd,  
Finds a reward for all his wandering toil  
To view the mount, and tread its sacred soil.  
Oh! call this superstition, and revile  
The cross, and at the bead and relick smile, 4060  
But when these o'er the bosom lost their sway,  
Devotion shriek'd, and fanes fell in decay.

## XII.

## SUNRISE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

## CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS ON DECK.

Salve, magna parens!

Good morrow, Randolph, long on billows tost,  
Yon sun beholds our tall bark on the coast  
Where our forefathers dwelt—a glorious gale—  
A nobler breeze ne'er fill'd a frigate's sail.  
Where boldly swelling, as our course we shape,  
The Lizard throws its full, projecting cape,  
Abreast the point, methinks, a ship I see—  
She looks a strait's man—some rich argosy— 4070  
Stretching, with easy sail, her lingering way  
Beyond the forkings of the far-off bay.  
Make her the private signal—

Red, or white?

Avast! a gun will better bring to light 4075  
Her country's flag.—All ready!—Fire away!  
Sprats on a gridiron!\* they bear all the sway.

\* Alluding to the banter of the English sailors, who liken the stars and stripes—the proud symbol of the American flag—to sprats on a gridiron.

A yankey outward bound ! do but behold  
How the new world supplies with freight the old.  
Britannia wasted, and a pauper grown, 4080  
To young Columbia makes her bitter moan,  
Pleads she's her aged mother, and demands  
Food from her harvests,\* succour from her hands.  
Old father Thames exalts his hoary head,  
With look of wonder, from his oozy bed, 4085  
And, as our cargoes make his billows groan,  
Scarce knows the hulls that bear them from his own.  
Helmsman ! the canvass flutters—look well out—  
Learn to steer small—don't yaw the ship about.  
How head you now ?—She lies, Sir, east south east.  
She's not her course by two points, then, at least,†  
The flood has made—yon schooner in the bay  
Is on the swing—our sweet breeze dies away.  
Another sail ! lo ! Caustic heaves in sight,  
Emerging from his vault to realms of light, 4095  
See where he comes, with telescope in hand,  
To feast upon the joy diffusing land.

\* At one time, when America was the carrier of the world, there was a constant exportation of her flour to England, averaging half a million of barrels annually ; and in the years 1801, 1802, and 1811, exceeding respectively a million.

† A ship's course by compass (allowing for the variation of the magnetic needle) from the Land's End to the Lizard point is south east a quarter south.

His costume he has studied—for his side  
His dainty dirk adorns in glittering pride—  
Unconscious he the wearer gives the sword 4100  
Its efficacy when in act to board.  
His fore and aft hat, bound with tarnish'd lace,  
Imparts grotesqueness to his boding face,  
As, at each footstep, his prophetic soul  
Bids him beware, and mind the frigate's roll. 4105  
A landsman yet ! for though the sea is rough,  
He looks to windward as he takes his snuff,  
And, such his incapacity to learn,  
He does not know the ship's head from the stern.  
If I remember right, 'tis full a week 4110  
Since he was seen the upper deck to seek,  
And leave the fetid cockpit to inhale  
The wholesome breeze, and view the swelling sail :  
As a memorial that he comes at last,  
Let a deep notch be cut in every mast. 4115  
The tars affirm with oaths his evil cards  
Raise gales of wind,\* and send them on the yards,  
Declare his gambling brought around the ship  
The Mother Carey's chicken† seen the trip—

\* It is a superstition among seamen that cards played at sea produce heavy gales.

† The small sea-bird the petrel, the precursor of bad weather, is called by seamen Mother Carey's chicken ; and supernatural powers are ascribed the witch Mother Carey, who is supposed to send it.



That adverse to our canvass turns the vane, 4120  
All by the doctor's *tricks*—the helmsman's bane.  
He keeps no watch, and crown'd with endless ease,  
Can in his cot convert to halcyon seas  
A Biscay swell :—he has no cares  
To break his rest, and interrupt his pray'rs. 4125  
What ho, there, leech ! the clover-scented air  
Calls you on deck\*—

Was ever sight so fair !  
The crag, the cliff, the promontory steep,  
Trees, groves—all Eden springing from the deep.

These, leech, are shadows of a shaping brain,  
Engender'd by a ship and irksome main.

See yon fair mansion where the poplars wave  
Their boughs, whose roots the billows strive to lave :  
See how the swallows round the turrets fly, 4135  
It is a spot where one might live and die.

Unus'd, your eye, leech, loves again to rove  
O'er pasture pure, rich vale, and nodding grove ;  
And conquer'd reason to the fancy yields  
Peace in the cot, elysium in the fields. 4140

\* The civilians of a ship (the doctor, purser, &c.) seldom come on deck without encountering a sort of amicable and pleasant hostility from the captain, or the lieutenant.

What made them build their dwelling on the shore?  
But, soft, I see the mistress at the door,  
Sitting beneath the trellis overgrown  
With vines—and at her side an antique crone,  
Who in the ocean's view has fix'd her seat, 4145  
With puss and pompey basking at her feet.

Think you they heed the land from whence we came?

The tender maid—but not the ancient dame.  
She, good old lady, pants from year to year  
To grace a pew, and chronicle small beer, 4150  
And would not, captain, in her life's decay,  
On Philadelphia throw a thought away.

You ply your telescope—what see you now?

A telegraph on yonder mountain's brow,  
From whose declivity, whose weeping side, 4155  
A stream with devious crystal loves to glide.  
Here pastures, hills and dales the prospect crown,  
A castle here shoots up, and there a town.  
Here sits an angler o'er a silver stream—  
There roves a ploughman with his toiling team—  
Here lies a goatherd on a craggy rock—  
There in the shade a shepherd feeds his flock.  
Captain, yon coast, where now I point my hand,  
Resembles much our Pennsylvanian land—

It looks romantic—with a little scrip 4165  
Fill'd with choice drugs, and science on my lip,  
Methinks 'twere pleasant o'er the hills to roam,  
A travelling leech, and knock at every dome.

A thriftless trade! more money thou wouldst tell,  
A merry Andrew, with thy cap and bell, 4170  
More sure thy entrance to the lordly hall,  
A vagrant juggler with thy cup and ball.

See you yon villa! how the turrets rise,  
In gothic grandeur pointing to the skies?  
Amaz'd the eye its amplitude explores— 4175  
A crowd might enter at its folding doors!

To me far dearer, leech, a sung-thatch'd home  
Than the vast lumber of that gothic dome,  
Within whose walls one does not rest, but roam. }  
How would Democritus the pile deride 4180  
Which folly thus has sacrific'd to pride—  
And yet, no doubt, its painted glass—its gules,  
Have England fill'd with imitating fools.  
Would Washington have made his villa's gate  
An entrance to the pageantry of state? 4185

You muse, good leech, some tender thought employs  
Your memory, and overcasts your joys.

This is the land where love and pity mourn  
 O'er the soft Indian's monumental urn;  
 Virginia's jewel, and her sex's pride, 4190  
 Who on a foreign shore untimely died.  
 Not to one spot is sympathy confin'd,  
 Throughout the world in woman's breast enshrin'd,  
 Whether her gentle footsteps press the sand  
 Of Chesapeak, or Scythia's frozen land. 4195  
 Thy heart was its sweet temple, tawny maid,  
 Blest Pocahontas, whose wild shrieks delay'd  
 The axe rais'd o'er the white man, pinion'd, bound,  
 The gallant Smith, bow'd trembling to the ground.\*

\* Captain John Smith, a gallant Englishman, was the founder of the Colony of Virginia, on the great Bay of Chesapeak; and Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian Monarch Powhatan, was its interesting protectress. Smith, in an excursion, being surprized by a numerous body of red-men, under Opechancanough, was conducted to Powhatan, who doomed him to death: he was led to the place of execution, and his head bowed down to receive the blow of the war-club, when Pocahontas rushed with mournful distraction through the crowd, and throwing her little arms about him, (she was by Smith's account only nine years old,) saved his life by her interposition. After this event she frequently visited Smith at James Town, whom she always addressed by the name of father, and at the age of seventeen married Mr. John Rolf, a young gentleman of rank in the colony, who had long been her respectful lover. She accompanied her husband to England with Sir Thomas Dale, where Smith, who had preceded them, presented Pocahontas to James and his Queen, who received her with the respect due to a princess. This interesting Indian, whose whole life exemplified that

*Fine Spirits  
 Are touch'd to fine Issues,*

died in early youth at Gravesend, when preparing to embark with

She flies on seraph's wing, and through the crowd,  
With piercing cry, 'mid acclamations loud,  
Seeks the pale victim, by compassion led,  
And in her arms sustains his languid head.  
Meantime her female train in cadence mourn,  
Sigh as she sighs, and tears for tears return, 4205  
They raise her tranc'd in grief—a glossy shade  
Of hair half veils the melancholy maid—  
Streams from her eyes—sobs from her bosom flow—  
And pale that cheek where the rose loves to glow.  
The monarch, rising, cries, Restrain thy fears! 4210  
'Thou weep'st too much, and yet I love those tears.  
'Thou flow'ry sweet, not vainly dost thou plead—  
'What means my child? here rest thy fainting head.  
Hold, chiefs, the club: 'tis this dear maiden's call—  
She sways her father, and presides o'er all. 5215

With solemn awe, I view the spreading shore,  
By venerable Druids trod of yore.

Those bloody priests, an execrable band,  
Would scandal heap upon a Mohawk land.  
Their tragic pomp, their heav'n's vicegerent seer,  
'Their potent adder-stone, their milk white steer,

her husband for her native country; leaving a son who left only daughters, from whom are descended the Bowlings and Murrays, the Jeffersons and Randolphs, the Middletons and Pierpoints, the patri-cians of Virginia.



Their mystic misletoe, their hallow'd oak,  
Once reverend held, is now a standing joke.

See you yon living rock of spheric shape  
Rough and unhewn, exalted o'er the cape? 4225  
Pois'd as by magic, to a patriot hand  
The huge mass vibrates—to a hostile band  
Immoveable, it scorns their touch profane,  
Decreed by fate unshaken to remain.  
Captain, you ne'er the loggen-stone\* could move,  
Though nerv'd your arm—the land has not your love  
On which it rests—

None there from me is due—  
It looks misplac'd—preposterous in you.  
But, see, our sweet breeze leaves us from the west—  
At no one point the dog-vane† seems to rest.  
Doctor, your aid! your spy-glass lay aside—  
Let the ship's cordage through your fingers glide.

\* The Loggens, or rocking stones, in Cornwall, are immense masses of granite set on others of a smaller size, and so equally counterpoised that they can be stirred with a finger, but not moved out of their station. The Druids in their trials, by artfully converting the Loggen into an engine of superstition, made it answer the purpose of an ordeal. Mason has introduced it in his declamatory tragedy.

† The dog-vane is a small light vane with feathers and cork, whose staff is placed on the ship's quarter to shew the direction of the wind.

For once turn sailor—help us with this brail—  
The spanker\* is become an idle sail. 4240

Jump to the cleat—let the gaff-haliards fly—  
Randolph clap on—a bowse here at the guy.†  
Cheerly the brails—I see a coming squall—  
When I cry pull, mind, doctor, that you haul.

A sail there ho! nothing but ships around— 4245

A Lisbon packet into Falmouth bound—

A bark for passengers you may discern

By the rich gilding of her sculptur'd stern.

With two reefs in, and a top-gallant breeze,  
Her captain turns to windward at his ease. 4250

An Englishman—brac'd sharp up to the gale,

No other from the main-stay shows a sail.‡

She hoists her flag—the waters of the deep

Reflect the union at her mizen-peak.

Greatly they marvel at our stars—our prow— 4255

Our pointed guns—a savage looking row.

\* The spanker is a large sail set upon the mizen yard; it is reduced by ropes called brails.

† The guy is a rope used to keep steady the spanker-boom.

‡ In British ships the main-top-mast stay-sail is used upon a bow-line: in American vessels it is never set unless going large. The Yankee ships are so square-rigged, that, when close-hauled, a main-top-mast stay-sail would defeat its purpose, by taking the wind out of the main-topsail.

Our crew they put down Indians—from the wood—  
Guiding a ship the first time o'er the flood—  
A feather'd tribe of most uncouth attire,  
More skill'd in ambush than the main-deck fire.  
With bow and quiver at each warrior's side,  
And scalping knife the skull's skin to divide ;  
Our cargo coral, humming-birds, and shells,  
To barter with the whites for toys and bells !

## XIII.

Oh ! all that in this life the breast employs, 4265  
Is real grief, or visionary joys.  
Now thread the hatchway those whom hoary age  
Has capt with snow in foreign pilgrimage,  
Returning exiles to their native land,  
Victims to hope deferr'd, a weary band. 4270  
From his own shore—the soil that gave him birth,  
An old man comes to beg a little earth—  
Who, as the tars direct his feeble gaze,  
And point the hand, thus drivels out his praise :  
That is the land where every peasant's shed, 4275  
Whose smoke at early morn is seen to spread  
Along the dappled sky, stands more secure  
Than eastern palaces that forts immure.  
Oh ! it is sweet to breathe again the air  
That britons breathe—to wake from dark despair—

Those cliffs restor'd once more to these moist eyes,  
Bid the pulse flutter, and the wishes rise.  
Then thus the chief, who carelessly reclin'd,  
Felt indignation rising in his mind :  
Infatuated pilgrim ! thus to toil 4285  
O'er sea again to die on England's soil,  
And leave Equality's blest shore to find  
And feel thyself a helpless, abject hind.  
What ! dreamst thou yet of some remain of ease  
Beneath thy own hereditary trees ? 4290  
Like shadows come, so all thy friends are fled,  
Thy hearth will echo only to thy tread—  
And poor and needy, none thy worth will scan—  
None will respect thee for thyself—a man—  
But, leaning on thy staff, I see thee stand, 4295  
By all forsaken in thy native land.  
Great souls by instinct to Columbia turn,  
Court her embrace, and for her friendship burn,  
Our blest strand seek at inborn Freedom's call,  
The true Castilian, and the genuine Gaul, 4300  
And flee a realm of tyranny the sport,  
Curst with an inquisition, and a court—  
But thou still pantest on in thralldom's train,  
Taught to be wise by rolling suns in vain !

## XIV.

## THE EDDYSTONE.

Tracing a line of foam from Cape to Cape,      4305  
Eastward, with flying sails, our course we shape,  
And, as we spread our white wings to the wind,  
Leave the projecting Lizard far behind.  
So swift our speed, Fiction might feign around  
The Tritons lulling ocean with their sound,      4310  
With all the Sea-Gods rising from the spray  
To smooth the surge, and level make our way.  
Now comes mild eve—the sinking orb of day  
Beams a farewell—and from the distant bay,  
Flash'd from some admiral's ship, the signal gun  
Tells that the radiant god his course has run.  
Bright'ning the east, the crescent of the night  
Looks from the sky, and sheds her silver light  
O'er the mix'd scene—and, as she mildly roves,  
Claims her pale empire o'er the tide and groves.  
Silent the deck, while the waves slowly roll,  
A pensive pleasure steals upon the soul,  
Devout, not frantic, looking to its fate  
Beyond the stars, releas'd from mortal state.  
Now rove we Albion's channel, where the bight  
Displays the ruddy watch tow'r on the height



Of Eddystone\*—and, as the fair lamp gleams,  
 Our fancy paints the man that trims its beams,  
 Who, when the warring elements deny  
 Peace to the breast, and slumber to the eye, 4330  
 Full many a night endures the tempest rude,  
 Rock'd by the winds in sea-girt solitude.

## XV.

## PURBECK CLIFFS.

## SHIPWRECK OF THE HALSEWELL.

Fungar inani

Munere.

While on the deep the moonlight sweetly sleeps,  
 Our bark secure the midway channel keeps,

\* The Eddystone light-house stands on a rock in the sea, about 14 miles S. S. W. of Plymouth, and is exposed in tempests to such tremendous waves, that they fly up, at short intervals, in white columns, above the beacon, and totally intercept it from the sight. The first edifice erected on the rock was the achievement of Mr. Winstanley, who had such a conviction of its power to resist the fury of the elements, that *he expressed his wish to be there in the greatest storm that could blow under the face of the Heavens.* This was fatal presumption; for in the almost unprecedented hurricane of the night of November 26th, 1696, the confident architect being in the light-house, was deplorably swept with it into the deep, together with all his ill-fated associates. The present structure is a monument of the genius of Smeaton.

With wind direct our course we eastward trace,  
And pass the Start's low point, and Portland race,  
By Adhelm's promontory plough our way,  
And now, conspicuous with the dawning day,  
The fatal cliffs of Purbeck frown around,  
Where, on the rocky steep's sepulchral mound,  
Pale Memory sits, and points the shore once spread  
With the wreck'd bark, and corpses of the dead.  
Weeping she tells how, on the sea-drench'd wreck,  
Two daughters hung around their father's neck,  
Who sought from every eye to veil his woe, 4345  
While yawn'd his children's briny tombs below.  
The mate appears, a mournful glance he threw  
Around, and urg'd the leader of the crew :  
" The vex'd hull parts—oh ! here no longer dwell,  
" But give each child your blessing and farewell\*—

\* The loss of the *Halsewell* was attended with such peculiar scenes of affliction, that poetry performs a hallowed office in recording them. She sailed from the Downs on the 1st of January, 1786, and Captain Pierce was taking out his two daughters with him, Miss Eliza Pierce, aged sixteen, and Miss Mary Anne Pierce, a year younger, on a visit to a brother opulently settled at Bengal. Besides these, there were on board five other young ladies : namely, Miss Anne and Miss Mary Paul, nieces of Captain Pierce, Miss Mary Haggard, Miss Elizabeth Blackburn, and Miss Anne Mansell. Every thing augured an agreeable voyage ; the breeze was fair, and the water smooth ; all were in high spirits, and the harp and song resounded in the cabin. But this flattering prospect soon changed to one of terror and dismay. On the 3d a fatal storm lighted upon the ship, and, in bearing up for Portsmouth, she was driven on shore and wrecked, at two in the morning of the 6th, near St. Adhelm's Head, on the Purbeck coast, under

“ Hence, captain—fly the soul subduing strife  
“ Of fruitless love—bethink thee of thy life—  
“ Hence with me, Pierce—behold the bowsprit  
bends—

“ No more delay—or, hope in ocean ends.”—  
“ Hie thee aloft, my Meriton,” he cries,  
“ To-morrow’s sun may pleasure yield thine eyes,  
“ But mine would all a gloomy blank behold,  
“ Without the innocents these arms infold—  
“ The more their peril, frenzy and distress,  
“ Their forms the closer to my heart I press.”

More loud the tempest, and more fierce the thrall  
Of the huge waves that rise, and burst, and fall,  
Each maid in agony, with upborne eye,  
Silent implores the succour of the sky,  
But Pity long has fled in dire dismay, 4365  
And may not come where Havoc holds his sway.

perpendicular rocks 400 feet in height. The ship came with her broadside on the reef, when the horrors of the hurricane were aggravated by intense darkness ; and on Mr. Meriton, the chief mate, going below to exhort Captain Pierce to make no delay in endeavouring to get on shore, as the wreck could not hold many minutes together, he found his daughters clinging to him for protection under every accumulation of suffering from the outrageous fury of the blast, the breach of the waves, and the impervious gloom of the morning. Captain Pierce replied to the exhortations of his officer, by asking him whether he thought his daughters could be saved ; and, on Mr. Meriton answering that it was impossible for the ladies to escape, he addressed himself to his daughters, and folding them in his arms, said, “ Then, “ my dear children, we will perish together.” The wreck disappeared in a few minutes afterwards.

More close they cling distracted round the form  
Of their lov'd sire—more frantic raves the storm—  
Heard you that cry? it reach'd the sea-beat shore—  
Father and child—their agony is o'er— 4370  
Its murmurs cease—they meet their awful doom—  
The wreck their coffin—the wild sea their tomb.

## XVI.

## SOLENT SEA.—ROYAL REGATTA.

With flowing sail our vessel cleaves the tide,  
And from the deck, in prospect opening wide,  
Broad on the bow, increasing to the view, 4375  
Vecta, thy cliffs are seen of paly blue.  
Now issuing from the Solent sea,\* behold  
A gorgeous fleet diffusing rays of gold  
O'er the proud waves—crowds line the windingshore,  
And echoing thunders from the bastions roar.  
High in the midst, with banner'd prow, appears  
The royal yacht that England's monarch bears;  
Imperial Brunswick, on his genuine throne,  
A war-ship's deck, with all the sea his own.

\* The Solent sea is the channel between the Isle of Wight and Hampshire.

Britannia! rise; awake, O fairest Isle, 4385  
Behold thy wooden walls, a floating pile,  
In steady phalanx round their Sovereign keep,  
Whose star adorns the billows of the deep.  
Now as we thread the throng, a thousand eyes  
Pursue our warlike vessel as she flies,  
And of one origin, rejoice again  
Strength to confer on Amity's bright chain.  
Then, as we pass amidst the royal fleet,  
Our guns great Albion's princely standard greet,  
From whose bright-blazon'd realm we proudly draw  
Our arms, our sacred liberty, and law.

## XVII.

## SPITHEAD.—COMING TO AN ANCHOR.

Thy point, O Dunnose, weather'd, to the gale  
We closely haul, and trim full oft the sail,  
The port to gain unfolding to the sight  
Its lordly hulls, and masts of towering height, 4400  
Where England's proud armada on the tide,  
Her floating fortresses, serenely ride.



With topsails on the cap, our way we keep  
Where the lone mast emerges from the deep.\*  
A sad memorial of the sudden doom 4405  
That gave to Kempenfelt a watery tomb,  
Blest had he, nobly prodigal of breath,  
On the proud deck of battle met his death.  
Now, as we pass the beacons of the bay,  
Our prow the pinnace crosses in her way 4410  
With long resounding oar—whose cheerful crew  
In garb and face present a kindred hue.  
Now peal our guns, and as the clouds aspire,  
Loud from the bastion bursts the answering fire,  
While the proud banner from the staff unroll'd,  
Flag of the Union, opening many a fold,  
Resplendent gleams—the lofty sails decline,  
And the huge anchors dash the foaming brine.

---

My voyage ends :—freed from the sea's alarms,  
Around her child the mother throws her arms,

\* On the 29th of August, 1782, the Royal George of 100 guns, being on the heel at Spithead, in order to repair some of her copper, a sudden squall threw her on her beam-ends, and her lower deck guns being run out, the water rushed with such rapidity in at the ports, that she filled and sunk. Of 700 persons on board 400 perished, among whom was Admiral Kempenfelt; the rest were picked up by the boats of the fleet. Her masts remained standing for a considerable time, but were at length removed, and a buoy is placed over the hull.

And, as the treasure to the heart is prest,  
To heav'n directs her eye with grateful breast.  
Then, as the pinnace rocks upon the tides,  
On the ship's ladder many a hoverer glides,  
And many a pious vow my shipmates pour 4425  
In the sad trial of the parting hour.  
Still lingering at the side, I hold the hand  
Of the great leader of the naval band,  
And Hampden—Randolph—bid a last adieu—  
The gay lieutenants of a gallant crew. 4430  
High on the yards, beneath the noon-tide gale,  
The toiling tars reduce the flapping sail  
With eager hand;—the mother to me bears  
Her hope, the solace of my drooping years,  
To hold her forward, as the fleet boat flies, 4435  
With one last look to glad the sailors' eyes!  
The ringlets from the fondling's face I throw,  
And bare the cheek of smiles, which laughs below—  
Modest and mild she waves her little hand—  
It sounds—the farewell of the free-born band—  
Again, again, again, the shouts they urge  
Shake the wide shore, and raise the heaving surge.

THE END.

THE  
**NATURAL BRIDGE.**

**AN ODE.**

Come on, sir; here's the place!

SHAKESPEARE.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARK.

The Rock Bridge in Virginia is a structure of such symmetry, that it seems rather to have been formed by the harmonizing hand of Nature, than produced by one of her awful convulsions. It is on the ascent of a hill, and affords a road to the waggons of the emigrants into the country west of the Alleghany. No man ever yet played the hero on the top of this Bridge; for no one ever had the courage to walk to the parapet and look over from the precipice into the abyss; but all involuntarily fall on their hands and knees to gaze. You descend into the valley, by a narrow, serpentine path, through a thicket of trees which terminates at the very instant when the whole fabric with its broad abutments and lofty arch, spanning a rivulet murmuring over its rocky bed, bursts on the astonished sight. A negro boy once following his master to this point, no sooner caught a glance of the pile than he fell upon his knees, and remained fixed for some time in wonder and admiration.

## DIMENSIONS:

	Feet
Depth of the Arch . . . . .	270
Width at the top . . . . .	90
Width between the abutments at the base .	50

# THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

## AN ODE.

When Fancy left her native skies  
To visit earth, before unseen,  
She bade the swelling fabric rise  
In this sequester'd, sylvan scene.

Each comely Grace, with spritely air,  
Appear'd beneath the hanging wood,  
Forming the arch with nicest care,  
To span the laughing valley flood.

Then Fancy, from the pile above,  
Would muse transported, bending o'er,  
And rapt behold the current rove,  
While jocund Echo mock'd its roar.

And, here, perhaps, the Indian stood,  
With hands upheld, and eye amaz'd,  
As, sudden, from the devious wood,  
He first upon the fabric gaz'd!

See Tadmor's domes, and halls of state,  
In undistinguish'd ruin lie;  
See Rome's proud columns yield to fate  
And claim the pensive pilgrim's sigh.



But while consuming Time impairs  
 The monuments of human art,  
 This pile unfading grandeur wears,  
 Eternal in its every part.

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### GREEK VERSION OF A NEGRO SONG.

*From Mr. Park's Travels.*

“ The winds roared, and the rains fell.  
 “ The poor white man, faint and weary,  
 “ came and sat under our tree, &c.

Καὶ κατέβη ἡ βροχὴ, καὶ ἔπνευσαν οἱ ἄνεμοι,  
 καὶ ἐλθὼν λευκὸς ἀνὴρ ἐκαδεζέτο ὑπὸ τὸ δένδρον  
 ἡμῶν· Αἱ αἱ ἐλεέωμεθα τὸν ὁδοιπορὸν· εαυτὸς μὲν  
 ἐδ’ ἐστὶ πόσιν α μήτηρ, ἐδε φίλη αλοχὸς· ἀλλὰ  
 οἱ ἀλάται, τηλόθι πατρὸς.

Written at Sea.

Latitude 45.30 N.

Longitude 25.30 W.

# NAVAL ANNALS:

OR,

AN IMPARTIAL SUMMARY

OF THE

ACTIONS FOUGHT, DURING THE LATE WAR,

AT SEA, AND ON THE LAKES,

BETWEEN

THE SHIPS OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND

THOSE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

---

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

VIRGIL.

to me the same,

Your Troy and Tyre shall differ but in name.

PITT.

## MR. BURKE'S EULOGY

ON

### THE SEAMEN OF AMERICA.

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*Pass by the other parts of the Continent, and look at the manner in which the mariners of New England have of late carried on the Whale Fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straights, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite regions of polar cold, that they are at the Antipodes, and engaged under the Frozen Serpent of the South. Falkland Islands, which seems too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the Coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the Coast of Brazil. No sea but is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprize, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.*

Address to the Electors of Bristol.

## NAVAL ANNALS.

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June 18, The Orders in Council, though ostensibly a 1812. belligerent retaliation on the Berlin and Milan Decrees, operate so severely on the neutral and maritime rights of America, that to vindicate her lawful claim to a participation of the common ocean, she has recourse to arms;\* and, with comparatively a nominal navy, of 8 frigates and 6 sloops, declares war against Great Britain, whose disposable naval force consists of 200 ships of the line, 20 fifty-gun ships, 220 frigates, and 250 sloops, exclusively of other vessels. It is the general expectation that the infant navy of the Republic will be swept from the sea.

July 16. The American sloop of war Nautilus, is captured by a British squadron.

\* On this subject the President of the United States thus addresses his fellow citizens: "We forebore to declare war until to other aggressions had been added the capture of nearly 1000 American vessels, and until a final declaration had been made by the Government of Great Britain, that her hostile orders against our commerce would not be revoked, but on conditions as impossible as unjust, whilst it was known that these Orders would not otherwise cease but with war, *which had lasted nearly twenty years, and which according to appearance at that time, might last as many more.* Our resolution, therefore, to oppose the enemy's persevering outrages, must carry with it the good wishes of the impartial world, and the best hopes of support from an omnipotent and just Providence."

17. The American frigate *Constitution*, Captain Isaac Hull, in going from Lynnhaven Bay to Boston, is becalmed off the Capes of Virginia, in sight of the *Africa* of 64 guns, the *Guerriere*, the *Shannon*, the *Belvidera*, and the *Eolus*, British frigates. The boats of the squadron take in tow two of the frigates, which get for a short time within gun shot of the *Constitution*; but, by the nautical skill and promptitude of Mr. Aylwin, the master, she, by kedging and other admirable manœuvres, effects her escape, after having been chased sixty-four hours.

August 13. The British sloop of war *Alert*, Captain Laugharne, is captured by the American frigate *Essex*, Captain David Porter.

15. The whole coast of Nova Scotia, from Canso to Cape Sable, swarms with American privateers, who give the British cruizers incessant employment, and, in spite of their utmost vigilance, pick up valuable trading ships.

17. Arrived at Annapolis, the American privateer schooner *Rolla*, Captain Dewly, from a cruize. In a heavy gale at sea all her guns were thrown overboard, except the Long Tom, but the ardour of her officers and crew (in all sixty) remained unabated; for they captured from the Cork fleet, without the loss of a man, the ship *Mary*, of Bristol, of 14 guns, with hardware and crates; ship *Eliza*, of the same port, 10 guns, with 20,000 bushels of wheat; ship *Rio Nova*, of London, 13 guns, with dry goods; ship *Apollo*, of the same port, deeply laden with king's stores; brig *Barossa*, of Cork, 6 guns, with beef;



schooner Swift, of Plymouth, and another belonging to Aberdeen.

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## ACTION

### BETWEEN THE GUERRIERE AND CONSTITUTION.

19. The British frigate *Guerriere*, Captain Dacres, returning from a cruize in the Atlantic to Halifax, is taken by the American frigate *Constitution*, Captain Hull, after a severe conflict, in which the English ship was totally dismasted. With a fresh breeze from the N. W. and cloudy weather, at 2 in the afternoon, the sailor on the look-out from the mast-head of the *Constitution*, descried a vessel in the S. W. when all sail was made towards her; and, between 3 and 4, she was distinguished to be a frigate close-hauled upon the star-board-tack, under an easy sail. When Captain Hull came within about three miles of her, he took in his light sails, and hauled up his courses. He then cleared ship for action, and, on beating to quarters, the American crew gave three cheers, and called out to be laid close alongside the enemy; unawed by the attitude of the *Guerriere*, who had now laid her main-top-sail to the mast, and displayed that flag which had annihilated the proud armadas of France and Spain. The fact is that the men and the ships of both nations are made of the

same sterling carpentry—the heart of oak ;—and that yankey tars possess capabilities for rivalling the most celebrated achievements ever performed on sea by their distinguished progenitors. There were eight American seamen on board the *Guerriere*, who had been several years in her. As the *Constitution* was bearing down under American colours, Captain Dacres with exemplary liberality ordered the word to be passed fore and aft to the crew assembled at their guns, that the services of the Americans would be dispensed with ; and they all went joyfully below, except one poor fellow, who, stationed on the forecastle, did not hear the tidings, but remained at his quarters during the action an involuntary foe to the flag that he rallied round in heart. The *Guerriere* was the first that fired ; at 4 as the *Constitution* was closing fast, she wore to avoid being raked, and at 10 minutes past 4 began to open the fire of her main-deck guns. The *Constitution* did not return her opponent's fire for ten minutes, when the two ships exchanged broadsides, and manœuvred to obtain advantageous positions. At 5 the *Constitution* closed on the starboard beam of the *Guerriere*, with the evident design of crossing her bow ; when the *Guerriere* bearing up, the two ships entered warmly into the contest, broadside and broadside, *within half-pistol-shot*, steering free, with the wind on the quarter, under top-sails and jib. The American now poured in so heavy a fire upon her adversary, that, in twenty minutes from the time of engaging alongside, the mizen-mast of the English ship went by the board, falling over on the starboard quarter, and bringing the ship up in the

the wind. Upon this accident, Captain Hull luffed the Constitution short round, and placing her on the Guerriere's larboard bow, opened a dreadful raking fire with his great guns, while the rifle-men from the tops took deliberate and effectual aim at the English officers and crew. It is, I believe, a practice peculiar to the American navy, that eight men are stationed in each top with rifles; of whom six are constantly employed in loading for the other two who are reputed the most dexterous marksmen. It was at this juncture that Mr. Ready, the lieutenant who commanded the main-deck-guns on board the Guerriere, was killed, and Mr. Grant, who directed those on the fore-castle, was carried below badly wounded; while Mr. Scott, the master, was shot through the knee, and Mr. Kent, the first lieutenant, together with Captain Dacres, received rifle-shot wounds. While the Guerriere lay exposed to the heavy raking fire of the American, she could bring only a few of her bow guns to bear in return; and at length fell on board of the enemy, her bowsprit getting foul of the Constitution's larboard mizen-rigging. The American now shewed a disposition to board the Guerriere, when Captain Dacres ordered his crew up from the main-deck guns to anticipate them in the act; but perceiving the Constitution's deck crowded with men prepared to resist, he judged his force too disproportionate, and that the assault would probably not succeed;\* and the ship coming to, he brought some of his

\* Throughout my relation I have not departed from the letter of the British official documents; and I now cite the words of my autho-

bow guns to bear again upon the Constitution. Scarcely had the Guerriere shot a-head clear of her opponent, when her fore and main-masts went over the side taking along with them every spar but the bowsprit. Notwithstanding the crippled state of his ship, Captain Dacres with inflexible resolution, persisted in defending her; he did not relinquish the hope of getting the ship under command to renew the action; but just as the crew had disengaged the guns on the spar-deck from the wreck of the fallen masts, the sprit-sail yard went, leaving her an unmanageable log on the water. Meantime Captain Hull, having rove new braces, put his helm a-weather, filled his sails, and laid the Constitution athwart hawse of the Guerriere, who, now dismasted and defenceless, lay in the trough of the sea, rolling the muzzles of her main-deck guns under water. Incapacitated for further resistance, there was no alternative but to strike the colours; and, at 45 minutes after 6, Captain Dacres, with the concurrence of his few remaining officers, fired a gun to leeward, and gave orders for the jack to be lowered from the stump of the mizen-mast. The Guerriere had 15 men killed and 63 wounded; the Constitution 7 killed, and the same number wounded. Such was the result of

city for this particular part: "It was my intention, after having driven back the enemy, to have boarded in return; and, in consequence, I ordered down the first lieutenant on the main-deck, to send every body up from the guns; but finding his deck filled with men, and every preparation made to receive us, it would have been almost impossible to succeed."

English Commander's Address to the Court.



the first encounter between the naval flags of the two nations. England, accustomed to victory only on her own element, received the intelligence with surprize and disappointment; while America, with the vanity natural to a rising maritime state, boasted that she had broken the spell of her invincibility on the ocean. Those who, to conceal their chagrin, affected to despise the success of the Americans in this combat as petty and unimportant in its consequences, were not just to the interests of Great Britain. It gave an impulse to the navy of the only nation that can ever hope to dispute with her the sovereignty of the waters. The keels of twelve line of battle ships, and of twenty-four frigates, were ordered to be laid down in the navy yards at New York, Portsmouth, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, and Norfolk. It established an implement of defence suited to the prejudices of the people, and the character of their country; and the hostile attitude taken at sea by this new power was not to answer a temporary purpose, but one that would find, in the resources of the commonwealth, support and renovation. This victory rankled deeply in the bosoms of the English, and they were content to charge themselves with laxity of naval discipline and neglect of gunnery, rather than the slightest glory should be extorted by the countrymen of Washington. As hitherto single British ships had always beaten the single ships of France and Holland, of Portugal and Spain; *critical* judgment was exercised to discover what could produce this anomaly. Some writers pretended to detect the secret in the thicker sides of the American; some in the



desperate co-operation of English seamen on board, who fought with halters round their necks; some, with revolting absurdity, asserted the Constitution was a seventy-four in disguise, notwithstanding a frigate had held a tug with her two hours and forty-five minutes; and others eager, *quocunque modo*, to blast Hull's laurels, insidiously pronounced him *a player at long bowls*, when his close fighting bore a strong analogy to slugs in a sawpit. In the heat of passion, or the absence of candour, all overlooked that the crews of both ships proceeded from the same stock, and were of one common origin.

The firing on both sides having ceased, Captain Hull set his courses, and hauled to the eastward, to repair the damages which his ship had sustained in the action: some of his spars had been shot away, and much of his standing and running rigging cut to pieces. At 7, having sufficiently refitted, he wore, and standing under the lee of the prize, sent his boats for the captain, the officers, and seamen. And now as the crews of the two ships mingled, the effect must have been touchingly impressive. A tender sentiment of sorrow could not but steal on the breasts of the sailor crowd, that men demonstrably designed by Nature to be brothers, in the unequivocal identity of language, look, air, and mien, should so far forget the relations that subsisted between them, as to meet in hostile array. The moon encircled by the sparkling constellations illuminated a serene sky, and the repose of night spread over the ocean formed an affecting contrast with the anguish of the wounded and the bustle of the boatmen conveying them from one ship to the

other. The important operation of removing the wounded occupied several hours; the *Constitution* wearing occasionally to obtain an eligible position, and facilitate the coming alongside of the cutters, the barge, and the yawl. The last boat had scarcely delivered her freight, when, about midnight, a sail was discovered on the larboard beam, standing in a direction towards the *Constitution*; and the officers and crew, without having reposed after their toils, went with great alacrity to their quarters, and prepared again for battle and for conquest. In less than an hour the strange sail hauled her wind, and stood off. The *Guerriere* had received many shot in her hull; thirty had taken effect at about three sheets of copper from her water-line. The mizen-mast in falling had perforated her starboard counter; and Mr. Adams, the carpenter of the *Constitution*, in reporting the damages sustained by the prize, declared it to be his opinion that she could not be made sea-worthy to take into port. Of this there was soon full confirmation; for, at daylight, Lieutenant Saunders, who had charge of the *Guerriere*, hailed the *Constitution*, to inform Captain Hull that she had four feet water in the hold, and was in a sinking condition. All hands were now actively employed in removing the remainder of the crew from the prize; and at a signal from the *Constitution*, Mr. Saunders set fire to the *Guerriere*, and she soon after blew up.

27. The *Constitution* arrives at Boston, and, in going up the harbour, is saluted from the forts amidst the hearty, unanimous, and repeated cheers of a hundred

thousand citizens on the wharves, the shipping and the house-tops.

28. Thomas King, an American youth, makes his escape, in an open boat, from Bermuda to the Capes of Virginia.\* Being confined on board a prison-ship in Harrington Sound, he watched the coming alongside of the cutter, and, as the crew left the boat, slipped into her from the gangway-port, and, setting the sail, committed himself to the mercy of the ocean. He had provided himself with a small pocket compass, and concealed in his dress some biscuit;—the boat being ballasted with kegs of sweet water, he was in no want of drink. In this boat, so inconsiderable in size, as not to exceed twelve feet in length, he was 8 days and 8 nights a pilgrim of the great deep, with no other society but sometimes a petrel, or the leviathan rising from his unfathomable home.

29. The American squadron, composed of the President, Commodore Rodgers, the United States, Captain Decatur, the Congress, Captain Smith, the Hornet sloop, Capt. Lawrence, and the Argus, Capt. Sinclair, arrive at Boston from a cruize. They had been 70 days at sea, during which time they had run to the chops of the English Channel, along the coast of France, Spain, and Portugal, to within 10 leagues of the Rock of Lisbon, to the vicinity of the Azores, and back by the banks and coast of Nova

\* The Bermuda Isles are situated in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, 720 miles S. E. from the Capes of Virginia.

Scotia to Boston, without meeting a single British national vessel, except the Belvidera, with which the President had a running fight of some hours.

October 8. The American frigate Essex, 32 guns, Captain David Porter, sails from the Capes of Delaware, on a cruize round Cape Horn, in the Pacific Ocean.

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## ACTION

### BETWEEN THE FROLIC AND WASP.

18. The British sloop of war Frolic, Captain Whyniates, in convoying to England some vessels from the Bay of Honduras, is taken by the American sloop of war Wasp, Captain Jones, after a close and bloody action. The Frolic left the Bay on the 12th with 14 sail of merchantmen, and, when off the north coast of Cuba, spoke a ship that imparted the intelligence of the war with America, and the capture of the Guerriere. On the night of the 16th, when far advanced in the Atlantic, a heavy gale dispersed the convoy, and carried away the Frolic's main-yard in the slings: nor was the Wasp without her disasters; she lost her jib-boom and two men overboard. On the morning of the 18th, as the crew of the Frolic were at work on the main-yard, which was lowered down on deck, a suspicious sail hove in sight. Six sail of the scattered convoy had rejoined, who, on the stranger not



answering the private signal made her by the Frolic, crowded all sail; while Captain Whyniates dropped astern, and hoisted Spanish colours, partly to draw the enemy under his guns, and partly to divert his attention from the convoy. As soon as Captain Jones discovered the true character of the vessels in sight, he no longer kept on a wind, but bore down on the sloop of war with the American jack, ensign, and pendant flying; and, at 10 in the forenoon, both vessels being within hail, Captain Whyniates hauled down Spanish colours, hoisted the British ensign, and opened so well directed a fire, that the main-top-mast of the Wasp was shot away, and, falling with the main-top-sail yard across the larboard fore and fore-top-sail braces, rendered her head yards of no avail during the remainder of the action. A constant fire was now kept up on both sides, and the sea was so rough, that the muzzles of the guns were rolled under water. The Frolic lay exposed to the raking broadsides of the Wasp, unable to bring a gun to bear in return; and, at length, fell with her bowsprit between the American's main and mizen rigging, the jib-boom entering directly over the heads of Captain Jones, and his first lieutenant Biddle, who were then standing together, near the capstan. The two vessels were now so near one another, that, in loading, the crew of the Wasp pushed their rammers against the Frolic's side, and pointed two of their main-deck guns through her bow-ports. Of 110 men on board the Frolic at the beginning of the action, only 20 now remained unhurt. Mr. M'Kay, the first lieutenant, and Mr. Stephens, the master, were



mortally wounded. Mr. Wintle, the second lieutenant, had two balls in him, besides being wounded by three others, and Captain Whyniates had not escaped the rifle-shot of the enemy. The dead lay buried under the wreck of the masts and spars that had fallen on their lifeless bodies: the cock-pit and birth deck were crowded with those who had resigned their breath since they had been carried below, with the dying, and with others languishing under the severity of their sufferings. The fire of the Frolic was now nearly silenced, and as the swell of the sea brought the two vessels in contact, the lieutenants Biddle and Rodgers mounted on the hammock-cloth to board. Having got on the Frolic's bowsprit, they passed over the bodies of the slain on the forecastle, along the waist, to the quarter-deck; where they were much surprized at not seeing a single person alive, except the Captain and the man at the wheel. As Lieutenant Biddle advanced, Captain Whyniates made a slight inclination of his body as a sign of surrender. His colours, lashed with determined bravery to the main-rigging, were still flying over their intrepid defender; and, on Lieutenant Biddle ordering the surviving sailor to strike them, the British tar replied, with an unsubdued spirit, "As you have possession of the brig, you may do it yourself." The vessels had scarcely separated, when both masts of the Frolic fell upon deck; and, two hours afterwards, the Poitiers of 74 guns, Captain Beresford, heaving in sight, took one wreck, and recaptured the other.

It is remarkable that in this action the Americans had only 5 men killed, and 5 wounded.

## ACTION

*Between the Macedonian and the United States.*

October 25. The British frigate, *Macedonian*, Captain Carden, having convoyed an India ship to a certain latitude, in proceeding to her station on the American coast, falls in with the American frigate *United States*, Captain Decatur, and is taken after an obstinate engagement. The *Macedonian* being about half way between the Cape de Verd Islands and the Azores, steering N.W. by W. with the wind from the southward, and a heavy sea running; about day-light a sail was seen on the lee-beam, which she immediately stood for, and in a short time the stranger was made out to be a large frigate, under American colours. About 9, as the *Macedonian* was bearing down to bring the enemy to action, Decatur opened the fire of his main-deck, and such was the precision of his broadside, that it disabled all the guns on the quarter-deck and fore-castle of the *Macedonian* on the engaging side. The action now commenced between the two ships, and, the nearer they approached, the more furious it grew; till, on lying alongside of one another, the superior force of the *United States* became manifest in the havoc which she made on board the *Macedonian*; shooting away her mizen-mast by the board, her fore and main-top-masts by the caps, her main-yard in the slings, and wounding badly her lower-masts; besides

lodging several shot in her hull between wind and water, cutting her lower-rigging in pieces, and the fore-sail from the yard; and, at the same time, disabling all the cannonades on the upper battery but two, together with two eighteen pounders on the main-deck. The destruction among the crew was proportionably great: humanity shudders at the recital. Thirty-three men lay dead on the decks of the Macedonian, and sixty-eight were wounded, of whom thirty-six were carried down into the cockpit. Meantime the United States was comparatively uninjured. She had sustained little or no damage in her masts and spars; no accident had occurred on her decks; not a rope-yarn of her gun-tackle had been strained; and, though engaged for more than two hours, the only diminution suffered in her crew was 5 killed, and 7 wounded. While the Macedonian, reduced to a wreck, was lying unmanageable on the water, the United States shot ahead, and Decatur was about to place his ship in a raking position, when Captain Carden, incapacitated for further resistance, had no alternative but to surrender. It is the opinion of Americans, that the sustained fire of the United States for two hours was never equalled by a single deck; and, that in all the actions which have been fought at sea, no frigate ever exhibited such consummate gunnery. Though in the presence of an enemy, whose flag for centuries had carried terror with it over the ocean, it is said that Decatur's crew went into battle with a confidence in their own superiority; that they jested in the act of firing their guns; and that the sailor who pointed the cannon which shot away

the Macedonian's mizen-mast, called out to his comrades, as it fell over her side, "Look, messmates, I have made a brig of her!"

There was a musical band on board the Macedonian, composed of eight Germans. It was a maxim of their policy to play for the strongest party; and, on the surrender of the ship, they deserted to the enemy and celebrated his triumph.

The Macedonian being almost a new frigate, Captain Decatur felt very solicitous to get his prize into port; and his first lieutenant, Mr. Allen, used such diligence to render her sea-worthy, that, in forty-eight hours, he succeeded with his seamen in raising a jury mizen mast, swaying up a fore and main-top-mast, crossing lower and top-sail yards, and bending new sails; so that she soon again had the appearance rather of a ship that invited an action, than of one just come out of it. The good fortune of Decatur attended him into port, where he arrived with his prize, in spite of the British squadrons that hovered on the coast.

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## ACTION

### BETWEEN THE JAVA AND CONSTITUTION.

December 29. The British frigate Java, Captain Lambert, is taken, off Saint Salvador, on the Coast of Brazil, by the American frigate Constitution, Captain Bain-

bridge, after a protracted and deadly conflict. The Java was on her passage to the East Indies, having on board Lieutenant-general Hyslop, appointed governor of Bombay, Major Walker and Captain Wood of his staff, and Captain Marshall of the navy, going out to take the command of a sloop of war. She sailed from Spithead on the 12th of November, with two outward-bound Indiamen that availed themselves of her convoy; and, about the middle of December, captured an American ship called the William. On the 24th, the Java, parting company with her friends, stood in for St. Salvador to obtain a supply of water, and, on the 29th, when close in with the coast, having her prize in tow, at 9 in the morning the Constitution hove in sight in a S. S. W. direction, and the Hornet sloop, Captain Lawrence, appeared at the same time off the bay of All Saints, who was coming out to seek his consort in the offing. Captain Lambert immediately cast off the prize, (which, standing in for St. Salvador, was re-taken by the Hornet,) while he made all sail in chase of the Constitution to leeward. It blew a moderate breeze from the N. E. the sky was clear, and the water smooth. At 11 the stranger was made out on board the Java to be a large frigate, standing towards her under an easy sail; and not having answered the private signal, Captain Lambert took in his studding sails and prepared for action. At noon, when the two ships were distant from one another about 4 miles, Captain Bainbridge hove about, and made all sail from the Java on the other tack, keeping good full under his royals; his object in this feint being to draw the Java off from the neutral.



coast, and separate her entirely from her companion, of whose real character he could form no precise estimate. Captain Lambert hauled up in pursuit, but, the breeze freshening, was obliged to furl his royals; the Java was now going at least ten knots through the water, and fore-reaching sensibly upon the chase. In about another hour, having closed with her to about two miles, she took in her spanker and royals, hoisted an American ensign and pendant, and, heaving in stays, stood towards the Java; the two ships had now gained a good offing, being full thirty-six miles from the coast. The Java, taking in her light sails, and hoisting her colours, bore down on the Constitution, who was keeping her luff about three points on the lee bow; and, at 2 in the afternoon, when half a mile apart, received the fire of the enemy, which the Java returned, on his weather-bow, within pistol-shot. The first broadside from the Java killed four seamen, and disabled the Constitution's wheel; and, as the smoke cleared away, she was perceived yawing broad round, in evident confusion. The Java made sail after her, and a brisk cannonading ensued between them, during which both ships were manœuvred with consummate nautical skill. There was, however, a disparity in the execution of their broadsides; for while the Constitution sustained no damage in her spars, the Java had her jib-boom shot away, together with the head of her bowsprit; and her running rigging was likewise so much cut, that it was not practicable for her to preserve any longer the weather-gage. It was now that Bainbridge signalized his seamanship, and by skilfully improving so favourable a

conjuncture for acquiring an ascendancy over his enemy. He dexterously wore the Constitution in the smoke, and, unperceived, had nearly got her about on the other tack, before the helm of the Java could be clapt a-lee; and though it was immediately put hard down in the hope of getting the ship round quick enough to avoid her antagonist's impending fire, she, in consequence of her defective braces, missed stays, and, during the interval that she hung in the wind, received through her stern a heavy raking broadside from the whole range of the Constitution's starboard tier; the Java was now obliged to wear, and, in falling off, fired her larboard guns. At this period of the action, some bar-shot having fallen out of the Java's foremast, by her rolling, the captain of the forecastle, one Wm. Speedy, picked them up, put them into his gun, and sent them back again to the American. Bainbridge had hitherto fired high, with the view of rendering the Java unmanageable by disabling her in her spars and rigging; and having sufficiently accomplished his object, he set his fore and main-sail, and luffed up to her, so as to get her deck within reach of the rifle-men who crowded his tops; and, now, having assumed a raking position, the attack of the Constitution became doubly destructive to the Java, whose lower masts began to totter under the fire of her great guns, while her officers and seamen suffered severely from the play of her musketry. At 3 the Constitution had gained so great an ascendancy by the execution of her guns, that Captain Lambert determined on boarding, as the only hope he had left of successfully terminating the conflict. For

this purpose the seamen and marines were collected on the gangway and forecastle of the Java, and her helm was put a-weather to lay the American abreast of the main-chains; but an unlucky broadside from her disconcerted the design by shooting away the Java's foremast by the board, which, nodding aft in its descent, stove in the boats stowed midships on the booms, and, falling through on the main-deck, disabled several of the starboard guns with the wreck; while, in aggravation of the disaster, the stump of her bowsprit passed over the Constitution's taffarel, and got foul of her mizen-rigging, when the Americans running out their stern chasers, raked her fore and aft with round and grape, and shot away in succession her main-top-mast somewhat above the cap, and her gaff and spanker-boom. As soon as the two ships became disentangled, Bainbridge wore under the stern of the Java, and laying the Constitution on her starboard quarter, poured in a tremendous fire from his whole broadside, while the English frigate, rendered nearly ungovernable, could never get more than two or three guns to bear in return. It was in this exposed condition that a rifle-bullet, fired from the main-top of the Constitution, entered the left breast of Captain Lambert, and lodged in his spine; he fell on the quarter-deck, mortally wounded, and was borne down the ladder by some sailors to the cockpit, which was already crowded with wounded and dying men. The anxiety of these poor fellows for the event of the engagement is truly memorable. While laid on their pallets, they were attentive, even under the anguish of bodily suffering, to

the fire of the main-deck guns ; and, whenever it sensibly slackened, they raised a feeble cheer, and incited their shipmates to perseverance with their dying breath. Upon the fall of Captain Lambert, the command devolved on Mr. Chads, the first lieutenant, an officer of great experience, activity, and resolution, who inflexibly persisted in fighting the ship even after she was reduced to a wreck on the water ; and were not his extraordinary defence of the Java authenticated by unquestionable testimony, the recital would carry with it a marvellous air. In sustaining the heavy fire of the Constitution's concentrated broadside, the mizen-mast of the Java went nearly by the board ; she then fell off a little, and the American shooting ahead, the two frigates were brought again opposed to one another, broadside and broadside. Enabled, by this position, to bring his guns once more to bear, Lieutenant Chads, with only one mast standing, renewed the action with an intrepidity of spirit, which, if it did not ensure success, at least deserved it ; and it will scarcely be any hyperbole to assert, that he fought in a blaze of heroism ; for, during the renovated combat, which lasted half an hour, his ship was frequently in flames from the crew being obliged to fire their guns through the wreck of the masts. In this new struggle the Constitution, having sustained considerable injury in her rigging, made sail ahead out of gun-shot, and hove to, in order to reeve new braces, and repair other damages aloft ; leaving the Java a wreck on the water, with her main-mast tottering, and her main-yard gone in the slings. During this pause, Lieutenant Chads, his offi-



cers, and crew, exerted themselves to clear the wreck, and get the ship before the wind. Though the main-yard was shot in the slings, the weather yard-arm still remained aloft, and they were enabled to bring the main-tack forward. This gave the ship steerage-way; and having unstowed the booms, they got out a spare top-gallant mast, and began to rig it as a jury fore-mast; substituting a lower-studding sail for a fore course. But in the height of their toil, their attention was diverted to the main-mast, which, from the heavy rolling of the ship, was becoming every moment more unstable; and it was found expedient to anticipate the fall of the mast in-board, by cutting it away. The Java was now reduced to a hull, bare and unmanageable. There was not left on her standing a mast or spar of any kind. Six of the quarter-deck guns, and four of those on the fore-castle, were dismounted: several on the main-deck lay buried and useless under the accumulated wreck of the spars, blocks, and cordage, that lumbered the planks fore and aft: and the hull, greatly shattered, was making water, with one pump shot away. Still, in this mutilated state, Lieutenant Chads kept his flag flying, and re-loaded his guns, awaiting the attack of the enemy, who had now wore, and was standing again towards him: meantime he mustered his men at their quarters, and, on calling over their names, found 110 missing. It was at this affecting period that James Humble, the boatswain, whose left hand had been carried away by a grape-shot, returned on deck from the cockpit, with a tourniquet on the stump of the bone, which he supported in the bosom of



his shirt. There are few able to enter into the feelings of an officer whose ship is dismasted in a combat, while that of his opponent is entire in her spars. If the wreck of the disabled masts hangs over the side from whence the fire of the guns is maintained, resistance is necessarily controuled and hazardous ; some of the cannon are rendered nugatory, and the flash from the few that can be served often produces a conflagration. Every attempt to point the guns with precision is counteracted by the heavy rolling of the naked hull ; for the ship, being without canvas to steady her, dips their muzzles into the water at every reeling motion. While the Java was in this perplexity, Bainbridge, in the Constitution, triumphant and unhurt, was about to resume a raking position athwart her bow : any further resistance in Lieutenant Chads would have been to bury his crew in an unfathomable and inevitable grave ; and humanity interposed to tear down the flag which valour had nailed to the remains of the mast.

In this place it may not be improper to state the comparative dimensions and armament of the two frigates ; and as, by a singular coincidence, the Constitution and the United States are sister ships, and the Guerriere, the Macedonian, and the Java, all of one class, the estimate will serve for general reference :

# DIMENSIONS OF THE FRIGATES IN HULL.

	<i>English.</i>		<i>American.</i>	
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
Length of main-deck from rabbit to rabbit }	154	6	173	3
Breadth, extreme	39	6	44	4
Thickness of top-sides, at mid-ship } main-deck port cell }	1	3	1	8
Actual keel, from fore-foot to stern-post }	140	4	156	6
Height of birth-deck	6	5	6	7
Height of main-deck	6	7	7	0
Width of main-deck ports	3	0	3	5
Distance between them	7	3	7	5½
Load-draught of water before	17	9	19	4
Load-draught abaft	19	0	20	6
Tonnage	1081		1533	

## MASTS, SPARS, AND RIGGING.

	<i>English.</i>		<i>American.</i>	
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
Main-mast { length	92	0	101	6
{ diameter	2	3½	3	5*
Main-yard { length	81	6	92	0
{ diameter	1	7½	1	8½
Main-shrouds } Brit. 7 pr. Am. 9. } circumference	0	8	0	11

\* This measurement includes four quarter-fishes, each 3½ inches thick; hooped on nearly from the level of the deck to the cheeks of the mast; otherwise the intrinsic diameter at the partners is only 2 feet 10 inches. The lower masts of English ships have only a small fish in front, for the yard in lowering to go clear of the mast-hoops.

## ARMAMENT.

Main-deck	28 long 18 pndrs.	30 long 24 pndrs.
Quarter-deck and forecastle	16 carr. 32 ———	22 carr. 32 ———
	1 ——— 18 ———	1 ——— 18 ———
	2 long 9 ———	2 long 18 ———

## COMPLEMENT OF HANDS.

Guerriere . . 302	Constitution . 475
Macedonian . 300	United States 475
Java . . . . . 377	Constitution . 475

The American frigates are built on an improved principle, in not having so wide a waist, or open space in the spar-deck amidships, as those of Europe. Of some writers it is a favourite and insidious theme to magnify the force of the American frigates, and liken them to English 74s; but if they exhibit the scantling, they want the lower-deck battery of the line of battle-ship; and to make the resemblance just, the lower-deck ports of the 74 ought to be hermetically sealed. A Blake, a Benbow, a Rodney, or a Nelson, in the Constitution or United States, would keep out of the range of the guns of a 74, and never hazard a contest with one, unless a very heavy sea, by preventing the opening of her lower-deck ports, should place her lower tier of cannon *hors de combat*. But while the 74, with her immense ballast, repositied to counteract the weight of her upper-works, is taking deep and heavy rolls; the American frigate, with her iron, provisions, and stores, drawing within three feet as much water in midships as her two-decked

adversary,\* though more buoyant upon the whole, would not be riding the gale out like a duck in a pond. It will not be hypothetical to deplore the frigate straining her timbers, and shipping seas ; and it would be enough for her to contend with the war of elements, without seeking to vanquish a superior in battle. It may not be uninteresting to exhibit the armament of a modern seventy-four-gun ship.

Lower deck battery . . .	28	long	32	prs.
Upper deck battery . . .	30	—	24	—
Qr. deck and forecastle	{	6	—	12 —
		2 carr.	68	—
		12	—	32 —
Poop . . . . .	7	—	18	—

Formidable as an American frigate may be thought, she could scarcely withstand the force of the blows which a ship of the foregoing armament could inflict ; and provided the seventy-four, by obtaining the weather-gage, could choose her distance, in that event, the United States or the Constitution would have only one effective line of defence ;† for although a carronade with its huge mouth will project a shot to a great distance at a great elevation, it bears no proportion to the range of long guns

\* The load-draught of a 74 is 23 feet ; that of an American frigate 20 feet 6 inches.

† She would have only 15 24-pounders to oppose to 14 32-pounders, and 15 twenty-fours.

when pointed horizontally. But facts render unnecessary every speculation of this kind. Decatur's courage was never doubted; yet when he commanded the United States, in company with the Macedonian and Hornet, he had not the confidence in his force to defy the power of the Valiant and of the Acasta, but sought safety in the nearest port that offered him shelter and protection. They who support the doctrine of 74s in disguise are Reviewers and Parliamentary country gentlemen; men who will never be seriously consulted as oracles in the rig, the build, or the trim of a ship; for it will be no cynical asperity to suppose that not one of either profession was ever in blue water, or out of sight of land. On this subject it would be becoming in them to acquiesce in the implied decision of a British naval commander, who has expressed his ardent wish "to be once more opposed to the Constitution in a frigate of similar force to the Guerriere."

The next care of Captain Bainbridge was to remove the wounded and prisoners from the prize to his own ship; an operation of no easy performance. Of eight boats originally on board the Constitution, only one had escaped destruction in the engagement; and every one belonging to the Java was shot in pieces. Night came on misty; the two frigates were distinguishable only by lanthorns suspended on board of them, and the dissonant cries of the mariners, awakened to the sense of their danger, close and crowded in a small boat, produced a scene of tumult, confusion, and horror. But, as it is common in the tropical regions, the haze on a sudden



cleared away; the constellations of Magellan and of the Ship sparkled in the sky, and shed their light over the solitude of the sea; and as the luminous Cross of the South began to bend, it told the boatman, consulting it with uplifted brow, that the hour of midnight was come.”\*

The Java being reduced to a perfect wreck, Captain Bainbridge decided on burning her; while she was on fire, her guns, still loaded, dispensed successively, their martial thunder, as the spreading flames enveloped their chambers. At length her magazine exploded, and she vanished in a pillar of smoke. The Constitution stood in for St. Salvador, and at the entrance of the bay captured the Eleanor, schooner, from London, with a valuable cargo. She anchored under the stern of the William, whose prize-crew, put on board from the Hornet, were on the yards rolling up their sails. Captain Lambert languished of the wounds which he received in the action till the night of the 4th of January, and was interred, the next day, with military honours in Fort Saint Pedro, the Portuguese governor, Conde dos Areas, and his staff, attending the funeral.

The triumph of the American flag in the three actions which I have described affords a sufficient evidence that when the navy of the Republic is augmented, it will be found the most formidable one hitherto opposed to Great Britain. In spite of the infatuated indifference which

\* The two great stars which mark the summit and foot of the Cross of the South having nearly the same right ascension, the Constellation is almost vertical when it attains its meridian.

marks her policy to the United States ; in spite of the apathy with which she views the growing maritime puissance of that new power ; the contest for the empire of the sea will be between England and the North American Union ; and should the republican fleets be combined, in a maritime war, with those of the ancient enemies of Great Britain, it will task all her energies to assert the inviolability of her naval dominion.

February 24.      The British sloop of war Peacock, Captain Peake, is taken, at the entrance of Demarara river, by the American sloop of war Hornet, Captain Lawrence, after a close action of 20 minutes, when the British vessel, being cut to pieces in her hull, with 6 feet water in her hold, hoisted an ensign, union down, from the fore-rigging, as a signal of distress ; her main-mast going at the same time, by the board. Captain Lawrence immediately dispatched his boats to her assistance, and every exertion was practised to keep her afloat till the wounded and prisoners could be removed. The pumps were set to work, the guns hove overboard, and several shot-holes plugged. But the united efforts of both crews could not keep her above water ; and she foundered in five fathoms, carrying down with her nine of her own sailors, and three Americans. Captain Peake was killed early in the action.

April 10.      Arrived at Boston (N. E ) the United States frigate Chesapeake, Captain Evans, from a cruize of 115 days. From Boston she ran down by the Madeiras,

Canaries, and Cape de Verds ; thence to the equator, where she cruized six weeks ; thence along the coast of South America, down by Barbadoes, Antigua, and most of the windward islands ; thence on the coast of the United States, between Bermuda and the Capes of Virginia, by the capes of Delaware, by New York, and thence through Hell Gate\* back to the port she sailed from. She captured during her roving cruize the British ship Volunteer, from Liverpool to the Brazils, with a cargo valued at 150,000*l.* sterling (arrived at Portsmouth, N. H.): brig Liverpool Hero, from Liverpool to the Brazils, cargo dry goods, hardware, and jewellery, (cargo taken out and vessel burnt) ; and brig Earl Percy from Cape de Verds to Brazils. Soon after the arrival of the Chesapeake, Captain Lawrence was made post into her from the Hornet ; her former commander having been appointed to superintend the building of a 74.

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## ACTION

### BETWEEN THE SHANNON AND CHESAPEAKE.

June 1. The American frigate Chesapeake, Captain Lawrence, is taken by the British frigate Shannon, Captain Broke, who, with unexampled celerity, carries the

\* A celebrated strait near the west end of Long Island Sound.

enemy by boarding, in sight of his own port, and vanquishes him on his own decks. The page of naval annals does not record a bolder enterprize than that which was achieved by the British arms on this occasion: our curiosity is naturally prompted to inquire to what cause we are to attribute the rapidity of their victorious career: and to this no satisfactory answer can be returned, unless the narrator is interested only for the truth and candour of history. At a very early hour of the morning, Captain Broke, cruizing off Boston bay, confided a letter to a discharged prisoner, addressed to Captain Lawrence, inviting him to come out, and, ship to ship, try with him the fortune of their respective flags. This letter, conceived in a spirit of generous sentiment, and bearing strong internal evidence of a total freedom from private revenge, disposes philanthropy to sigh over the infatuation of mankind in their passion for war; which counteracts the best principles of human nature, and has made its history in all ages little else than a chronicle of blood. The Shannon having stood close in with the land, hove to off Boston Light House, to reconnoitre the harbour; and, as the day broke in tints of gold over the ocean, the Chesapeake presented herself to the eager view of the English commander, lying at anchor in President Roads, with royal yards rigged across, and her sails bent ready for sea: the colours were now hoisted on board the Shannon as a sort of defiance to the American frigate. Captain Lawrence, who was not an inattentive observer of the motions of the Shannon, prepared immediately to go on board his ship, and get her underweigh, regard-

less of the expostulations of his friend Commodore Bainbridge, the naval-commanding officer at Boston, who accompanied him to the pier. That officer, as circum-spect as Lawrence was impetuous, emphatically urged, as dissuasives to his going out, that “never having sailed  
“with his crew, he was throwing himself on their sup-  
“port and bravery with a blind, precipitate trust; that  
“the want of the presence and authority of his first  
“Lieutenant, Page, who, from sickness, could not join  
“him, would be a privation of great moment; and that  
“it was to be apprehended the sailors, from the super-  
“stition of their character, would not combat hopefully  
“on the deck of the Chesapeake, which, ever since Bar-  
“ron had hauled down her flag without fighting,\* had  
“incurred reproach and ignominy as an unlucky craft.”

The enterprizing ardour of Lawrence was not to be restrained by the arguments of his friend, and his visions and prophecies were interpreted by him as idle dreams. He gave his hand to a troop of friends who pressed on his steps, and sighing saw his topsails flapping in the wind; and, having embraced with visible emotion his two sons,† one a fine boy of eleven, and the other of thirteen, he stepped into his boat, whose crew were standing at the thwarts with uplifted oars, waved his hand as a signal for the coxswain to shove off, and sought

\* See page 63 of this volume.

† The Congress of the United States settled a pension on the widow of Captain Lawrence, and enacted that his sons should be educated at the public expence.



his ship without delay. The wharves and shipping were covered with the inhabitants of Boston. From the vast multitude no sound was heard; but all remained silent and immoveable, till the ship, under full sail, vanished from their sight.

As there was a leading breeze from the S. W. out of harbour, and the Chesapeake did not for some time leave her anchorage, the English officers and sailors, who had viewed her attentively from the Shannon's deck since the first pale flush of light, began to entertain an apprehension that she declined giving them battle; but their suspense was relieved when they discerned her crew heaving at the capstan-bars, and hoisting in her boats. The Shannon now filled, and stood out to gain an offing under an easy sail; she was followed with great promptitude by the Chesapeake under a crowd of canvas. About 4 in the afternoon, when the Shannon had got between the two Capes that form the entrance of Massachusetts's Bay, and the ships were within five or six miles of one another, the Chesapeake fired a gun and hauled up, as if in defiance; upon which the Shannon hauled up likewise, with her fore-sail in the brails, and her main-top-sail braced flat aback, for her antagonist to overhaul her. The Chesapeake again squared away, and bore down on the Shannon's starboard quarter with three ensigns flying; one at the mizen-royal-mast head, one at the mizen-peak, and one in the starboard main-rigging: the Shannon displayed only an old rusty blue ensign at her gaff, nor was her exterior calculated to inspire a belief of the subordination, the discipline, and the prowess that reigned within.

As the Chesapeake approached her adversary, Captain Lawrence sent down his royal yards; but, as the breeze was apparently dying away, Captain Broke judged it expedient to keep his aloft.

It was at this time that Captain Lawrence desired Mr. Ludlow, his lieutenant, to assemble the crew on the quarter-deck, and, in a speech worthy of himself and the occasion, he exhorted them to assert their country's flag, to avenge her insults, and protect the freedom of their navigation. His harangue, instead of being received by the seamen with a burst of patriotism, was answered with sullen murmurs; they recapitulated their former services, for which they were unrewarded. The author of the tumult, and the leader of the sedition, was a boat-swain's mate, one Joseph Antonio, a Portuguese. Artful and insinuating, he had practised on the facility, and inflamed the discontent of the crew, and he now came forward as their interlocutor. The appearance of this foreigner was singularly fantastic; he wore a checked shirt with a laced jacket, rings in his ears, and a bandana handkerchief round his head. The extreme diminutiveness of his person was rendered the more remarkable by the extravagance of his gesticulation, and he never grew warm in discourse without throwing his body into shrugs and contortions. Laying his hand on his breast, making a profound inclination of his head, and stealing a significant side-glance at the by-standers, he replied to Captain Lawrence, in his broken jargon, with "Pardon me, " Sir, but fair play be one jewel all over the world, and " we no touchee the specie for our last cruize with

“ Capitaine Evans. The Congress is very munificent; they  
“ keep our prize piasters in the treasury, and pay us with  
“ grape and canister. We only receive ten dollars a man  
“ for the *Volontaire*, who groan with the kegs of piasters  
“ in her fore and after hold, till she get hogged\* with their  
“ weight. Good fashion in Portuguese ship, when take  
“ rich prize, is not to pay *poco a poco*, but break bulk and  
“ share out dollar on drum-head of capstan.” At any  
other time the importunate clamours of a venal crew  
would have disconcerted the equanimity of such a man  
as Captain Lawrence; but his ambition now imposed  
restraint on his indignation; he directed the purser to  
distribute prize-checks among the men, and, in dismiss-  
ing them to their guns, bade them remember and emulate  
the naval trophies of the crews of the Constitution and  
United States. The Chesapeake was now approaching  
the Shannon, who, hove to all standing for her to come  
up, had scarcely steerage-way through the water; and  
Captain Lawrence reducing his courses, and taking in  
his top-gallant-sails, luffed gallantly up within half pistol  
shot on the Shannon’s starboard quarter; contrary to  
the expectation of Captain Broke, who thought that the  
Chesapeake would pass under his stern, and engage him  
on the larboard side; and who had ordered his men to  
avoid, in some degree, her raking fire, to lie down flat

\* Hogged, or broken-backed, is the state of a ship, when, from  
some great strain, she droops at each end.

as she passed.\* But Lawrence either overlooked, or waved the advantage.

There, perhaps, never came alongside an enemy a crew more sedulously trained for battle than the seamen of the *Shannon*. It is highly creditable to the arms of America, that the reformation of the great-gun exercise in the British navy must be referred to the hostile energies of her half a dozen frigates. The English, long accustomed to beat the Spaniards and French at sea, never calculated a chance of discomfiture with American mariners, whom, with a superciliousness engendered by a conquest over all other naval flags, they held in contempt; little dreaming that the guns pointed by their hands seldom failed in the end to make their adversary's lower masts go by the board, his topmasts by the cap, and his yards in the slings. Whatever may be said in sport or malice of yankey ships, or yankey tars, the spectacle of a new maritime power, with not a single line of battle ship in commission, disputing not unsuccessfully with Great Britain the sovereignty of the sea, must excite the flame of admiration in every unprejudiced breast. It was in consequence of the reverses sustained by the British in their rencounters with such a foe, that the place of gunner in their frigates remained no longer a sinecure; but that he was called out of bed before broad day to supply ammunition for the seamen assem-

\* James's Naval Occurrences, p. 215.—The author of this page was once on board a frigate in chase of another whose stern-guns being annoying, the crew were ordered to lie down on the deck: at such a time the officers walk to and fro.



bled to practise firing at their quarters.\* The advantages resulting from this systematic training was evinced by the crew of the Shannon in the manner with which they now handled their cannon for the annoyance of their enemy. Not a gun was discharged prematurely; but, as the Chesapeake in rounding to on the Shannon's starboard quarter, brought her fore-mast in a line with the mizen-mast of the English ship, two shot were distinctly heard from her aftermost main-deck-guns, which, aimed at the American's ports, killed and wounded several of the crew: the Chesapeake fired her whole broadside in return, which elicited that of the Shannon as fast as the sailors could bring their guns to bear effectually. An awful feature of this action is the great number of men that fell in it. Though from the firing of the first gun till the hauling down of the Chesapeake's

\* It is doubtful whether the British marines, however rigid and systematic their drilling, will ever become such dexterous marksmen as those of the United States Navy. The American Executive, in the late war, spared no pains to form an effective corps; they dispatched agents into the back-woods to enlist them, and established a marine-barrack close by their Congress Hall, from which deathful depôt they supplied their frigates. The American marines are riflemen, remarkable for their *cool, deliberate firing*. A scarcity of ammunition first introduced the practice into the country at Bunker's Hill, and the carnage that ensued among the British regulars was a fatal proof of its efficacy. While the military of Europe are employed in powdering, pipe-claying, blacking, and polishing, these yankey sharp-shooters are casting and cutting their own balls, oiling the insides of their rifles, or examining their flints; and it is no uncommon thing for one of them to hold a board only nine inches square between his knees, while a comrade fires a ball through from a distance of one hundred paces.



colours only fifteen minutes elapsed, yet such was the destructive rage of the two ships' cannonade, that the aggregate loss on both sides was 126 killed, and 141 wounded; making a sanguinary total of 267. It is with pain that History records such an effusion of human blood; and it might justly provoke her pity and indignation that so copious a stream should flow from the hostile encounter of men endeared to each other by one common origin. In this engagement the attention has been generally directed to the numbers killed on board the Chesapeake, but the fact has been established by the confession of the English officers, that the Shannon had upwards of 20 men slain, and more than 50 wounded; a number sufficient to fill up the measure of casualties from shot fired by European enemies in three successive combats. Until her shot-holes were stopped the Shannon made considerable water upon the larboard tack. Skill in gunnery appears to be innate among Americans; they have little need to fire many shot in play to make one hit in earnest. The execution however of the Chesapeake's fire being more partial, bears no proportion to that of the Shannon, which finds an explication in the advantageous position that the English ship acquired as the American accidentally fell onboard of her. It is specified that nearly a hundred men were killed by the Shannon's two or three broadsides, the full fire of whose main-deck guns (as just hinted), swept unanswered the Chesapeake's deck through her cabin-windows. The havoc is ascertained to have been prodigiously great; for stating, as it is authenticated, that there were 431 men on-

board at the beginning of the action ; if we deduct from this number 234, who were received as unhurt by the agent for prisoners at Halifax, it follows that there were 197 men killed and wounded ; from which if we again deduct 91, the number brought into port wounded, there remain 106 for the Americans killed in this short but bloody encounter. Actions between fleets have been fought with less loss. The two frigates entered into action steering good full under their top-sails and jib, within half-pistol-shot ; but, at the first broadside from the Shannon, the Chesapeake having her fore-top-sail-tie shot away, her fore-top-sail-yard, of course, came down by the run, and her jib-sheet being at the same moment cut in two, the ship, from want of head-sail, came up in the wind, and her quarter-gallery-window got hooked by the fluke of a waist-anchor, which was stowed in the Shannon's starboard main chains ; it had been placed there to assist in trimming her, as she discovered rather a list to port. As soon as the Chesapeake fell on-board of the Shannon, Captain Lawrence, either to put his ship on the defensive, or assault that of the enemy, called out for the bugle-man to summon the boarders with his horn ; but the herald appointed to rouse the main-deck-seamen, now for the first time in battle, was so astounded with the din and clamour of voices, the roar of the cannon, the whizzing of the shot, and the smell and smoke of the powder, that he had deserted his gun, and crawled for shelter behind the capstan, where he was detected by a midshipman, who declared, after the action, that he never witnessed any thing in human shape so exquisitely droll in one sense, and so pitiable in another ;

for, though in an agony bordering on the bitterness of death, he was not unmindful of his strong and imperious duty ; but raised the horn to his mouth, which, from the chattering of his teeth, he could not inspire with an audible sound.\* No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger : it is not every one that can maintain his composure amidst a shower of round, grape, and canister shot, calculated to unrig a ship, or take off a head ; and there are thousands disposed to laugh over the calamity of the Chesapeake's bugle-man, who, had they been placed in his situation, would have been overtaken by the same infirmities. The votaries to renown may draw a salutary moral from his story. It may serve to teach them that the perpetuity of a name is not conferred by valour alone ; that it is the prerogative of the panic-struck bugle-man, as well as the bravest in the battle, to be recorded and remembered ; and that though honours are bestowed on courage, yet cowardice has its fame. The American Court of Inquiry, on the loss of the Chesapeake, recur to the fright of William Brown as one great cause of her surrender :† the disgrace of the day is

\* The Chesapeake's bugleman is worthy of the talents of a LEO-NARDO DA VINCI : of a painter made up of all the elements without the preponderance of any one : of a painter equally attracted by character and caricature : of a painter who can look terror full in the face, and deck it with drollery.

† “ The Court are unanimously of opinion, that one of the causes  
“ of the capture of the late United States frigate, Chesapeake, was  
“ the bugleman's desertion of his quarters, and *his inability to sound*  
“ *his horn.*”

, Report of the Court.

laid, in a great measure, at his door : they will not give up the horn : and by selecting the bugle-man for their scape-goat, they have exalted an abject wretch on a lofty pedestal, who, pointed to as the author of the discomfiture, aggravates, by his scandalous character, the national indignity. However formidable may be an American Court of Inquiry composed of Commodores, Justice presumes to arraign their decision, and to declare that Brown's horn is made a pretext to cover a defeat, which, superior to all vain and frivolous subterfuge, they ought, with a noble unity of sentiment, to have attributed to the early fall of Captain Lawrence: for when he was no more, confusion and terror had already prepared the submission of the crew, and not the martial music of bugles, drums, and trumpets, would have quickened the circulation of their blood and spirits into sufficient bravery to resist the tide of boarding directed and impelled by the voice and eye of the British commander. The bugleman being unable, from trepidation, to sound his horn, Captain Lawrence presented himself at the break of the quarter-deck, and called with earnest importunity down the hatchway for the boarders. The shot from the Shannon's aftermost guns had now a fair range along the Chesapeake's decks, beating in her stern-ports, and sweeping the crew from their quarters, while the fire from the foremost guns entering the ports of the main and quarter decks from the gangway aft, produced a dreadful carnage among the officers. A grape-shot fired from a main-deck gun of the English ship's starboard tier, struck the medal which Captain Lawrence wore suspended on his



breast in commemoration of his former naval victory, and he fell on the quarter-deck, fainting with the profusion of blood that flowed from the wound. The cry soon spread fore and aft that the Captain was killed, and Lieutenant Cox, who commanded the foremost division of guns on the main-deck, swayed probably by affection, ran immediately up the ladder that communicated with the quarter-deck, and lifted his bleeding commander in his arms. Captain Lawrence had now recovered his spirit, and raising his eyes towards the colours flying at the peak, with a steady look, though a faltering voice, he uttered, as his attendants were bearing him down to the cockpit, his last broken, though articulate words: **DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP:** and heroically expired in the arms of his men. Thus fell, at the age of 34, Capt. Jas. Lawrence. He had been formed under that great naval commander Preble, in the war between the American Republic and the Barbary States, and accompanied Decatur in the celebrated enterprize of cutting out the Philadelphia frigate from under the batteries of Algiers. No one ever disputed the ardour and brilliancy of his courage: bold and decisive in action, he could not confine himself to hold a middle course, but sought to bring it to a speedy issue.\* His gentle and unassuming manners displayed that simplicity which so often accompanies greatness of character; and he possessed a native dignity of sentiment which kept him free from every taint of falsehood:

\* The impetuosity with which he attacked both the Chesapeake and Peacock, bears ample testimony to this part of his character.



nor could he endure it in others. When Paul Hamilton, the Secretary of the Navy, partially promoted young Allen, Decatur's first Lieutenant, over his head, Lawrence, with the proud consciousness of his own merit, and eminent services to the Republic, would have thrown up his commission without deigning to remonstrate, had not the Legislature, appreciating his worth, and tacitly applauding his manly spirit of independence, cancelled the appointment, and redressed the indignity. His bold and intrepid public spirit tempered with the utmost affability, gave his character the milder glory of the house of Valerii; he was a noble Roman born two thousand years after his time. In person he was somewhat above the middle height, and his fine figure indicated extraordinary strength and agility: in exercises that require activity and address he had no competitor in a numerous crew of picked seamen; for, standing in the main-chains, he has been known to heave the hand-lead over the fore-yard arm. An American might be tempted to regret that he had not survived to augment the animation of the scene that followed: and, from the expectations formed of him, his countrymen are sanguine enough to believe that a crew of Americans acquiring unity and consistence from the presence of such a leader, would either have sunk in heaps of slain on the deck, or compelled the assailants to retrace their steps back to their own ship. Had he not fallen so early in the action, he might have exclaimed without the imputation of arrogance;

αμφὶ δὲ τῇ μῇ νηὶ μελαίνῃ

Ἐκτορα, καὶ μεμαῶτα, μαῖνης ὀϊῶ. *Σχησεσθαι οἶω.*

---

at my own ship  
And on my own ship's gunwale, it may chance  
The noblest of my foes shall make a pause.

By the same broadside that deprived the Chesapeake of her commander, fell likewise Mr. White, the master, Mr. Broom, the officer of marines, and Mr. Ballard, the fourth lieutenant; they were all killed. The seamen on the quarter-deck became dispirited at the fall of their captain and officers. Confusion and dismay spread from gun to gun, till at length the captains of the guns, forgetful of their duty, threw down the handspikes with which they pointed the cannon, and, followed by their comrades, fled ignominiously towards the hatchway. Lieutenant Ludlow, the only officer left alive on the quarter-deck, employed authority, threats and entreaties to stop them in the pusillanimous and criminal desertion of their quarters. "Whither," seamen, he cried aloud, "whither do ye fly? what is there in your enemy to inspire this terror? we have beaten him before, and we can beat him again; let us not sully our naval glory, but add another trophy to the flags of the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian* and *Java*." It was to no purpose that he strove, by his example and exhortation, to rally the discomfited sailors; the English crew was now in the act of boarding, and they abandoned without a struggle the

deck at their approach. Ludlow, perceiving with amazement the guns deserted abaft, advanced to the waist, where he hoped to find the men not forgetful of their fame ; but the mutual confidence on which the union and strength of a ship's company depend, was now undermined ; the terror had become general on the spar-deck, and the panic was rapidly spreading among a disorderly crowd of seamen, who, in their promiscuous eagerness to escape from the glittering cutlasses of the British boarders, prevented each other from getting down the hatchway ; a few, with more presence of mind, fled over the bows and reached the main-deck through the bridle-ports. The two ships had now so altered their position that the English had free access to the Chesapeake's quarter-deck ; she had fallen off and lay close alongside of the Shannon with her main-mast nearly in a line with her adversary's taffarel. At this juncture Captain Broke determined to make a bold effort for victory, by assaulting the enemy on his own deck. He immediately called out " Board ! " and, heading the assailants, rushed from his own ship on board the American, followed by his first lieutenant, Mr. Watts, an officer of great gallantry, and the choicest of his sailors, raising a British cheer. The moment was decisive ; they found the guns on the quarter-deck,\* together with the wheel, abandoned, and their passage abaft intercepted only by the dead bodies of officers and seamen : at the gangway they were encountered by Lieu-

\* " On the quarter-deck not an officer or man was to be seen."

James, p. 217.

tenant Ludlow and a few faithful hearts, whom the anxiety of that young officer had rallied, and who now stood with a contempt of death to resent the insult offered their flag, and die combatting on the deck of their own ship, rather than survive the dishonour of her surrender: this handful of intrepid warriors fell overwhelmed by numbers, with their youthful and gallant leader at their head; who, in his end, has made the glory of his name immortal. On the fore-castle there appeared only Lieutenant Budd and a few seamen, who were in the act of getting on board the fore tack to shoot the ship clear of her adversary; this group was quickly dispersed, and their officer thrown down wounded on the main-deck. The Chesapeake was now irretrievably gone, for the only remaining lieutenant had suffered himself to be influenced by sentiments unlike those of a gallant spirit in a pressing emergency. With a sympathy preposterous at such a juncture, he had withdrawn his example and presence from the division of men that he commanded on the main-deck, to assist his wounded commander down into the cockpit; his inglorious disappearance and long absence, at a time when he had other points to carry, were much resented by the sailors. The Court of Inquiry glance severely at the behaviour of Lieutenant Cox; but his counsel, if versed in the history of ancient wars, might plead the usage of antiquity. We are told with great *naïveté* by Homer, that Hector took himself off in the heat of the battle between the Greeks and Trojans on the Xanthus; not, probably, relishing the idea of coming *athwart the hawse* of Ajax. But the resemblance holds good between Lieut-

nant Cox and Hector in other features of their conduct. When Hector was diverging from the field, he exclaimed to his troops :

————— my friends, be men ;  
Rouse all your fire and force, while, ent'ring Troy,  
I offer vows and hecatombs to heav'n.

And Lieutenant Cox, as he *shoved his boat off*, very seriously urged the seamen to a vigorous prosecution of the war.\*

\* See the Report of the Court.



## A TABLE

*Shewing the Station and Fate of the Chesapeake's Officers.*

OFFICERS.	Where Stationed.	THEIR FATE.
Captain Lawrence . . . . .	Quarter-deck	Mortally wounded before the boarding.
(Mr. Page . . 1st Lieutenant)	(Sick on shore)	
Mr. Ludlow . . 2d ———	Quarter-deck	Mortally wounded in repelling boarders.
Mr. Budd . . . 3d ———	Main-deck . .	Thrown <i>hors de combat</i> .
Mr. Ballard . . 4th ———	—————	Killed before the boarding.
Mr. Cox . . . . 5th ———	—————	Missing at the boarding.
Mr. White, Master . . . . .	Quarter-deck	Killed before the boarding.
Mr. Broom, Lieut. of Marines	—————	Killed before the boarding.

The assailants led on to the charge of the enemy by Captain Broke were followed by Lieutenant Falkiner at the head of the main-deck-boarders, and by the lieutenants Johns and Laws, animating by their spirit and conduct their respective divisions of marines. There were at this time upwards of three hundred American sailors on the next deck below, in the vigour of youth, health and strength, who, without an officer to give union and efficacy to their resources, made no effort to assert their colours, or defend their ship; but heard with little or no emotion the trampling of the boarders above their heads, more ready to accuse, than to remedy, the evil, which they imputed to the privation of all authority at such a crisis to kindle and direct their courage. When the Americans on the forecastle had submitted, Captain Broke placed a sailor to stand centinel over them, and sent most of the rest of his party aft. A daring discharge of musketry was still kept up from the Chesapeake's main-top, and he was in the act of directing his marines to answer it, when the centinel called out for him to beware; and, on turning round, he found himself assailed by three of the Americans whom he had left in the custody of the sailor, and who had armed themselves afresh with some disregarded weapons. "Captain Broke parried the middle fellow's pike, and wounded him in the face with his sword; but instantly received from the man on the pikeman's right a blow with the butt-end of a musket, which bared his skull, and nearly stunned him. Bent on finishing the British commander, the third man cut him down with his

“ broad-sword; and, at that very instant, was himself  
“ cut down by an English sailor who had run to his  
“ captain’s assistance. Captain Broke and his treache-  
“ rous foe now lay side by side; each, although nearly  
“ powerless, striving to regain his sword, when a marine  
“ who had advanced to the spot, dispatched the American  
“ with his bayonet.”\* In the mean while Midshipman  
Smith, who commanded in the fore-top of the Shannon,  
stormed with his top-men, about five in number, the  
Chesapeake’s fore-top from the fore-yard-arm, and with  
irresistible fury put all the Americans stationed there to  
the sword, except a boy named John White, who glided  
down a backstay with all the precipitation that terror  
could inspire, and lighting on the deck close by Captain  
Broke, who sat bleeding from his wound supported by  
the Shannon’s seamen, embraced with tears the feet of  
his foe, and implored his protection. There was every  
thing in the boy’s appearance to make him an object of  
interest. His fine, flexible figure acquired new grace  
from his attitude of supplication. His little naval hat,  
tarred but glossy, and encircled at the crown with a  
blue broad ribbon inscribed in gilt letters with FREE  
TRADE AND SAILORS’ RIGHTS, gallantly set off  
the flaxen ringlets of his luxuriant hair, and heightened  
the anxiety of his light blue eye. As he finished his  
prayer of entreaty, he pressed with one hand to his eyes,  
as he held the captain with the other, the curving ends

\* James’s Naval Occurrences, page 218.

of a red bandana handkerchief that was loosely tied round his neck, as though he had not fortitude to look in the face that death which his fears suggested to him impended from the blow of a sabre, a musket, or half pike. Not only his speech, his voice, his look, but his close blue jacket accurately expressing his shape, and the fashion of his duck trowsers, flowing and redundant at the feet—his very apparel—in short, his *tout ensemble* denoted an English origin: but the resentment of the boarders was inflamed by the conduct of the Americans on the forecastle; and though Captain Broke calmed the alarm and apprehensions of the boy with all the tenderness excited by pity, he found it difficult to restrain his men from including him among the victims of their exasperated rage.\* When the stripling was sufficiently assured to rise from his suppliant posture, he threw his blue eyes round on the crowd with a mingled expression of shyness and dislike. To the glances of some midshipmen of his own age and stature, whom curiosity had brought to the spot, he returned a countenance of daring, which told them in intelligible language, that in clinging to their captain for protection he was not

\* “The British commander was not the only sufferer on this occasion; one of his men was killed, and two or three were wounded. Can it be wondered at, if all the Americans who were concerned in this breach of faith, fell victims to the indignation of the Shan-non’s men? It was as much as their captain could do, to save from their fury a young midshipman, who, having slid down a rope from the Chesapeake’s fore-top, begged his protection.”

*James’s Naval Occurrences, page 218.*

instigated by any dread of them, but of some rough sons of Erin, who, with naked cutlasses in their hands, were conversing with a malicious gaiety in the dialect of their native soil.\* Midshipman Smith, who had now come down out of the fore-top, perceiving the wounded state of Captain Broke, advanced to give him his attendance, and a seaman, while tying a handkerchief round his commander's head, called out, directing his look aft, "There, Sir, there goes up the old ensign over the "Yankee colours." Lieutenant Watts, who, throughout the assault, had kindled the spirit of the boarders by his presence, his voice, and his example, had hauled down himself the American flag, and bending the British colours to the ensign halyards above them, caused the symbol of victory to wave at the peak. No sooner was the triumphant banner displayed, than the English sailors, from both ships, hailed it with three successive shouts, waving, at the same time their hats in the air. Lieutenant Watts joined in the acclamations of the naval multitude, standing near the taffarel, and pointing with exultation to the proud flag of his country, when he was struck in the pride of conquest, by a cannon shot

\* On the 30th of May, one day prior to the action, the Shannon fell in with the Sherbrooke, British privateer, having on board 52 Irish labourers, taken out of an American privateer, which had made prisoners of them, in capturing the Duck, from Waterford to Newfoundland, on board which ship they were steerage passengers. Of these men 22 were pressed into the Shannon, recommended by their bodily strength, for it was the first time they were ever on sea "rocking about." Three of these fell in the fight.



fired from his own ship,\* which killed him on the spot, and changed the general tumult of joy into an universal groan of dejection. Captain Broke was now supported aft by Mr. Smith and some seamen to the quarter-deck, where he seated himself upon one of the carronade slides. The British colours were flying on board the Chesapeake; but notwithstanding their display, some of her crew on the main deck, who had not the courage to risk the event of a sally among the besiegers, made an impotent attempt at deliverance by firing up the hatchway, and killed a marine. Lieutenant Falkener, who was sitting on the booms, provoked at this outrage, ordered some muskets to be fired down the grating in return, and Captain Broke, from his seat upon the carronade slide, called to that officer to summon the Americans to surrender, if they sincerely desired quarter. They answered up the hatchway that they had laid down their arms, and hostilities ceased. About this time the Chesapeake's quarter-gallery gave way with the strain made on it by the Shannon's waist anchor, and the two ships went clear of one another. The jolly-boat from the Shannon came alongside soon after with a reinforcement of men, and Captain Broke, assured that the victory was complete, left Mr. Falkener in charge of the prize, and returned, almost exhausted with blood, to his own ship.

And now, as the Chesapeake's crew were conducted up

\* After the English had boarded the American frigate, an occasional fire was kept up from the Shannon's bow-guns; a co-operation hazardous to the lives of her own crew, as it is seen in the context.

the main-hatchway, in gangs to be hand-cuffed, they presented an assemblage of tall, stout, active, young fellows, who, though prisoners, looked supreme on the deck when compared with the seamen of the Shannon, who wanted, not only their youth and stature, but that freedom of carriage and those disengaged manners, which are the inheritance of the children of Columbia.\* As they submitted their wrists to the master at arms, they looked round on the English sailors with a mingled glance of surprise and self reproach, as much as to say, our bondage must be voluntary. One young fellow, a gay Virginian, whispered in the ear of the master at arms, as he held out his hand to be manacled, "If there was a sack placed on the deck between you and me, and it was agreed that he who was first put into it of the two should wear the handcuffs, I guess, shipmate, that my wrists would go free. Or, if you and I were ashore on yonder beach, where there is nothing but clams to take the part of either, and you presumed to come athwart my hawse in this manner, there are no snakes in Virginia, if I did not cut your cable."

\* James, who will never be suspected of pronouncing a panegyric on Americans, thus speaks of the sailors of the respective ships: "The Chesapeake's crew were remarkably stout, healthy young men; especially when contrasted with the Shannon's; most of whom were rather below the middle stature, and a great proportion old or elderly men. As one proof of stoutness in the Chesapeake's men, the hand-cuffs that had been placed upon her deck, ready to secure the British crew, as soon as the Shannon was captured, caused, when applied to the wrists of the Americans, many of them to wince with pain."

In this action there was a rigid equality subsisting between the two frigates in dimensions and armament; they were counterparts in length of keel, breadth of beam, and draught of water; their guns were of the same calibre, and their broadsides threw the same weight in metal.\* Of the two ships the American had the more numerous crew; the Chesapeake went into action with 431 men; the Shannon mustered 330.

It is an honourable circumstance for the navy of the United States, that the capture of the Chesapeake was hailed in England with a joy that bordered on extravagance. Her Conscript Fathers caught the enthusiasm. When Mr. Croker read the statement of the action before the House of Commons, the members from all parts interrupted him with loud and protracted cheering.† But in this vociferous burst of the British Legislature an implied respect was paid the six-frigate navy of America, withheld, in former victories, from the colossal armadas of Holland, France, and Spain.

The prisoners being distributed, the Shannon stood with her prize towards Halifax, where they arrived on the fifth day after the action. There was nothing to delay them; no mast or spar of either frigate had been shot away; and the words of Captain Broke exhibit a lively

\* The Chesapeake is of inferior dimensions to the Constitution and United States: her length is 151 feet, and her breadth 40 feet: she has 14 ports of a side on her main-deck, where she carries long eighteen pounders.

† London Chronicle for July 9, 1813.

image of the unimpaired condition of the two ships, where he says, that “they came out of action in the most beautiful order, their rigging appearing as perfect as if they had been only exchanging a salute.” This suggests a recollection not very flattering to Americans ; and when they recur to the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian*, and the *Java*, a sigh and confession must escape from them, that those ships did not strike their flags till they had not a mast left standing. Captain Lawrence was buried at Halifax with the honours of war : the public square, the streets were filled with a vast multitude of spectators : his coffin was borne to the church-yard by the seamen of the *Shannon* : six navy captains were the pall bearers : the Governor and officers of the garrison swelled the solemn procession ; and his enemies not only gave him a sepulchre, but watered it with their tears.

Τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἴσσι θανόντων.

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*Report of the Court of Inquiry on the Surrender of the Chesapeake.*

The Court are unanimously of opinion that the *Chesapeake* was gallantly carried into action by her late brave commander ; and no doubt rests with the Court, from comparison of the injury respectively sustained by the frigates, that the fire of the *Chesapeake* was much superior to that of the *Shannon*.

The *Shannon* being much cut in her spars and rigging, and receiving many shot in and below the water-line, was



reduced almost to a sinking condition, after only a few minutes cannonading from the Chesapeake, while the Chesapeake was comparatively uninjured. And the court have no doubt, if the Chesapeake had not accidentally fallen on board the Shannon, and the Shannon's anchor got foul in the after-quarter-port of the Chesapeake, the Shannon must have very soon surrendered or sunk.

It appears to the court, that as the ships were getting foul, Captain Lawrence ordered the boarders to be called; *but the bugleman, W. Brown, stationed to call the boarders by sounding a bugle, had deserted his quarters, and when discovered and ordered to call, was unable, from fright, to sound his horn;*\* that a midshipman went below immediately to pass the word for the boarders: but not being called in the way they had been usually exercised, few came upon the upper deck; confusion prevailed; a greater part of the men deserted their quarters and ran below. It appears also to the court, that when the Shannon got foul of the Chesapeake, Captain Lawrence, his first lieutenant, the sailing-master, and lieutenant of marines, were all killed or mortally wounded, and thereby the upper deck of the Chesapeake was left without any commanding officer, and with only one or two young midshipmen. It also appears to the court, that previously to the ships getting foul, many of the Chesapeake's spar-deck division had been killed and wounded, and the num-

\* It is by proving from witnesses the special fact of Brown's inability, from trepidation, to sound his horn, that the court have conferred on him a fame comical but everlasting; he will amuse to the end of the world successive generations of risible beings.



ber stationed on that deck thereby considerably reduced; that these being left without a commissioned officer, or even a warrant officer, except one or two inexperienced midshipmen, and not being supported by the boarders from the gun-deck, almost universally deserted their quarters. And the enemy availing himself of this defenceless state of the Chesapeake's upper deck, boarded and obtained possession of the ship with very little opposition.

From this view of the engagement, and careful examination of the evidence, the court are unanimously of opinion, that the capture of the late United States frigate Chesapeake was occasioned by the following causes:—the almost unexampled early fall of Captain Lawrence, and all the principal officers: *the bugleman's desertion of his quarters, and inability to sound his horn*; for the court are of opinion, *if the horn had been sounded* when first ordered, the men being then at their quarters, the boarders would have promptly repaired to the spar-deck, probably have prevented the enemy from boarding—certainly have repelled them, and might have returned the boarding with success, and the failure of the boarders on both decks, to rally on the spar-deck, after the enemy had boarded, which might have been done successfully, it is believed, from *the cautious manner in which the enemy came on board*.

The court cannot, however, perceive, in this almost unexampled concurrence of disastrous circumstances, that the national flag has suffered any dishonour from the capture of the United States frigate Chesapeake, by the

superior force of the frigate Shannon, of 52 carriage-guns, and 396 men. Nor do this court apprehend that the result of this engagement, will in the least discourage our brave seamen from meeting the enemy hereafter on equal terms.

The court being also charged to enquire into the conduct of the officers and men during and after the engagement, and thereupon having strictly examined and maturely considered the evidence as recorded, do find the following causes of complaint.

First. Against Lieutenant Cox ; that being stationed in command of the second division on the main-deck, he left his division during the action, while his men were at their quarters, and went upon the upper deck ; and when there, and the enemy boarding, or on the point of boarding, he left the deck to assist Captain Lawrence below, went down with him from the spar-deck to the birth-deck ; did not return to his division, but went forward to the gun-deck ; that while there, and the men were retreating below, he commanded them to go to their duty, without enforcing his commands. But as a court of inquiry allows an accused person no opportunity of vindicating his conduct, the members of this court trust that their opinion on the conduct of Lieutenant Cox may not be deemed conclusive against him, without trial by court-martial.

Second. Against Midshipman Forrest ; that he left his quarters during the action, and did not return to them, and now assigns no reason for his conduct satisfactory to this court.

Third. Against Midshipman Freshman ; that he behaved in an un-officer like manner at Halifax, assum-

*ing a false name at the office of the commissary of prisoners when obtaining his parole, and was paroled by the name of William Brown.\**

Fourth. Against the crew generally; that they deserted their quarters, and ran below after the ships were foul, and the enemy boarded. But it appearing that they behaved well at their quarters before, and fired on the enemy with great rapidity and precision; the court ascribe their misconduct to the confusion naturally incident to the early fall of their officers, and the omission of the call of boarders in the accustomed manner.

Yet this court is very far from exculpating those who are thus criminal. It is unable to designate by name all the individuals who thus abandoned their duty, because most of the officers had recently joined the ship, some only a few days preceding the engagement, and of course could not distinguish the men. The court, therefore, respectfully submit to higher authority, the expediency of withholding the wages of the crew. The persons whom the court are able to designate by name, as deserters from their stations, are *William Brown, bugleman*,† *Joseph Russell*, Captain of second gun, *Peter Frost*, and *John Joyce*, seamen, and *Joseph Antonio*, boatswain's mate.

The court further find and report, that *William Wainwright*, *William Worthington*, and *James Parker*, the

\* This is irresistibly farcical, for an officer of the Chesapeake to envy the bugleman his honours, and get paroled under his name.

† The imagination of the Members who compose the Court, is perpetually haunted by the bugleman.

last of whom was born at Salem, Massachussets, were claimed by the enemy as British subjects, and sent on board of the enemy's ships of war.

This court respectfully beg leave to superadd, that unbiassed by any illiberal feelings toward the enemy, they feel it their duty to state, that the conduct of the enemy after boarding and carrying the Chesapeake, was a most unwarrantable abuse of power and success.

The court is aware that, in carrying a ship by boarding, the full extent of the command of an officer cannot be readily exercised; and that improper violence may unavoidably ensue. When this happens in the moment of contention, a magnanimous conquered foe will not complain. But the fact has been clearly established before this court, that the enemy met with little opposition on the upper deck, and none on the gun-deck. Yet after they had carried the ship, they fired from the gun-deck down the hatchway upon the birth-deck, and killed and wounded several of the Chesapeake's crew, who had retreated there, were unarmed and incapable of making any opposition: that some balls were fired even into the cockpit; and what excites the utmost abhorrence, this outrage was committed in the presence of a British officer standing on the hatchway.\*

W. BAINBRIDGE, President.

\* This horrid charge is not less devoid of probability than destitute of authentic evidence. Captain Broke owes his distinction not more to his sword than to his clemency; and he was not a man to stain his laurels with the blood of the conquered. The firing complained of was provoked, and the preceding narrative details faithfully the affair.



June 2. The American frigate *United States*, Commodore Decatur, the *Macedonian*, Captain Jones, and the *Hornet* sloop, Captain Biddle, equipped for a cruize in the Indian ocean, leave New York through Long Island Sound, the usual passage by Sandy Hook being blockaded ; but, before they can clear the Sound, the *Valliant* of 74 guns, Captain Oliver, and the *Acasta* frigate, Captain Kerr, heave in sight, and chase them into the port of New London, a small town on the river Thames, about three miles from its estuary. The British ships come to an anchor off Gardner's Island, and commence a blockade of the American squadron.

August 13. The *Argus* American sloop of war, Captain Allen, having landed Mr. Crawford, minister plenipotentiary from the United States to France, and his suite, at Havre, proceeded to cruize off the English and Irish coast, and burnt so many vessels, that the Irish declared their channel was set in a blaze. The following is an authentic record of the devastation committed by the brig, from the 20th of July to this day ; partly off the Land's End, and partly on the coast of Ireland, between the Shannon river and the Liffey, and near Lundy : *Mariner*, Gilbert, from St. Croix to Bristol, burnt ; *Betsey*, Merryweather, from St. Vincent's to Bristol, since retaken ; *Cordelia*, Avery, from St. Martin's to Bristol, given up to the prisoners, after destroying the cargo ; *Baltic*, Hardecastle, from Barbadoes to Dublin, burnt ; *Susannah*, Porrett, from Madcira to London, given up, after destroying part of the cargo ; *Matilda*, from Pernam-



bucco to London, since retaken ; Salamanca, from Oporto to Newfoundland, burnt ; Defiance, from Glasgow to Newfoundland, burnt ; Fowey, M'Donnell, from Limerick to Plymouth, burnt ; Lady Frances, Blair, from Limerick to Liverpool, burnt ; Belford, Donaldson, from Dublin to London (with 16,500 pieces of linen on board),\* burnt ; Ann, Richards, from Barmouth to London, burnt ; John and Sally, and Dinas and Betty, from Cork to Ilfracombe, both burnt ; John and Thomas, from Poole to Liverpool, burnt ; Elenora, from Poole to Liverpool, given up ; Whitby, Biggs, from Gibraltar to Portsmouth, burnt ; Barbadoes, transport, from Cork to St. Andero, burnt ; Alliance, transport, from Cork to St. Andero, burnt ; sloop Fame, given up.

14. The American sloop of war, *Argus*, Captain Allen, is taken, in St. George's Channel, by the British sloop of war *Pelican*, Captain Maples, after an action of 40 minutes. Captain Allen was mortally wounded early in the conflict : he was Decatur's first lieutenant when he took the *Macedonian*.

September 5. The British sloop of war *Boxer*, Captain Blyth, is taken, off Portland, Massachusetts, by the American sloop of war *Enterprize*, Captain Burrows, after a spirited action, in which both commanders were mortally wounded.

27. Commodore Rodgers, in the *President* frigate, arrives at Newport, Rhode Island, from a cruize of five

\* Valued at 100,000*l*.

months in the North Seas. He brought in with him the schooner *Highflyer*, mounting 4 guns and 1 long tom, with a complement of 39 men, tender to Admiral Warren. He captured her on the 9th instant by almost a miracle. On making the schooner to the southward of Nantucket Shoals, she hoisted the private British signal, which was answered by Commodore Rodgers with a red flag, and it proved the British signal of that day. Upon seeing this, the *Highflyer* came immediately to him. Commodore Rodgers ordered one of his officers to dress in British uniform, and manned out a boat and boarded the schooner immediately. The Lieutenant of the schooner did not wait to be boarded, but manned out his own boat and boarded the *President*, supposing the *President* was a British frigate. The British Lieutenant was on board some time before he discovered his mistake. The officer that boarded the schooner from the *President*, asked the officer left in charge of the schooner for the private signals and instructions, which were immediately handed to him. By this stratagem Commodore Rodgers obtained possession of the British private signals, and Admiral Warren's instructions. On examining Admiral Warren's instructions, Commodore Rodgers discovered the number of British squadrons stationed on the American coast, their force and relative positions, with pointed instructions to all of them, if possible, to capture the *President*.

## A YANKEY TRICK.

30. Commodore Lewis, who commands a flotilla of gun-boats, stationed at Sandy Hook, a promontory near the city of New York, sends out a fishing-smack from Musquito Cove, for the purpose of taking, by stratagem, the sloop *Eagle*, tender to the British 74, *Poictiers*, Captain Beresford, cruizing off Sandy Hook light-house. The smack, named the *Yankee*, was borrowed of some fishermen at Fly Market, and a calf, a sheep, and a goose, purchased and secured on deck. Between 30 and 40 men, well armed with muskets, were secreted in the cabin and fore-peak of the smack. Thus prepared, she stood out to sea, as if going on a fishing trip to the Banks, three men only being on deck, dressed in fishermen's apparel, with buff caps on.—The *Eagle*, on perceiving the smack, immediately gave chase, and after coming up with her, and finding she had live stock on deck, ordered her to go down to the Commodore, then about five miles distant. The helmsman of the smack answered, “aye, aye, Sir,” and apparently put up the helm for that purpose, which brought him alongside the *Eagle*, not more than three yards distant. The watch-word, *Lawrence*, was then given, when the armed men rushed on deck from their hiding places, and poured into her a volley of musketry, which struck her crew with dismay, and drove them all down so precipitately into the hold of the vessel, that they had not time to strike their colours.

The crew of the *Eagle* consisted of H. Morris, master's mate of the *Poictiers*; W. Price, midshipman; and 11

marines. Mr. Morris was killed, and Mr. Price mortally wounded; one marine killed, and one severely wounded. The Smack brought the prisoners up to town this afternoon, who landed at Whitehall, amidst the shouts and plaudits of thousands of spectators, assembled on the battery.\*

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### PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

The Lakes of North America are virtually inland seas, that form no contemptible nursery for sailors; for on their stormy bosom the mariner acquires habits of hardihood, and improves in nautical skill, scarcely less than on the open ocean. In a war between Great Britain and the United States, a struggle for the naval supremacy on the Lakes Erie and Ontario, is a measure of peremptory obligation. Bounded on one side, in their whole length, by Upper Canada, and on the other by the States of the American Union, they form an impenetrable barrier for nearly five hundred miles to the power that obtains an ascendancy on their waters.

On the 10th of September the British flotilla on Lake Erie, commanded by Commodore Barclay, sailed out of Amherstburg bay in search of the American flotilla, under the command of Commodore Perry, which, as the sun

\* The battery at New York is a promenade of health and pleasure, commanding the view of a bay not inferior to that of Naples or of Constantinople.

rose clear and unclouded over the waters of the Lake, was seen in motion among the islands, advancing to give the British battle. The two squadrons, having respectively formed the line, began to engage about noon, with a light breeze from the S. W.; the American Commodore, in the *Lawrence*, coming to close action with the British Commander, in the *Detroit*, while the *Niagara*, lying well to windward, contended with the *Queen Charlotte*. The conflict was sustained for two hours between the *Lawrence* bearing Perry's flag, and the *Detroit* displaying that of Barclay, when the *Lawrence* was so worsted as to become almost incapable of further resistance. In this situation, so trying to the firmness and capacity of a commander, Perry was sensible that no resource remained but in some desperate effort of courage, and, with a decisive intrepidity suited to the juncture, took his flag under his arm, and abandoning his defenceless vessel, in a small open boat, shifted it to the *Niagara*.\* He had scarcely caused it to be displayed from the top-gallant-mast-head, when, as he looked round, he saw the *Lawrence* strike her colours to Commodore Barclay, but that gallant officer, when he had other points of more importance to carry, was superior to the idle parade of

\* This act of undaunted courage acquires additional fame from the praise it has extorted from the distinguished Barclay: "The action had continued with great fury for two hours, when I perceived the *Lawrence* drop a-stern, and a boat passing from her to the *Niagara*; the American Commodore seeing that as yet the day was against him, made a noble, and, alas! too successful an effort to regain it."



taking possession of her. Perry, in the Niagara, now bore up; and supported by his small vessels, broke the line of the English squadron, and took a raking position on the bow of the Detroit, within half pistol-shot: while the Lawrence, which had drifted out of the reach of the enemy's guns, hoisted again her flag. At this juncture the Queen Charlotte was running up to leeward of the Detroit, in order to support her, and the English Commodore, in wearing his own ship to avoid being raked, fell immediately on board his consort. It was now that Barclay, who had lost an arm under Nelson, had his remaining one dreadfully shattered, and was carried into the cockpit to undergo a second amputation. Perry, assisted by the smaller vessels of his squadron, succeeded in gaining the complete ascendancy; the Queen Charlotte first struck her colours; the surviving lieutenant of the flag-ship hailed to say that he had surrendered; the Hunter submitted together with the Lady Prevost, and the Little Belt and Chippeway made a vain effort to escape. Thus ended the battle on Lake Erie, in which the day was not lost by the English till the first and second in command on board every one of their vessels had been killed or dangerously wounded. The aggregate loss of men in the British flotilla was 41 killed, and 94 wounded; that of the American flotilla 27 killed and 96 wounded.

Jan'y 1, The British blockading squadron composed 1814. of the Valiant and Acasta, off New London, becoming short of provisions and water, are relieved by the Ramilies 74, Sir Thomas Hardy, the Endymion 50, Captain Hope, and the Statira 46, Captain Stackpoole.

## CHALLENGES BETWEEN THE TWO NAVIES.

Commodore Decatur, finding his confinement irksome at New London, and wishing for some relaxation on the high seas, invites the *Endymion* and the *Statira* to a *tête-à-tête* meeting with the *United States* and the *Macedonian*. In the projection of this Naval Duel, the eye and hand seem to be busied in counting ports and gauging guns.

*From Commodore Decatur to Sir Thomas M. Hardy.*

U. S. ship *United States*, New London,

SIR, 17th January, 1814.

Having been informed by Nicholas Moran, the master of a sloop recently captured by his Britannic Majesty's ship *Endymion*, now lying before this port, that, whilst he was on board the *Ramilies*, and in your hearing, Captain Hope, of the *Endymion*, did ask him whether the frigate *United States* would not avoid an action. He further states, that he heard you declare it to be your wish, that the U. S. ship *Macedonian* should have a meeting with H. M. S. *Statira*; that you would furnish men, and give room for such meeting; but that you would not permit the challenge to come from your side.

The *Endymion*, I am informed, carries 24-pounders, and mounts 50 guns in all. This ship also carries 24-pounders, and mounts 48 guns, besides a 12-pound caronade, a boat-gun.

The *Statira* mounts 50; the *Macedonian*, 47: metal the same. So that the force on both sides is as nearly equal as we could expect to find.

If Mr. Moran's statement be correct, it is evident Captains Hope and Stackpoole have the laudable desire of engaging with their ships, the United States and Macedonian; we, sir, are ready, and equally desirous for such meeting forthwith.

The only difficulty that appears to be in the way, is from whom the formal invitation is to come. If, sir, you admit Moran's statement to be correct, the difficulty will be removed, and you will be pleased to consider this as an invitation. At the same time we beg you will assure Captains Hope and Stackpoole, that no personal feeling towards them, induces me to make this communication. They are solicitous to add to the renown of their country: we honor their motives.

Captain Biddle, who will have the honor to deliver you this, is authorised on our part, to make any arrangements which may be thought necessary.

I have the honor to be, &c. S. DECATUR.

*From Captain Stackpoole to Commodore Decatur.*

H. M. S. Statira, off N. London,

SIR, January 17, 1814.

Captain Sir Thomas M. Hardy, Bart. and commodore off New London, has this afternoon handed me a letter from you, expressing a desire that the U. S. ship Macedonian, commanded by Captain Jones, should meet H. M. S. Statira, under my command; and that the U. S. ship United States, bearing your broad pendant,\* would

\* The ship of a Commodore is distinguished from the inferior ships of his squadron by a broad red pendant at the mast-head.

embrace the same opportunity of meeting the *Endymion*, commanded by Captain Hope. In the event of Sir Thos. Hardy's permitting our joint acceptation of this rendezvous, I, of course, must be the senior officer ; but, in the interim, I shall confine my reply to your obliging letter, as to the future acts of H. M. ship I have the honor to command.

It will afford her captain, officers, and crew the greatest pleasure, to meet Captain Jones in the *Macedonian* tomorrow, next day, or whenever such a meeting may suit his purpose : let him only be pleased to appoint the day and place. Say, six or ten leagues south of Montauk point, or further if he pleases ; my only object for selecting this distance from the shore is to avoid any interruption. Little, I think, can be apprehended, as all the captains commanding frigates, excepting one, in these seas, are junior to me ; and, in the event of chance, or by accident, meeting him, I will hoist a flag of truce, pledging the word and honor of a British officer, (further I cannot offer,) to keep the truce flying till the *Macedonian* is out of sight ; and, in the event of a junior officer appearing, the same guarantee shall be kept flying until I can detach him.

In accepting this invitation, sir, it is not to vaunt, or, in the most trifling degree, to enhance my own professional character, or take from what is so justly due to Captain Jones ;\* although I have been twice mortified, in being obliged to retreat, on the 26th and 28th of August,

\* The reader will recollect that Captain Jones commanded the *Wasp* in her action with the *Frolic*. See page 249.



1812, by six American men of war; and, for 12 weeks together, cruizing alone, it has never fallen to the Statira's lot to meet one singly.

The honor of my king, defence of my country, engaged in a just and unprovoked war, added to the glory of the British flag, is all I have in view.

I perceive a statement in your letter of the comparative force of the two ships; and, as I fear you have been led into error, shall take this opportunity to say, the Statira carries only 46 guns, instead of 50, with two little boat-guns, of more utility in exercising the men, than any effect they might have in the hour of battle; and, without any external finery to recommend her, is simply a British man of war of her class: nevertheless, a more fair and equal match, in ship and guns, may not soon occur. In number of men, I am aware of having a superiority to oppose: all I request is, that both ships may quickly meet.

Having received your communication by the hand of Sir T. M. Hardy, Bart. I shall convey my reply through the same channel, requesting you will be so good as to hand it to the captain of the Macedonian.

I am, sir, with every consideration,

Your obedient humble servant,

HASSARD STACKPOOLE.\*

\* Captain Stackpoole was afterwards killed in a duel with Lieutenant Cecil of the British Navy, near Port Henderson, on the Island of Jamaica, April 28th, 1814.



*Sir T. M. Hardy to Commodore Decatur.*

Ramillies, off New London,

SIR,

January 18, 1812.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, by Captain Biddle, signifying a desire on your part, and that of Captain Jones, as commanders of the ships *United States* and *Macedonian*, to meet H. B. M. ships *Endymion* and *Statira*, in consequence of a conversation reported to you by Mr. Moran, master of a sloop recently captured: and, in reply, I beg to inform you, I have no hesitation whatever to permit Captain Stackpoole, in the *Statira*, to meet the *Macedonian*, as they are sister-ships, carrying the same number of guns, and weight of metal; but, as it is my opinion, the *Endymion* is not equal to the *United States*,\* being 200 tons less, and carrying 26 guns on her main-deck, and only 32-pound carronades on her quarter-deck and fore-castle, when, I am informed, the *United States* has 30 guns on her main-deck, and 42-pound carronades on her quarter-deck and fore-castle, I must consider it my duty, (though very contrary to the wishes of Captain Hope,) to decline the invitation on his part.

\* COMPARATIVE FORCE OF THE SHIPS.

ENDYMION.			UNITED STATES.	
Main-deck.....	26 long	24 prs.	30 long	24 prs.
Quarter-deck and forecastle.....	{ 1 long 18 pr.		{	2 long 24 prs.
	22 carr. 32 prs.			22 carr. 42 prs.
	{ 1 carr. 12 pr.			
	<i>Ft.</i>	<i>In.</i>	<i>Ft.</i>	<i>In.</i>
Length of lower deck.....	159	3½	173	3
Breadth, extreme.....	42	7¾	44	4



cedonian, was made by me in the full belief that their force was equal ; but it has been declined in consequence of your entertaining a different opinion on this subject from my own.

I do not think myself authorised to comply with the wishes of Captains Jones and Stackpoole, for a meeting in their ships.

This squadron is now under sailing-orders from the government ; and I feel myself bound to put to sea the first favourable opportunity that may occur.

In my proposal for a meeting of the four ships, I consented, and I fear incautiously, that you should make up the complements of the *Endymion* and *Statira* from the crews of the *Ramillies* and *Borer*.

I was induced to accord this indulgence, from a supposition that their crews might have been reduced by manning prizes ; and a hope that, as the selected men would be divided between the two ships, the advantage would not be overwhelming.

But, Sir, if the *Statira* is to avail herself alone of this concession, it must be obvious to you, and every one, that I should be yielding to you an advantage I could not excuse to my government ; and in making the crew of the *Macedonian* any degree equal to such a conflict, I should be compelled to break up the crews of this ship and the *Hornet*, and thus render a compliance with my orders to proceed to sea utterly impracticable. I beg leave also to state, that the guarantee against recapture, in case the *Macedonian* should prove successful, is very far from satisfactory.

You will have the goodness, Sir, to inform Captain Stackpoole, that his letter was shewn to Captain Jones, according to his request; that Captain Jones is extremely desirous that a meeting should take place between the *Statira* and *Macedonian*, but is controuled by me for the reasons I have stated.\*

Whether the war we are engaged in be just and unprovoked on the part of Great Britain, as Captain Stackpoole has been pleased to suggest, is considered by us as a question exclusively with the civilians; and I am perfectly ready to admit, both my incompetence and unwillingness, to confront Captain Stackpoole in its discussion.

I am, Sir, &c.

S. DECATUR.†

*From Sir T. M. Hardy to Commodore Decatur.*

Ramillies, off New London, Jan. 20, 1814.

SIR,

I have the honor to acquaint you, that I will communicate to Captain Stackpoole your letter of the 19th

\* The crew of the American frigate are represented to have been so depressed in spirits at not encountering the *Statira*, that many of them refused their grog for the full space of twenty-four hours.

† Decatur fell in a duel with Commodore Barron of the United States Navy, on the duelling-ground at Bladensburg, near the city of Washington, in the spring of 1819. It is a justice due to the memory of this great officer to record, that he abhorred duelling on the principle that it betrayed a vindictive spirit; and that he was never known to send a challenge, though his courage would not allow him to refuse one.

instant, which I this evening had the honor of receiving by Captain Biddle ; and I have nothing further to offer, in addition to my former letter, on the subject of the meeting between the ships of the United States, and those of his Britannic Majesty, but that I will give every guarantee in my power, in case of the Macedonian's success, should the meeting ever take place.

I beg to assure you, Sir, I shall hail with pleasure the return of an amicable adjustment of the differences between the two nations.

I have the honor to be, &c.

T. M. HARDY.

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### ACTION, OFF VALPARAISO,

BETWEEN *the* ESSEX *and the* PHŒBE *and* CHERUB.

Who does not know that Valparaiso is a port or bay on the coast of Chili, 130 leagues east of Selkirk's island? for who has not by heart Anson's Voyage round the World, a book read with more interest by the moderns, than Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand by the ancients. It was on his return to this port that Captain Porter in the Essex,\* a frigate of the common class, sus-

\* Porter, in the Essex, annihilated the spermaceti whale fishery, and captured the Nocton packet with 1100*l.* sterling on board, without finding a British man of war in the Pacific to oppose him. This cruize was a bold plan of the American Executive ; yet these are the men whom the Reviewers represent as the greatest simpletons that are any where to be found between the arctic and antarctic circles !



tained a combat with the *Phoebe* and *Cherub* of two hours and a half; exalting the naval flag of *Columbia* by the defence of his ship, though he was ultimately compelled to strike it to his opponents. The slaughter on board the *Essex* must have reduced many mothers, wives, and daughters, to statues of breathing affliction; and her deck exposes war to the eye in its naked and mangled deformity.

*Captain Porter's Letter.*

“ While lying at Valparaiso, the *Phoebe* frigate, Captain Hillyar, in company with the *Cherub* sloop of war, Captain Tucker, commenced a blockade of my ship and an armed prize, under the command of my first lieutenant, Mr. Downes, sedulously watching me from the entrance of the bay. Their appearance, however, did not prevent me from taking measures to put to sea; and, having appointed a rendezvous at the Marqueses for my consort, the *Essex* junior, I got ready for my departure, purposing to let the enemy chase me off the coast, in order to facilitate her escape. On the 28th of March, 1814, the day after this determination was formed, the wind came on to blow fresh from the southward, when I parted my larboard cable, and dragged my starboard anchor directly out to sea. Not a moment was to be lost in getting sail on the ship. The enemy were close in with the point forming the west-side of the bay: but, on opening them, I saw a prospect of passing to-windward, when I took in my top-gallant-sails, which were set over single-reefed top-sails, and braced up for this purpose; but.

on rounding the point, a heavy squall struck the ship, and carried away her main-top-mast, precipitating the men who were aloft into the sea, who were drowned. Both ships now gave chase to me, and I endeavoured, in my disabled state, to regain the port; but finding I could not recover the common anchorage, I ran close into a small bay, about three-quarters of a mile to leeward of the battery on the east side of the harbour, and let go my anchor. The enemy continued to advance with the evident intention of engaging me; and the caution observed in their approach to the attack of the crippled *Essex*, was truly ridiculous, as was their display of their motto-flags, and the number of jacks at all their mast-heads. I, with as much expedition as circumstances would admit of, got my ship ready for action, and endeavoured to get a spring on my cable, but had not succeeded when the enemy, at 54 minutes past 3 P. M. made his attack; the *Phoebe* placing herself under my stern, and the *Cherub* on my starboard-bow; but the *Cherub*, soon finding her situation a hot one, bore up and ran under my stern also, where both ships kept up a hot raking fire. I had got three long 12-pounders out of the stern-ports, which were worked with so much bravery and skill, that in half an hour we so disabled both as to compel them to haul off to repair damages. The enemy soon returned to renew the action; he now placed himself, with both his ships, on my starboard-quarter, out of the reach of my carronades, and where my stern-guns could not be brought to bear. He there kept up a most galling fire, which it was out of my power to return; when I saw no prospect of injuring him

without getting under way, and becoming the assailant. My top-sail sheets and haliards were all shot away, as well as the jib, and fore-top-mast stay-sail haliards. The only rope not cut was the flying-jib haliards; and that being the only sail I could set, I caused it to be hoisted, my cable to be cut, and ran down on both ships, with an intention of laying the *Phoebe* on board. The firing on both sides was now tremendous. I had let fall my fore-top-sail, and fore-sail, but the want of tacks and sheets rendered them almost useless to us; yet we were enabled, for a short time, to close with the enemy; and, although our decks were now strewed with dead, and our cockpit filled with wounded; although our ship had been several times on fire, and was rendered a perfect wreck, we were still encouraged to hope to save her, from the circumstance of the *Cherub*, from her crippled state, being compelled to haul-off. She did not return to close action again, although she apparently had it in her power to do so, but kept up a distant firing with her long guns. The *Phoebe*, from our disabled state, was enabled, however, by edging off, to choose the distance which best suited her long-guns, and kept up a tremendous fire on us, which mowed down my brave companions by the dozen. Many of my guns had been rendered useless by the enemy's shot; and many of them had had whole crews destroyed. We manned them again from those which were disabled; and one gun, in particular, was three times manned; fifteen men were slain at it in the course of the action; but, strange as it may appear, the captain of it escaped with only a slight wound.

Finding that the enemy had it in his power to choose his distance, I now gave up all hopes of closing with him; and as the wind, for the moment, seemed to favour the design, I determined to endeavour to run her on shore, land my men, and destroy her. Every thing seemed to favour my wishes. We had approached the shore within musket-shot, and I had no doubt of succeeding, when, in an instant, the wind shifted from the land, (as is very common in this port in the latter part of the day,) and payed our head down on the *Phœbe*; where we were again exposed to a dreadful raking fire. My ship was now totally unmanageable; yet, as her head was toward the enemy, and he to-leeward of me, I still hoped to be able to board him. At this moment, Lieutenant-commandant Downes came on board to receive my orders, under the impression that I should soon be a prisoner. He could be of no use to me in the then wretched state of the *Essex*; and finding (from the enemy's putting his helm up) that my last attempt at boarding would not succeed, I directed him, after he had been about ten minutes on board, to return to his own ship, to be prepared for defending and destroying her in case of an attack. He took with him several of my wounded,\*

\* Thereby hangs a tale. The wounded men that Lieut. Downes took away in his boat were *British subjects*. This watchful care of Captain Porter, in the heat of action, over the English seamen fighting under his flag, will confront the story told of him by the Quarterly Reviewers, till they can support it by evidence less suspicious than their own. This story will be found in the 27th Volume of their venomous work, where, with a malignant and profligate industry, they have ransacked "Views, Visits, and Tours," for libels on a country that is the asylum of mankind. In their dissertation of twenty



leaving three of his boat's crew on board to make room for them. The Cherub had now an opportunity of distinguishing herself, by keeping up a hot fire on him during his return. The slaughter on board my ship had now become horrible; the enemy continuing to rake us, and we unable to bring a gun to bear. I therefore directed a hawser to be bent to the sheet-anchor, and the anchor to be cut from the bows, to bring her head round; this succeeded. We again got our broadside to bear; and as the enemy was much crippled, and unable to hold his own, I have no doubt he would soon have drifted out of gun-shot before he discovered we had anchored, had not the hawser unfortunately parted. My ship had taken fire several times during the action, but alarmingly so, forward and aft, at this moment. The flames were bursting up each hatchway, and no hopes were entertained of saving her. Our distance from the shore did not exceed three-quarters of a mile; and I hoped many of my brave crew would be able to save themselves, should the ship blow up, as I was informed the fire was near the magazine; and the explosion of a large quantity of powder below served to increase the horrors of our situation. Our boats were destroyed by the enemy's shot, I therefore directed those who could swim to jump overboard, and endeavour to gain the shore. Some reached it, some were taken by the enemy, and some perished in the attempt; but most preferred sharing with me the fate of the ship. We who remained, now turned our atten-

pages, as many lies is a charitable allowance; for the observance of truth towards America has never been the virtue of a Quarterly Reviewer. *Hic niger est, hunc, tu Romane, caveto!*



tion wholly to extinguishing the flames ; and when we had succeeded, went again to our guns, where the firing was kept up for some minutes, but the crew had by this time become so weakened, that they all declared to me the impossibility of making further resistance ; and entreated me to surrender my ship to save the wounded, as all further attempts at opposition must prove ineffectual, almost every gun being disabled by the destruction of their crews. I was further informed that the cockpit, the steerage, the ward-room, and the birth-deck could contain no more wounded ; and that the wounded were killed while the surgeons were dressing them. With a crew reduced to men, 75 including officers, out of 260 at the beginning of the action ; with 23 lying dead on the deck, who had not yet been consigned to the deep, and my few remaining shipmates falling fast, some at my side, and others in different parts of the ship ; under these distressful circumstances, I, at twenty minutes past 6, P. M. gave the painful orders to strike the colours."

The gallant defence of the *Essex* against so superior a force, is recorded by Captain Hillyar. I insert an abstract of his letter to the Admiralty :

" After an anxious search, and still more anxious lookout for the *Essex* and her companion to quit the port of Valparaiso, we saw the former under weigh, and immediately, accompanied by the *Cherub*, made sail to close with her. On rounding the outer point of the bay, and hauling her wind for the purpose of endeavouring to weather us, and escape, she lost her main-top-mast, and afterwards, not succeeding in an effort to regain the limits of the port, bore up, and anchored so near the

shore (a few miles to the leeward of it,) as to preclude the possibility of passing a-head of her, without risk to his Majesty's ships. As we drew near, my intention of going close under her stern was frustrated, by the ship breaking off; and, from the wind blowing extremely fresh, our first fire, commencing a little past 4, and continuing about 10 minutes, produced no visible effect. Our second, a few random shot only, from having increased our distance by wearing, was not, apparently, more successful; and having lost the use of our main-sail, jib, and main-stay-sail, appearances were a little inauspicious. On standing again towards her, I signified my intention of anchoring, for which we were not ready before, with springs, to Captain Tucker, directing him to keep under weigh, and take a convenient station for annoying our opponent. On closing with the Essex, at 35 minutes past 5, the firing re-commenced; and, before I gained my intended position, her cable was cut, and a serious conflict ensued; the guns of his Majesty's ship gradually becoming more destructive, and her crew, if possible, more animated, which lasted until 20 minutes past 6; when it pleased the Almighty Disposer of events to bless the efforts of my gallant companions, and my personal, very humble ones, with victory.

The defence of the Essex, taking into consideration our superiority of force,\* the very discouraging circumstance of her having lost her main-top-mast, and being

\* The Quarterly Reviewers, after having branded Captain Porter as a buccanneer, affirm (*proh pudor!*) that "he was taken by a ship of inferior force." Whenever these men open their lips, the cheek, neck, and forehead of Truth are suffused with crimson.

twice on fire, did honor to her brave defenders, and most fully evinced the courage of Captain Porter, and those under his command. Her colours were not struck, until the loss in killed and wounded was so awfully great, and her shattered condition so seriously bad, as to render further resistance unavailing."

30. It was stated by Mr. Marryatt, two months ago, in his place in Parliament, from the record of Lloyd's Books, that the number of British captures made at sea by the frigates and privateers of the United States since the commencement of the war, was 1175, of which number 373 were retaken, or given up, leaving 802 in the hands of the enemy. From a view of these facts, one is tempted to enter into a discussion of the formidable activity, the vigilance, and efficiency of American mariners; and if we reflect that the United States Navy did not exceed twelve or fourteen ships, and that her privateers, composed principally of schooners, amounted scarcely to a third of the number of British men of war in commission, the confession is extorted from every unprejudiced bosom, that Americans will do more with a given number of vessels, than any other people. A nation of this young, enterprising spirit, with an incipient navy, whose home is on the ocean, is a more harrassing enemy, fitted out at the distance of three thousand miles, to the commerce of Great Britain, than the fleets of France, or the armadas of Spain, in her immediate vicinity. Allen, in the brig *Argus*, committed more devastation in the Irish and St. George's Channel than any hostile squadron

that ever sailed out of a French port;\* and Mr. Baring complained, in the House of Commons, that American privateers came into the Chops of the Channel and carried off British vessels, without the ability of the Admiralty Board to stop them; that they infested the waters of the greatest naval nation in the world, and that the equinoctial gales alone cleared the coast of the enemy. The extraordinary activity of an American cruizer was displayed by Porter in the *Essex*, who captured every British whaler in the great South Seas; and though it may be alleged that all the prizes which he made were retaken but one, yet how great must have been the expense incurred of the salvage paid to the re-captors. But the most conclusive proof of the successful operations of American vessels against the commerce of Great Britain is to be drawn from the rates of insurance on her merchantmen, which are greater in a war with the United States, than with any other maritime nation.

April 1. The price of Cotton, which had fallen at Charleston and Savanna, in contemplation of the British blockade of the American coast, has risen 20 per cent. in consequence of the manifest inefficacy of that measure.

2. The Americans now trade to France in sharp-built fast-sailing schooners, insured at the rate of from 50 to 60 per cent. on which they calculate an adequate profit by the arrival of one out of three; and, in this way, trade is tolerably brisk in all their towns.

\* See an enumeration of the captures by the *Argus* in a preceding page.



3. The activity of the American Government in its naval equipments is altogether unprecedented. The Independence, of 74 guns, is nearly ready for sea at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The Washington, of 74 guns, is in a very forward state of equipment at Boston. The Franklin, of 74 guns, is receiving her cannon on board at Philadelphia; and the new frigates Guerriere and Java, mounting 32 pounders on the main-deck, have got their lower masts in. The infant Hercules is acquiring strength in his cradle; for the State Navy Yard, at New York, exhibits oak and pine plank, beams and ledges, long combing and ranging timber, knees and transoms, mast-stuff keels and keelson pieces, sufficient for seven ships of the line, and four frigates of the largest dimensions.

4. The following notification has been issued by the President of the United States :

“ It is enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, that during the present war with Great Britain it shall be lawful for any person or persons to burn, sink, and destroy any British armed vessels of war, except vessels coming as cartels or flags of truce, and for that purpose to use torpedoes, submarine instruments, or any other destructive machines whatever; and a bounty of one-half the value of the armed vessels so burnt, sunk, or destroyed; and also one-half the value of the guns, cargo, tackle, and apparel, shall be paid out of the Treasury of the United States to such person who shall effect the same otherwise than by the armed or commissioned vessels of the United States.

“ H. CLAY,

“ JAS. MADISON.”



## THE EXPLODING OF A TORPEDO.

Whence, and what art thou execrable fiend ?

MILTON.

25. A Virginian, of the name of Mix, has lately made several daring attempts to destroy with a Torpedo a British 74, lying in Lynnhaven Bay, abreast of Cape Henry light-house. In a large open boat this devilish visitor got, during the darkness of the night, within a few yards of the ship's bow, and directly under her jib-boom; but in the act of dropping his torpedo was hailed by the centinel on the fore-castle with "boat ahoy," and saluted with the discharge of his musket. Blue lights were then burnt, and rockets thrown in different directions, which brilliantly coruscating, betrayed the position of the son of Satan, making off with great despatch; when the seventy-four opened, though unsuccessfully, a heavy fire from her guns with the hope of blowing out of the water a miscreant who sought her overthrow not by the magnanimity of conflict, but the insidiousness of explosion. Mr. Mix repeated his visits for three nights in succession; the encouragement held out by Congress probably "spurring the sides of his intent;" but the ship, having taken the alarm, changed as often her anchorage, and baffled his attempts. On the fourth night, however, he succeeded in finding her out, and dropped his infernal machine just as the centinel at the gangway was crying "All's well!" It exploded happily for the seventy-four a few minutes too soon to cause her annihilation.

lation. It is impossible to describe the effect of its going off, of the sombre light that preceded it, of the submarine thunder that followed it, of the long and powerful shakes communicated to the Chesapeake, and of the pyramid of water thrown up enveloped in a blast more dark and pestilential than that of Avernus.

April 20. The American sloop of war, Frolic, is taken, off Cuba, by the Shelburne and Orpheus.

### ACTION

BETWEEN THE EPERVIER AND PEACOCK,

OFF EAST FLORIDA.

The cession of the Floridas of Spain by the United States constitutes an æra in the history of the American Republic: it was obtained by purchase; and it would have been cheaply bought at the price of all the money in the Treasury at Washington. The transfer of this vast territory consolidates and strengthens the North American Union, by uniting the destinies of the Western and Atlantic States; and while they become identified in interest, and inseparable in policy, the nation rises in maritime dignity by the accession of a long line of coast indented with bays for the reception of fleets, and covered with inexhaustible forests of live oak for their construction. The memorable assertion of the Quarterly Reviewers, that *“local circumstances will prevent the formation of an American Navy, as the whole southern coast of America is desti-*

"*tute of harbours*,"\* when quoted ironically in Congress by Mr. Clay, provoked an obstreperous peal of laughter from a full house; and that the more especially, as in the same Number of their periodical Journal they accuse the American Executive of dullness, and triumph in the superiority of their own discernment. The Floridas abound with the noblest harbours on the globe, and supply positions to secure and render efficient the largest naval establishment. West Florida, presenting a line of coast that extends along the Mexican Gulph, comprehends the entrance of the navigable river Perdido, the noble harbour of Pensacola, the capacious bay of Appalachie, and the magnificent one of Spiritu Santo, which includes that of Tampo, affording a spacious harbour, completely sheltered from the influence of the north-west wind, and capable of receiving at anchor the whole of the British Navy. Below Spiritu Santo, distant about 70 miles, is Charlotte Harbour, of inferior importance, yet highly desirable to the trade and influence of East Florida. Chatham Bay, extending to Cape Sable, is too near the vortex of the gulph stream for the safe resort of larger vessels, but for small craft is advantageously situated. But passing

\* See the Quarterly Review, Vol. 21, p. 15. Where it is also advanced, that *If America had a fleet in the only ports that will admit one, the whole might be (dii, deæque) very leisurely destroyed!!!* Credat Judæus Apella, non ego. Before the descendants of Englishmen on the American shores would be the tame spectators of the destruction of their ships, protected by forts and bastions, there must be first extinguished their spirit of independence, their noble pride, their generous sense of glory. But the fact is, that INCREDULUS ODI is the charm against the page of the Quarterly Reviewers, whether they make it a vehicle of abuse against America, or of panegyric on their own virtues.

round Cape Sable, the coast of East Florida presents a shore washed by the Atlantic, offering the port of Saint Augustine; not to mention the harbour of Amelia Island, on the northern frontier of the province, one of the best in the American sea. It is generally thought that the Government of the United States confine their ambitious views to the Canadas, Hudson's Bay, and the Floridas; but I suspect that they consider the whole of the Western Hemisphere, as far as the Isthmus of Darien, to be comprehended in the limits of their natural jurisdiction. By the occupation of Galvestown *they have advanced their frontier within six hundred miles of the city of Mexico*; and as the whole of Upper Canada must necessarily fall when that part of the State of New York extending to the Saint Lawrence, between Lake Ontario and Lake Champlain, shall be fully settled; so the province of Mexico will become incorporated with the States of the Union, directly the tide of population in Louisiana acquires sufficient condensity to sustain the operation.

It was in a bay on the coast of East Florida that the American sloop of war Peacock, Captain Warrington, lying at anchor, discovered in the morning of the 24th of April, three sail to windward in the offing; and, on getting underweigh, one of them, a man of war brig, bore down with British colours flying: the other two vessels, under her convoy, kept on their course. The brig that bore down to engage the Peacock was the British sloop of war Epervier, Captain Wales, from Jamaica, bound to England with specie on board to the amount of 120,000 dollars, and an action ensued, which terminated in the riddling of the hull of the English vessel, disabling her



masts and spars, and killing and wounding 26 of her crew ; while the American suffered little or no injury in her hull or spars, had not a single man killed, and only two slightly wounded. Captain Warrington's recital of this action merits notice, as it exhibits a specimen of gunnery to which nothing parallel was seen in former wars ; and evinces that, want of skill in that important branch of naval science renders the utmost efforts of courage inoffensive.

*Captain Warrington's Letter.*

U. S. sloop Peacock, at sea, lat.  $27^{\circ} 47'$ ,  
SIR, long.  $80^{\circ} 9'$ , April 29, 1814.

I have the honor to inform you, that we have this morning captured, after an action of 45 minutes, H. M. brig Epervier, rating and mounting eighteen 32-pound caronades, with 128 men, of whom eleven were killed, and 15 wounded ; (according to the best information we could obtain ;) among the latter is her first lieutenant, who has lost an arm, and received a severe splinter-wound on the hip. Not a man in the Peacock was killed, and only two wounded, neither dangerously. The fate of the Epervier would have been determined in much less time, but for the circumstance of our fore-yard being totally disabled by two round-shot in the starboard-quarter, from her first broadside, which entirely deprived us of the use of our fore and fore-top-sails, and compelled us to keep the ship large throughout the remainder of the action.



This, with a few top-mast and top-gallant back-stays, cut away, and a few shot through our sails, is the only injury the Peacock has sustained. Not a round-shot touched her hull; our masts and spars are as sound as ever. When the enemy struck, he had five feet water in his hold, his main-top-mast was over the side, his main-boom shot away, his fore-mast cut nearly in two, and tottering, his fore-rigging and stays shot away, his bowsprit badly wounded, and 45 shot-holes in his hull, 20 of which were within a foot of his water-line. By great exertion, we got her in sailing order just as dark came on:

In 15 minutes after the enemy struck, the Peacock was ready for another action, in every respect, but her fore-yard; which was sent down, fished, and had the fore-sail set again, in 45 minutes: such were the spirit and activity of our gallant crew. The Epervier had under convoy an English hermaphrodite brig, a Russian and a Spanish ship, which all hauled their wind, and stood to the E.N.E. I had determined upon pursuing the former, but found that it would not answer to leave our prize in her then crippled state, and the more particularly so, as we found she had 120,000 dollars in specie on board, which we soon transferred to this sloop.

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## ACTION

### BETWEEN THE REINDEER AND WASP.

June 28. The British sloop of war Reindeer, Captain Manners, is taken by the American sloop of war Wasp,

Captain Blakeley, in the Chops of the Channel, after a sanguinary engagement of 19 minutes, in which the two vessels fought yard arm to yard arm. The Reindeer was manned with the "pride of Plymouth;" the Wasp with officers and sailors who had served on board the Constitution in her successful actions with the Guerriere and Java. The Wasp was hovering about the English Channel, and as the Reindeer tacked and stood towards her, the ardour of the Captain and crew was kindled to behold the American flag insulting their shores. Captain Manners with intrepid valour, laid the Reindeer's bow abreast of the weather-main-chains of the Wasp, justified in the bold act by his illustrious name, and daring spirit; and in contact with the enemy, opened the fire of his guns. His fire was answered by the Americans with a precision and effect, perhaps, unexampled; making a wreck of the Reindeer in a line with her ports, and involving in promiscuous destruction her upper-works, her spare-spars, and the boats that were stowed on them. The firmament was without a cloud, and the sea smooth as glass; reflecting, before the smoke from the cannon deformed the scene, the sloops and their white canvas on its unruffled mirror. While the naval gunners on the Wasp's main deck were taking aim at the Reindeer's hull as at a target, the riflemen from her tops deliberately picked off the British officers and men, so that the quarter-deck soon became covered with killed and wounded. The lieutenant, the master, the master's mate, the purser, the boatswain, the gunner, and every petty officer, were carried down to the cockpit. At this crisis Captain Manners called to his crew, "Follow me, my

“boys, we must board them;” and, animating their spirit of enterprize by his example, he mounted on a fore-castle gun and seized the rigging of the American to board his deck, but two rifle balls from the enemy’s tops penetrated his head, and came out beneath his chin, when placing one hand on his forehead, and convulsively brandishing his sword with the other, he exclaimed, “O God!” and fell back lifeless on his own deck. Though deprived of their chief support, the British still rushed on to board; but Blakeley and his crew stood firm, and compelled them to retrace their steps; he then pursued them at the head of his sailors, with their drawn weapons in their hands, and carried the brig in one minute, going aft him self, and hauling down the English colours with his own hand.

In this spirited conflict, which lasted only 19 minutes, the Reindeer had 25 killed, and 42 wounded; total 67; the Wasp 11 killed, and 15 wounded; total 26. A breeze springing up the next day, the Reindeer’s foremast went by the board; and she was so much shattered in her hull, that no sooner were the prisoners and wounded removed, than Captain Blakeley caused her to be set on fire, and in a short time her magazine exploded.

*Captain Blakeley’s Letter.*

U. S. sloop Wasp, L’Orient, July 8, 1814.

On Tuesday, the 28th ultimo, being then in lat.  $48^{\circ} 36'$  N. and long.  $11^{\circ} 15'$  W. we fell in with, engaged, and in 19 minutes captured the British sloop of war Reindeer, William Manners, Esq. commander.

Finding the enemy did not get sufficiently on the beam; to enable us to bring our guns to bear, put the helm a-lee; and, at 26 minutes after 3, commenced the action with the after-carronade on the starboard-side, and fired in succession; 34 minutes after 3, hauled up the main-sail; 40 minutes after 3, the enemy having his bow in contact with our larboard quarter, endeavoured to board us, but was repulsed in every attempt; at 44 minutes after 3, orders were given to board in turn, which were promptly executed, when all resistance immediately ceased; and, at 45 minutes after 3, the enemy's flag was hauled down.

The Reindeer mounted sixteen 24-pound carronades, two long 6 or 9-pounders, and a drifting 12-pound carronade, with a complement on board of 118 men. Her crew were said to be the pride of Plymouth.

Our loss in men has been severe, owing, in part, to the proximity of the two vessels, and the extreme smoothness of the sea, but chiefly in repelling boarders. That of the enemy, however, was infinitely more so, as will be seen by the list of killed and wounded on both sides.

Six round-shot struck our hull, and many grape, which did not penetrate far. The fore-mast received a 24-pound shot, which passed through its centre, and our rigging and sails were a good deal injured.

The Reindeer was literally cut to pieces in a line with her ports: her upper works, boats, and spare spars, were one complete wreck. A breeze springing up the next afternoon, her fore-mast went by the board.

Having received all the prisoners on board, which, from the number of wounded occupied much time, toge-



ther with their baggage, the Reindeer was, on the evening of the 29th, set on fire, and in a few hours blew up.

*List of killed and wounded on board the U. S. sloop of war Wasp, in the action with the Reindeer.*

Killed, and since dead (including two midshipmen)	11
Wounded severely - - - - -	5
----- slightly - - - - -	10
	15
<hr/>	
Total - - - - -	26

*List of the killed and wounded on board H. B. M. sloop Reindeer.*

*Killed*—Wm. Manners, Esq. commander ; John Thos. Barton, purser ; and 23 petty officers and seamen.

*Wounded*—Thomas Chambers, first lieutenant ; Richard Jones, master ; and 40 petty officers and seamen.

*Recapitulation.*

Killed - - - - -	25
Wounded dangerously - - - - -	10
----- severely - - - - -	17
----- slightly - - - - -	15
	42
<hr/>	
Total - - - - -	67



## THE ATTACK

OF THE ARMSTRONG PRIVATEER, IN FAYAL ROADS, BY THE  
BOATS OF A BRITISH SQUADRON.

The Azores, or Western Islands, are situated in the Atlantic Ocean, at nearly an equal distance from Europe and America; they are nine in number, and inhabited by Portuguese. At one of them, called Fayal, the American schooner privateer Armstrong, of 18 guns, Captain Guy R. Champlin, with a complement of 100 seamen, touched in the month of July 1814, for wood and water; and while lying at anchor in the roads, was descried from the offing by the Plantagenet of 74 guns, and the Rota and Carnation. The ships having hove to at the south-west promontory of the bay, despatched a boat to reconnoitre the force of the Armstrong, which, on its approach, was hailed by the privateersmen, and told to keep off: but the strength of the tide brought the boat under the schooner's counter, and she sustained the fire of the Americans, with the loss of seven men killed. The English, incensed at this conduct, sent the Carnation in to destroy the privateer; but the schooner, which drew comparatively little water, lying at anchor only a pistol shot from the shore, was found to be out of the range of her guns. Upon this nine boats were hoisted out from the ships of the squadron, which, manned with two hundred seamen, were sent, under the command of three lieutenants, on the desperate enterprize of carrying the privateer by boarding. In the mean while Captain Champlin, who

was an old man of war's man bred under Truxton,\* with admirable presence of mind, put his schooner in a posture of defence. He hove in about fifteen fathoms of his cable, and made fast to it two warps, then veered away, and brought them to the windlass; forming thereby springs which enabled him to bring his broadside to bear on the boats. He then ran up his boarding-netting, and traced it to the yards; after which he loaded his cannon with double shot, iron bolts, marling-spikes, strop-hooks, and whatever destructive missives he could muster. On the approach of the boats the privateersmen cheered with a voice of defiance; and as the lieutenants called to their crews "hurrah boys! pull up alongside!" they were received with a profuse and levelling fire that killed and wounded great numbers of their men. But the impetuosity of the assailants was not to be repressed; by a bold, though dangerous effort of valour, they carried the privateer, whose crew, unable to stop the career of their enemy, fled in their boats to the shore, from whence they kept up a renewed and brisk fire of musketry on the English as they were destroying their vessel: she was, however, destroyed, but (will it be credited) at the expence of one hundred and thirty-five of the assailants killed and wounded, among whom were the three lieutenants!†

\* In the war between the United States and the French Republic. Truxton commanded the *Constellation* frigate at the capture of the *Insurgent*.

† This account is confirmed in the eighth volume (p. 343) of the *Lives of the Admirals*.

## TEMPORARY OCCUPATION, BY THE BRITISH,

## OF THE

## CITY OF WASHINGTON.

An army under General Ross, of 4000 veteran soldiers, who had served with distinction in the Peninsular war, having effected a landing on the Patuxent, advance upon Washington, and encounter at Bladensburg an American army of 5000 militia, including 350 regulars, commanded by General Winder, of whom the greatest part arrived on the ground, from different points of the country, when the enemy were in sight. They had barely fallen into their ranks when, about one in the afternoon of August 24th, an action commenced, which was sustained by parts of the American troops with great spirit and effect. The contest lasted an hour, when the right and centre of General Stansbury's brigade gave way, and the 5th Baltimore regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Sterrett, was ordered to retreat, to avoid being out-flanked; the reserve, commanded by Brigadier General Smith, with the Maryland militia, and Commodore Barney's sailors, were the last that held out to the right on the hill. In this conflict the British army lost, in killed and wounded, 248.\* The troops of General Ross, on being left masters of the field, halted for a short time,

\* At the termination of a battle we calculate the lives that have been lost, but do not compute the hearts that have been hardened. The steel wiped from its slaughterous stain, retains its slaughterous shape. It is not returned to the anvil, but to the scabbard.

and then marched upon Washington, 4 miles distant, which they reached at eight o'clock that night, and referring to London as a standard of comparison, were surprized to find the metropolis of the Western World, a city with streets laid out but not built on, or with only a few detached houses at such wide intervals from each other, that the columns of the invading army might march in squares through every hiatus. It presented, however, to the eye, a number of public buildings, devoted to the great purposes of legislation and government, on elevated scites, overlooking the Potomac; and of these proud edifices, in a few hours, scarce a stone was left standing. The Capitol, the President's "Palace," the War Office, the Treasury, and the Arsenal, were blown up by the British troops, and buried in one common mass of ruin and desolation. Scarcely was the work of ruin completed, when the wrath of Heaven seemed provoked; for there came on a whirlwind so awful and tremendous, that the columns of the besieging army were as completely dispersed as if they had undergone a total defeat; some flying for succour behind the dilapidated buildings, and others falling flat on the ground: the very cannon were lifted in their carriages, and borne to a distance on the wings of the tempest. In the miserable account of war, the triumph is not unfrequently dashed with humiliation, and the conquerors, in the precipitance of their retreat\* from the land which they had invaded, left behind them at Bladensburg, a great part of their wounded; among them were the following officers: Colonel Thorn-

\* The British army occupied Washington exactly 24 hours.



ton, Lieut.-Colonel Wood, Major Brown, Lieut. Stavely, and Ensign Buchanan.

And now while patriotism and her dejected train of citizens bent over the ashes of the Capitol, Religion, with exalted voice exhorted them, not ineffectually, to the performance of a sacred and solemn duty. The senate, the clergy, and the people went forth to bury the dead of the enemy. The procession moved slowly from the highest flat area of the hill of the Capitol (whose marble ruins, reduced to one undistinguished mass, were yet smoking from the effects of their explosion,) and proceeded through the Pennsylvania avenue, along the east branch of the Potomac, to the battle ground at Bladensburg. Men, bearing the implements for the interment of the dead, preceded the members of both houses of Congress. In the centre of the procession walked the officiating priest, distinguishable by his band and surplice. On arriving at the field of battle, strewn with the bodies of the slain, there was a deep and solemn pause: the graves were dug in silence: and no voice was heard but that of the minister, as the earth of a foreign land closed over the victims of unnatural war.



NIGHT ATTACK  
OF A CAMP OF RANGERS,

*On the Shore of Chesapeake Bay,*

BY

THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF A FRIGATE.

noctisque per umbram  
Castra inimica petunt.

VIRGIL. *Æn.* 9. v. 314.

The bay of Chesapeake is one of the largest in the world. It is twelve miles wide at its entrance between Cape Henry and Cape Charles, and extends two hundred and eighty miles northward to the mouth of the Susquehannah river, through which vast extent of water the tide ebbs and flows. It is from 7 to 18 miles wide from shore to shore, averaging a depth of 9 fathoms, affording a safe and easy navigation,\* and abounding with commodious harbours. Of its tributary rivers the principal are the Susquehannah, the Patapsco, the Patuxent, the

\* In this respect there is an invaluable difference, between the Chesapeake Bay, or River, and the Plata, in South America. The depth of the Plata is by no means proportionable to its breadth, and its navigation is perpetually obstructed by enormous sand banks, not covered with more than two or three fathoms of water. The English and Ortiz banks, in particular, detract from the utility of the river, and inspire such terror, that the Plata has been emphatically termed *the hell of Pilots*.

Potomac, the Rappahannock, James, and York; navigable for ships of burden into the heart of a cultivated country.\*

When the army of General Ross advanced upon the city of Washington, Sir Peter Parker, in the *Menelaus* frigate, ascended the Chesapeake to make a diversion of the enemy in that quarter. The breeze blowing from the northward, the ship had to beat the whole way, but the crew forgot the toil of their ascent in the magnificence of the scene before them. Northward they beheld the waves running out to the sky like those of the main sea, or partially terminated by isles of various shapes forming an interrupted horizon; whilst the moving level landscapes on either shore were relieved by the rich amphitheatre of woody hills in the more distant prospect, surmounted by a waving outline of azure mountains that bounded the whole. The mind of the enlightened navigator associated with the shores before him all that was enterprising and romantic in an age of discovery and adventure. To the fancy Smith appeared sustaining with

\* An Oxford or Cambridge education disqualifies a man for travelling—he never gets fairly out of the leading-strings of *Alma Mater*—he travels with his satchel hanging to his back, and thinks there is no appeal from the judgment of Virgil, who, perhaps, never had an original thought of his own. Hence Eustace, in his *Classical Tour*, is lost in wonder at the magnificence of the Tiber and the Po, “whose currents are unexhausted in the scorching heat of summer.” From this the inference is inevitable, that they would be seen to most advantage after a shower of rain. What is the Po compared with the Potomac? The one a hundred and fifty yards wide at its mouth, the other seven miles and a half! The Shepherd in Virgil was filled with admiration of the magnitude of his village till he visited Rome, and then rebuked himself with the exclamation of *Stultus ego*!

persevering energy the courage of a handful of colonists in the wilds of a barbarous nation ; and Pochahontas approaching the forlorn outcasts with a heart to pity, and a hand to bless.\*

The frigate anchored before Pool's island, towards the head of the bay, above the estuary of the Patapsco, and the same day an African born negro swam off to the ship, and made report that in a deep ravine on the Eastern shore of the Bay, a detachment of Rangers had encamped, who were collected to assist in the defence of Baltimore, and were only prevented from crossing to the opposite side by the appearance of the *Menelaus*. On receiving this information Sir Peter Parker resolved to fall on them in the night, with the hope of cutting off and securing the greatest part as prisoners, and, at ten o'clock, the boats were hauled up alongside the frigate to disembark one hundred and twenty four seamen and marines, with their respective officers: the expedition was commanded by Sir Peter Parker. The crew crowded the gangways to witness the departure of their comrades, and as they descended the ship's side there was many a silent pressure of the hand exchanged between them. It was not long after the full of the moon, and scarcely had the boatmen begun to ply their oars, when every eye was directed to a glow in the east, and the luminary of night

\* Recorded honours have gathered round the name of this Indian maid in the account (printed in Purchas' Pilgrims) given by Captain Smith of her kind protection of the colonists ; and had King James, when he received her at court, conferred on her a title, the appropriate motto to her armorial bearings would have been MISERIS SUCCURRERE DISCO.

rose with serene splendor over the blue expanse of waters.  
All was tranquil :

the little wave  
Which rippled to the shore, and left no foam,  
Sent its low murmurs far.

MADOC. *Book 23.*

The flood tide was making—the ship was on the swing—and the deep watch-word of the centinel on the gangway caused the stillness of the scene to be felt. The heart turned involuntarily from meditating deeds of death to contemplate the peaceful planet of the night; and there were those who beheld it with the apprehension of soon losing for ever its solacing beams. The party landed at the head of a creek winding round broken crags, and shagged with pines; and were conducted by their guide to the vicinity of Bellair, through a country wildly picturesque. They had scarcely proceeded a mile when the African made a sudden halt, and exclaimed in his *patois*, “What buckra among the leabs there stand peepie peepie?” “You think neger no hab eyes. Cudjo spy you!” and before an answer could be made to his *qui vive!* some of the English sprang forward, and seized the look-out picquet of the American camp. They now pushed on to the attack of the main-body, and came to a path that climbed a rocky ascent, whose ridge brought them in full view of the camp in a deep ravine encompassed with bold hills, richly wooded, of a great variety of forms. The English couched among the trees on the projecting cliff that crested the defile, whence a path descended to the encampment; and pushing gently by the foliage that intercepted their view, and peeping with all the attention



that the thing seemed to deserve, they witnessed a night-scene that might have exercised the pencil of a Salvator Rosa. Numerous camp fires illuminated the faces of groupes of white and black men, bivouacing round the kindled piles with an American indifference to luxury, grace, and accommodation. Some were sitting before the flames baking hoe-cakes of Indian meal ; some were earnestly engaged at cards, and others dancing in antic guise to the music of a fiddle played by a ragged negro boy, with his black wooly head bare, his elbow in rapid motion, and his visible muscles distorted : but by far the most numerous assemblage had collected round a dead bear, of extraordinary bulk, which they were tricing up with a rope by the hind-legs to the lower limb of a stately sycamore, in order to skin and carve his carcass : the man who had shot Bruin was sitting in a weary posture on the ground, with his gun by his side, recounting to a mute circle the stratagems he had practised to circumvent the curious animal ; and how he had allured him, as he lay concealed in some rank grass, by waving his handkerchief tied to the end of his ramrod : he dwelt on the difficulty of pacifying his dog, and often pointed to him during the recital, as he lay overcome with fatigue at his feet. At the first flash of the firelocks from the seamen and marines overlooking the encampment, the whole crowd started on their feet, and were in motion scrambling up the opposite side of the defile with the agility of scared squirrels. The echoes of the rocks of the ravine rung to the cry of “ the British ! ” and each fugitive, on gaining the ridge, sought the recesses of the forest through by-ways, hedges, bushes, and buffalo-paths. In



the mean while a man of good mien, and in his full parade dress, called to this formidable body in a loud voice, "Where, soldiers, are you all running to, as if Buona-  
"parte was come? Look to the park of artillery in the  
"rear. Where is the Captain of the engineers?" So saying, he started wildly down the valley, followed by three fleet youths in trim uniforms, with ostrich plumes waving to their caps; each placing his hands hollow to his mouth, and raising in barbarous emulation the war-whoop practised by the aborigines of the country. Their savage clamours had the effect of rallying round the artillery about a hundred warriors dressed in deer-skin coats; but the great bulk of the army sought the precipices, which they climbed with incredible agility, and when called on to form, only looked back in mortal agony at those who spoke to them without the power of making a reply. The Colonel and his adherents assembled round their field-pieces, and putting on a resolute air, made a shew of defending them to the last extremity. But the English commander, disregarding this vain bravade, rushed forward at the head of his men, and at the first charge of the bayonet, dispersed ignominiously the band. In possession of the artillery, and, to all appearance, masters of the field of battle, the British sailors and marines raised a triumphant shout; but they soon found themselves harrassed by a mode of warfare under which troops laurelled in ten campaigns of Europe would have succumbed. The rangers, who had fled in the first moments of consternation and disorder, no sooner resumed their courage, and collected their powers, than every man availing himself of local circumstances, fought

after his own humour, and turned his rifle to the best account. Some glided like snakes in thickets, from whence presenting their pieces they never missed their mark ; some took their stations on the limbs of the lofty trees that, in natural groves, overlooked the ravine, and fired unseen through the foliage ; and others, creeping with subtle glance, and dexterous arm, along the ridge of the precipice, let fly, and loaded again without remitting their mobility : every hedge was an ambush, every tree a shelter, and every rock a fortified post. It was in this exposed situation, while animating his men with his voice and gestures, that Sir Peter Parker\* was pierced by a rifle ball, and breathed his last in the arms of his officers. The field pieces were for a short time in possession of the English ; but, baffled in their attempts to close with the enemy, they abandoned them, and sought again the beach. They left behind them twelve of their party slain, and supported back to the ship twenty-five of their wounded, the whole they could find. Though returning conquerors from the field, their slow and mournful march presented the appearance of a funereal convoy ; and when they had re-embarked in their boats, and reached once more their ship, her deck exhibited a scene of clamorous sorrow, or silent despair.

\* See a tribute to the memory of this officer, by a noble poet, beginning " There is a tear for all who die."

## NIGHT ACTION

## BETWEEN THE AVON AND WASP,

*In which the Avon was sunk.*

An action at sea is at any time an awful scene, but in the night it acquires from darkness an aggravation of horror. The tumult is then peculiarly impressive of the drummer beating to quarters—of the crew crowding up the hatchways with their hammocks—of the master at arms suspending lanthorns over the port-cells—of the quarter-gunners examining the rammers, the sponges, the powder-horns and locks—of the captains of the guns casting loose their cannon, and levelling them with their handspikes to the point-blank range for firing; while, if a torch were to be passed along the deck from visage to visage, distinct ideas might be formed of the several characters of the crowd—for then one man would be seen going into action with enterprizing valour—another with mechanical courage—and a third, perhaps, with the quivering lip of pale affection at the tender remembrance of some endeared object he may never again behold. The Wasp, after her capture of the Reindeer, proceeded to L'Orient, a harbour on the west coast of France, situated at the bottom of the bay of Saint Louis, and having taken on board provisions, directed her course for the Irish coast, where, between Cape Clear and Kinsale, about 9 at night of September 1, she fell in with the British sloop of war Avon, Captain Arbuthnot. A spirited action ensued between the two vessels, which terminated

in the surrender of the *Avon*, who lost her main-mast, and was actually in a sinking state at the time she struck, from the damages sustained in her hull by the *Wasp's* destructive fire. At this crisis the British sloop of war *Castilian*, Captain Bremer, hove in sight, who stood towards the American, but was diverted from a decisive contest by the guns of distress fired on board the *Avon*, and he had scarcely time to save her surviving crew with his boats, when she went down head foremost: Lieutenant Harvey was the last who left the *Avon*. The English lost in this action Mr. Pendergrast, the first lieutenant, and 9 seamen killed, with 33 wounded; total 43. The Americans had 2 killed, and 1 wounded; total 3. To sink their opponent in a heavy gale with a high sea running, presupposes admirable gunnery on the part of the crew of the *Wasp*.

*Captain Blakeley's Letter.*

September 1, 1814.

“At 7 in the evening the enemy commenced making signals with flags, which in the dark could not be distinguished; she afterwards burnt blue lights, and sent up rockets. Set the flying jib. At 20 minutes after 9 we got up with him, on his weather-quarter, when he hailed and inquired ‘What ship is that?’ Not answered, but asked ‘What brig is that?’ He replied, ‘His Majesty’s brig ——.’ Blowing fresh, the name was not distinctly understood. He again hailed, and asked, ‘What ship is that?’ when he was told to heave to, and he would be informed. He repeated his question, and was answered to the same effect. Mr. Carr was then sent forward to



order him to heave to, which he declined doing; at 9. 25. the enemy set his fore-top-mast studding-sail; at 9. 26. fired the 12-pound carronade, to make him heave-to; when the enemy commenced action by firing his larboard guns. We then kept away, ran under his lee, and at 9. 29. commenced the action. At 10 o'clock, believing the enemy to be silenced, orders were given to cease firing, when I hailed, and asked if he had surrendered. No answer being given to this, and his fire having recommenced, it was again returned. At 12 minutes after 10, the enemy having suffered greatly, and having made no return to our last two broadsides, I hailed him the second time, to know if he had surrendered, when he answered in the affirmative. We were on the eve of taking possession, when a sail was descried close on board of us: orders were then given to clear the ship again for action, which were promptly executed. We were then on the point of wearing, to engage the second, which we perceived to be a brig of war, when, at 10. 26. discovered two more sails, one a-stern, the other one point on our lee-quarter, standing for us; orders were then given to stand from the strange sails. The first continued to approach us, until she came close to our stern, when she hauled by the wind, fired her broadside, and retraced her steps to join her consorts, when we were necessitated to abandon the prize. He appeared, in every respect, a total wreck. He continued for some time firing guns of distress, until, probably, delivered by the two last vessels who made their appearance. The menacing brig could have engaged us, if he had thought proper, but contented himself with firing a broadside, and immediately returned to his



companions. Our loss is two killed, and one slightly wounded with a wad."

P. S.—I am told the enemy, after his surrender, asked for assistance, and said he was sinking. The probability of this is confirmed by his firing single guns for some time.

## MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY

ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN,

AND THE

*Retreat of a British Army from before Plattsburg.*

Champlain is a lake the next in magnitude to Ontario, and forms the boundary between the states of New York and Vermont. On the west shore, at the mouth of the Saranac, stands the town of Plattsburg. In the bay before this town the American commodore M'Donough obtained a victory over the British fleet; while an army of 12,000 men, commanded by Sir George Prevost, (the flower of that army which under the greatest Captain of the age had exalted the reputation of their country in France and Spain,) without coming to a decisive action with General Macomb's army posted in the defence of the place, made a precipitate retreat back into Canada, abandoning immense quantities of stores and ammunition, and losing upwards of a thousand soldiers by desertion.\*

\* It was stated to be 2000 in the British parliament.

## GENERAL MACOMB'S ACCOUNT.

*“ General Orders.*

“ Head-quarters, Plattsburg, Sept. 14, 1814.

“ The Governor General of the Canadas, and Commander in Chief of the British forces in North America, having invaded the territories of the United States, with the avowed purpose of conquering the country as far as Crown Point and Tinconderoga, there to winter his forces with a view to farther conquest, brought with him a powerful army and flotilla. An army amounting to 14,000 men, completely equipped, and accompanied by a numerous train of artillery and all the engines of war—men who had conquered in France, Spain, Portugal, the Indies, and in other parts of the globe, and led by the most distinguished Generals in the British army. A flotilla also superior to ours in vessels, men, and guns, had determined at once to crush us, both by land and water.

“ The Governor General, after boasting of what he would do, and endeavouring to dissuade the loyal inhabitants of the United States from their allegiance, by threats and promises, as set forth in his proclamation and order, fixed his head-quarters at the village of Champlain to organise his army, and to settle the government of his intended conquest. On the 2d day of the month he marched from Champlain, and on the 5th appeared before the village of Plattsburg with his whole army, and on the 11th, the day fixed for the general attack, the flotilla arrived.

“The enemy’s flotilla at eight in the morning passed Cumberland Head, and at nine engaged our flotilla at anchor in the bay of the town, fully confident of crushing in an instant the whole of our naval force; but the gallant Commodore M’Donough, in the short space of two hours, obliged the large vessels to strike their colours, whilst the gallies saved themselves by flight. This glorious achievement was in full view of the several forts, and the American forces had the satisfaction of witnessing the victory. The British army was also posted on the surrounding heights, that it could not but behold the interesting struggle for dominion on the Lake. At the same hour the fleets engaged, the enemy opened his batteries on our forts, throwing hundreds of shells, balls, and rockets, and attempted at the same time to cross the Saranac at three different points to assault the works. At the upper fort he was met by the militia and volunteers, and after repeated attempts, was driven back with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. At the bridge near the village he was repulsed by the pickets and brave riflemen under Captain Grosvenor, and Lieutenants Hamilton and Riley, and at the bridge in town was foiled by the guards, block-houses, and the artillery of the forts, served by Captain Brooks, Captains Richards and Smith, and Lieutenants Mountford, Smith, and Cromwell. The enemy’s fire was returned with effect from our batteries, and by sun-set we had the satisfaction to silence seven batteries which he had erected, and to see his column retiring to their camp beyond the reach of our guns.

Thus beaten by land and water, the Governor General withdrew his artillery and raised the siege. At nine at

night, sent off his heavy baggage, and under cover of the darkness retreated with his whole army, towards Canada, leaving his wounded on the field and a vast quantity of bread, flour, and beef, which he had not time to destroy, besides a quantity of bomb-shells, shot, flints, and ammunition of all kinds, which remained at the batteries and lay concealed in the ponds and rivers. As soon as his retreat was discovered, the light troops, volunteers, and militia, were ordered in pursuit, and followed as far as Chazy, capturing several dragoons and soldiers, besides covering the escape of hundreds of deserters, who still continue to be coming in. A violent storm, and continued fall of rain, prevented the brave volunteers and militia from farther pursuit.

Thus have the attempts of the invader been frustrated by a regular force of only fifteen hundred men; a brave and active body of militia of the State of New York, under General Mooers, and volunteers of the respectable and patriotic citizens of Vermont, led by General Strong, and other gentlemen of distinction; the whole not exceeding 2500 men.

The British forces being now either expelled or captured, the services of the volunteers and militia may be dispensed with.

(Signed)

“ALEXANDER MACOMB.”

*Sir George Prevost's Account.*

Extract of a dispatch from Lieut. General Sir George Prevost, Bart. dated Head-quarters, Plattsburg, State of New York, Sept. 11, 1814.

Upon the arrival of the reinforcements from the Garonne, I lost no time in assembling three brigades on the



frontier of Lower Canada, extending from the river Richelin to the St. Lawrence; and in forming them into a division. As the troops approached the line of separation between this province and the United States, the American army abandoned its intrenched camp on the river Chazy, at Champlain; a position I immediately seized, and occupied in force on the 3d inst. The following day the whole of the left division advanced to the village of Chazy, without meeting the least opposition from the enemy: On the 5th, it halted within eight miles of this place. The next day the division moved upon Plattsburg. Here I found the enemy in the occupation of an elevated ridge of land on the south branch of the Saranac, crowned with three strong redoubts and other field-works, and block houses armed with heavy ordnance, with their flotilla, consisting of the *Saratoga*, of 26 guns; *Surprise*, of 20 guns; *Thunderer*, of 16 guns; *Preble*, of 7 guns; ten gun-boats, of 14 guns, at anchor out of gunshot from the shore. I immediately communicated the circumstance to Captain Downie, who had been recently appointed to command the vessels on Lake Champlain, consisting of a ship, a brig, two sloops, and twelve gun-boats (the *Confiance*, of 36 guns; *Linnet*, of 18 guns; *Broke*, of 10 guns; *Shannon*, of 10 guns; twelve gun-boats, of 16 guns); and requested his co-operation, and in the meantime batteries were constructed for guns brought from the rear.

On the morning of the 11th, our flotilla was seen over the Isthmus which joins Cumberland Head with the main land, steering for Plattsburg Bay. I immediately ordered that part of the brigade under Major General Robinson,



to force the ford of the Saranac, and to escalate the enemy's works upon the heights. The batteries opened their fire the instant the ships engaged.

Scarcely had his Majesty's troops forced a passage across the Saranac, and ascended the height on which stand the enemy's works, when I had the extreme mortification to hear the shouts of victory from the enemy's works, in consequence of the British flag being lowered on board the *Confiance* and *Linnet*, and to see our gun-boats seeking their safety in flight. This unlooked for event deprived me of the co-operation of the fleet, without which the farther prosecution of the service was become impracticable, I did not hesitate to arrest the course of the troops advancing to the attack, because the most complete success would have been unavailing, and the possession of the enemy's works offered no advantage to compensate for the loss we must have sustained in acquiring possession of them.

I have ordered the batteries to be dismantled, the guns withdrawn, and the baggage, with the wounded men who can be removed, to be sent to the rear, in order that the troops may be sent to Chazy to-morrow, and on the following day to Champlain, where I purpose to halt until I have ascertained the use the enemy purpose making of the naval ascendancy they have acquired on Lake Champlain.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

GEORGE PREVOST.

This expedition served no other purpose than that of parading a numerous army to demonstrate the folly of invading the territory of the American Union.

## THE CHASE AND CAPTURE

*Of the Frigate PRESIDENT, by a BRITISH SQUADRON.*

Neither Naples, nor Constantinople, unites the various advantages of sea and river communication for which New York is distinguished. It is situated on an island in a capacious bay, formed by the conflux of two large rivers, the Hudson and the East River; and no view can be more picturesque than that of the adjacent islands, the shore of the Hudson, and the more extended one of Long Island, as it stretches towards the Sound.—Commodore Rodgers having been appointed to the Independence, a new 74 fitting for sea at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the command of the President frigate was given to Captain Decatur, with orders to proceed upon a cruize in the bay of Bengal; the Hornet and Peacock were to join him at Tristran d'Acunha, an island in the South Atlantic ocean, the place of rendezvous. As the President lay ready for sea, at Slaten Island, off New York, she was watched by the Majestic, Captain Hayes; the Tenedos, Capt. Hyde Parker; the Endymion, Capt. Hope; and the Pomone, Captain Lumley; their usual station was close in with Sandy Hook. On the 14th of January they were blown off from the coast in a severe snow storm, when Decatur, availing himself of a dark night and heavy gale, put to sea under close reefed top-sails, with a merchant brig in company. Unfortunately, in going over the bar, the ship, by the unskilfulness of the pilot, struck and injured her sailing; and it blew too hard from the westward to think of beating back again

into port. In the mean time, Commodore Hayes, suspecting Decatur would make a dash out to sea in the night, disposed his squadron with so great judgment, that at day break, Sandy Hook bearing W. N. W. 15 leagues, the President was discovered standing to the southward and eastward, not more than two miles distant on the weather-bow of the Majestic. A signal was immediately hoisted for a general chase, and the English squadron crowded all sail after the President, steering free with the wind abaft the beam. The Endymion, by her superior sailing, shot ahead of her consorts, and engaged the President in a running fight for two hours and a half, when, having her courses, her main-top-sail, her jib, fore-top-mast-stay-sail, and spanker cut from the yards by the President's shot, the President got a-head; but, at eleven at night, was approached by the Pomone and Tenedos, and having received two broadsides from the Pomone, she shewed a light in her mizen-rigging as a signal of surrender. The Tenedos had a raking position a-stern of the President; but Captain Parker withheld his fire, conscious that Decatur was at his mercy: he sent his boat to take possession of the chase.

*Captain Decatur's Letter.*

H. B. M. ship Endymion, at Sea,  
January 18, 1815.

The painful duty of detailing the particular causes which preceded and led to the capture of the late U. S. frigate President, by a squadron of H. B. M. ships, (as per margin,) has devolved upon me. In my communica-

of the 14th, I made known to you my intention of proceeding to sea on that evening. Owing to some mistake of the pilots, the ship, in going out, grounded on the bar, where she continued to strike heavily for an hour and a half. Although she had broken several of her rudder braces, and received such other material injury as to render her return into port desirable, I was unable to do so from the strong westerly wind which was then blowing. It being now high water, it became necessary to force her over the bar before the tide fell. In this we succeeded by ten o'clock, when we shaped our course along the shore of Long Island for 50 miles, and then steered S. E. by S. At 5 o'clock three ships were discovered a-head; we immediately hauled up the ship, and passed two miles to the northward of them. At day-light we discovered four ships in chase; one on each quarter, and two a-stern, the leading ship of the enemy a razee; she commenced a fire upon us, but without effect. At meridian, the wind became light and baffling; we had increased our distance from the razee, but the next ship a-stern, which was also a large ship, had gained, and continued to gain upon us considerably. We immediately occupied all hands to lighten ship, by starting water, cutting away the anchors, throwing overboard provisions, cables, spare spars, boats, and every article that could be got at, keeping the sails wet, from the royals down. At 3, we had the wind quite light; the enemy, who had now been joined by a brig, had a strong breeze, and were coming up with us rapidly.

The *Endymion* (mounting 50 guns, 24 pounders on the main-deck) had now approached us within gun-shot, and



had commenced a fire with her bow-guns, which we returned from our stern. At 5 o'clock she had obtained a position on our starboard-quarter, within half point-blank shot, on which neither our stern nor quarter-guns would bear; we were now steering E. by N. the wind N.W. I remained with her in this position for half an hour, in the hope that she would close with us on our broadside, in which case I had prepared my crew to board; but from his continuing to yaw his ship to maintain his position, it became evident, that to close was not his intention. Every fire now cut some of our sails or rigging. To have continued our course under these circumstances, would have been placing it in his power to cripple us, without being subject to injury himself; and to have hauled up more to the northward to bring our stern guns to bear, would have exposed us to his raking fire. It was now dusk, when I determined to alter my course south, for the purpose of bringing the enemy a-beam; and, although their ships a-stern were drawing up fast, I felt satisfied I should be enabled to throw him out of the combat before they could come up, and was not without hopes, if the night proved dark, (of which there was every appearance,) that I might still be enabled to effect my escape. Our opponent kept off at the same instant we did, and our fire commenced at the same time. We continued engaged, steering south, and steering-sails set, 2 hours and a half, when we completely succeeded in dismantling her. Previously to her dropping entirely out of the action, there were intervals of minutes, when the ships were broadside to broadside, in which she did not fire a gun. At this period (half-past 8 o'clock), although dark,



the other ships of the squadron were in sight, and almost within gun-shot. We were of course compelled to abandon her. In re-assuming our former course for the purpose of avoiding the squadron, we were compelled to present our stern to our antagonist; but such was his state, though we were thus exposed and within range of his guns for half an hour, that he did not avail himself of this favourable opportunity of raking us. We continued this course until eleven o'clock, when two fresh ships of the enemy (the *Pomone* and *Tenedos*) had come up. The *Pomone* had opened her fire on the larboard bow, within musket-shot; the other, about two cables' length a-stern, taking a raking position on our quarter; and the rest (with the exception of the *Endymion*) within gun-shot. Thus situated, with about one fifth of my crew killed and wounded, my ship crippled, and a more than four-fold force opposed to me, without a chance of escape left, I deemed it my duty to surrender.

It is with emotions of pride I bear testimony to the gallantry and steadiness of every officer and man I had the honour to command on this occasion; and I feel satisfied that the fact of their having beaten a force equal to themselves, in the presence, and almost under the guns, of so vastly a superior force, when, too, it was almost self-evident that, whatever their exertions might be, they must ultimately be captured, will be taken as evidence of what they would have performed, had the force opposed to them been in any degree equal.

## ACTION

*Between the Constitution and the Cyane and Levant.*

The British ships of war the Levant and Cyane, proceeding in company from Gibraltar to the Azores, fall in, between the Strait's mouth and Madeira, with the Constitution, and seek an action with her; which terminates in the surrender of both. Old Ironsides, (as the Constitution is called by the American tars,) was this time commanded by Captain Stewart; a man whose ancestors breathed the keen air of Benlomond, and emigrated to America from the muirs and the mountains.

*Captain Stewart's Minutes of the Action.*

February 20, 1815. As the Constitution was standing for Cape St. Vincent, to get in the track of the Gibraltar convoy, at 1 in the afternoon, we discovered a sail two points on the larboard bow; hauled up in chase. At a quarter past 1 made out the sail to be a ship. At three-quarters past 1, discovered another sail a-head; made them out, at 2 P.M. to be both ships, standing close-hauled, with their starboard-tacks on-board. At 4 P.M. the weathermost ship made signals, and bore up for her consort, then about 10 miles to leeward; we bore up after her, and set lower, top-mast, top-gallant, and royal studding-sails in chase. At half-past 4, carried away our main-royal-mast, took in the sail, and got another prepared. At 5 P.M. commenced firing on the chase from

our two larboard bow-guns ; our shot falling short, ceased firing. At half-past 5, finding it impossible to prevent their junction, cleared ship for action, then about 4 miles from the two ships. At 40 minutes past 5, they passed within hail of each other, braced by the wind on the starboard-tack, hauled up their courses, and prepared to receive us. At 45 minutes past 5, they made all sail, close hauled by the wind, in hopes of getting to windward of us. At 55 minutes past 5, finding themselves disappointed in their object, and that we were closing with them fast, they shortened sail, and formed on a line of wind, about half a cable's length from each other. At 6 P. M. having them under command of our battery, hoisted our colours, which was answered by both ships hoisting English ensigns. At 5 minutes past 6, ranged up, on the starboard side of the sternmost ship, about 300 yards distant, and commenced the action by broadsides, both ships returning our fire with great spirit for about 15 minutes ; then the fire of the enemy began to slacken, and the great column of smoke collected under our lee, induced us to suspend our fire, to ascertain their positions and conditions. In about three minutes the smoke having cleared away, we found ourselves a-breast of the headmost ship, the sternmost ship luffing up for our larboard-quarter ; we poured a broadside into the headmost ship, and then braced a-back our main and mizen-top-sails, and backed a-stern, under cover of the smoke a-breast the sternmost ship, when the action was continued with spirit, and considerable effect, until 35 minutes past 6, when the enemy's fire again slackened, and we discovered the headmost ship bearing up ; filled our top-sails, shot a-head, and gave her two

stern rakes. We then discovered the sternmost ship wearing also; wore ship immediately after, and gave her a stern rake, she luffing-to on our starboard bow, and giving us her larboard broadside; we ranged up on her larboard-quarter, within hail, and was about to give her our starboard broadside, when she struck her colours, fired a gun, and yielded. At 50 minutes past 6, took possession of H. M. S. Cyane, Captain Gordon Falcon, mounting 34 guns. At eight P. M. filled away after her consort, which was still in sight to leeward. At half-past 8, found her standing towards us on the starboard tack close hauled, with top-gallant sails set and colours flying. At 50 minutes past 8, ranged close alongside to windward of her, on opposite tacks, and exchanged broadsides; wore immediately under her stern, and raked her with a broadside; she then crowded all sail, and endeavoured to escape by running; hauled on board our tacks, set spanker and flying-jib in chase. At half-past 9, commenced firing on her from our starboard bow chaser; gave her several shot, which cut her spars and rigging considerably. At 10 P. M. finding it impracticable to escape, she fired a gun, struck her colours, and yielded. We immediately took possession of H. M. ship *Levant*, the Hon. Capt. George Douglas, mounting 21 guns. At 1 A. M. the damages of our rigging were repaired, sails shifted, and the ship in fighting condition.

Cyane - - - - 6 killed - - 13 wounded.

Levant - - - 6 killed - - 15 wounded.

Constitution - 6 killed - - 6 wounded.

## ESCAPE OF THE CONSTITUTION

OUT OF PORT PRAYA,

FROM A BRITISH SQUADRON.

Qualis spelunca subito commota columba,  
 Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,  
 Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis  
 Dat tecto ingentem : mox aëre lapsa quieto,  
 Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.

LIB. v. V. 213.

As when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,  
 Rous'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes ;  
 The cavern rings with clatt'ring ; out she flies,  
 And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies :  
 At first she flutters ; but at length she springs  
 To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings.

DRYDEN.

The harbour of Port Praya, in the island of Saint Jago, the chief of the Cape de Verds, possesses good anchorage, and is of easy access. It is somewhat more than a mile and a quarter wide at the entrance, and runs back a mile ; gradually narrowing at its head to half a mile. The entrance to the harbour is commanded by a fort placed on the summit of a hill—of which more hereafter. The town is situated on a table plain at the top of a rock, whose side is perpendicular to the beach ; the houses are built of stone, one story high, and thatched with the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, which clothes the



valley, and skirts the precipice. Porto Praya is the residence of the governor-general of the Portuguese settlements, both in the Cape de Verd islands, and at Cape Verde on the opposite coast of Africa.

While the Constitution was lying at an anchor in the bay with her prizes, the Cyane and Levant, about noon on the 8th of March, 1815, three large ships were descried standing in through a thick fog, under a crowd of sail: the headmost was the Leander of 50 guns, bearing the broad pendant of Sir George Collier; the next to her was the Newcastle, of 50 guns, Lord G. Stewart, and the sternmost was the Acasta, of 38 guns, Captain Kerr. Captain Stewart, on beholding them, felt an involuntary emotion to guard himself against mischief; he snuffed an enemy in the offing, and smelt a rat on the shore. It is not in nature for a Portuguese to get to windward of an American; but particularly of a Scotch American, who, in nicety of tact surpasses the keenest of his progenitors. With a quick sense of the hollowness of neutrality, and the knavery of his Excellency, Don Raphael, the Governor, Captain Stewart lost not a moment to cut and run; and such was his promptitude, that the Constitution was under weigh, close hauled upon a wind, in *four minutes* from the time the English squadron hove in sight. The perfidy of the governor now became actual and palpable. He not only gave orders for the batteries to be opened on the Constitution, but was seen on the ramparts gesticulating to the gunners, and pointing to the frigate's masts. The crew leaning over the bulwark, or on the port-cells, looked on with indifference; when a shot passed over old Ironsides it produced a smile, and when it fell short a

laugh. At length a young gentleman, who was a passenger on board, and a candidate for a commission in the artillery corps, obtained Captain Stewart's consent to give them a gun as an *amateur*: it was a shot of retribution: it dismounted a long eighteen-pounder on the battery, and made the whole gang of Portuguese gunners dance a *fandango* over the breast-work: his Excellency Don Raphael did not indulge that day in his customary *siesta*: he was borne languid to his palace, where, though crowds of slaves and sycophants testified their sympathy, he had not the inward consolation of one single virtue.

*American minutes of the Escape of the U. S. frigate Constitution from an English squadron of three ships, out of Port Praya.*

The day commences with fresh breezes and thick foggy weather. At 5 past 12, while we were lying at anchor, discovered a large ship through the fog, standing in for Port Praya. At 8 minutes past 12, saw two other large ships astern of her, also standing in for the port. From their general appearance, supposed them to be one of the enemy's squadrons; and, from the little respect hitherto paid by them to neutral waters, I deemed it most prudent to put to sea. The signal was made to the *Cyane* and *Levant* to get under weigh. At 12, after meridian, with our top-sails set, we cut our cable, and got under way (when the Portuguese opened a fire on us from several of their batteries on shore), the prize-ships following our motions, and stood out of the harbour of Port Praya, close under East Point, passing the enemy's squadron about gun-shot to windward of them: crossed our top-gallant-yards, and set fore-sail, main-sail, spanker, flying

jib, and top-gallant sails. The enemy, seeing us under way, tacked ship, and made all sail in chase of us. As far as we could judge of their rates, from the thickness of the weather, supposed them two ships of the line, and one frigate. At half-past meridan cut away the boats towing a-stern, first cutter, and gig. At 1 p. m. found our sailing about equal with the ships on our lee-quarter, but the frigate luffing up, gaining our wake, and rather dropping astern of us; finding the Cyane dropping astern, and to-leeward, and the frigate gaining on her fast, I found it impossible to save her if she continued on the same course, without having the Constitution brought to action by their whole force. I made the signal at 10 minutes past 1 p. m. to her to tack ship, which was complied with. This manœuvre, I conceived, would detach one of the enemy's ships in pursuit of her; while, at the same time, from her position, she would be enabled to reach the anchorage at Port Praya, before the detached ships could come up with her; but if they did not tack after her, it would afford her an opportunity to double their rear, and make her escape before the wind. They all continued in full chase of the Levant and this ship, the ship on our lee-quarter firing, by divisions, broadsides, her shot falling short of us. At 3 p. m. by our having dropped the Levant considerably, her situation became (from the position of the enemy's frigate) similar to the Cyane. It became necessary to separate also from the Levant, or risk this ship being brought to action to cover her. I made the signal, at 5 minutes past 3, for her to tack, which was complied with. At 12 minutes past 3, the whole of the enemy's squadron tacked in pursuit of the Levant, and gave up the pursuit of this ship.

## ACTION

BETWEEN THE PENGUIN AND HORNET,

*Off Tristan d'Acunha.*

Tristan d'Acunha is the largest of three islands in the South Atlantic Ocean, very lofty, and about 15 miles in circumference. Though 1500 miles from any inhabited land, man in his boundless passion for war has made its shores resound with the strife and contention of battle. Captain Biddle, of the Hornet, in seeking the President at this Island, fell in with the Penguin, Captain Dickinson; a spirited conflict ensued, which terminated in the surrender of the English vessel: her Captain was mortally wounded.

*From Captain Biddle to Commodore Decatur,*

U. S. sloop Hornet, off Tristan d'Acunha,  
SIR, March 25, 1815.

I have the honor to inform you, that on the morning of the 23d instant, at half-past 10, when about to anchor off the north-end of the island of Tristan d'Acunha, a sail was seen to the southward and eastward, steering to the eastward, the wind fresh from the S.S.W. In a few minutes she had passed on to the westward, so that we could not see her for the land. I immediately made sail to the westward, and shortly after getting sight of her again, perceived her to bear up before the wind. I hove-to for him to come down to us. When she had approached



near, I filled the main-top-sail, and continued to yaw the ship while she continued to come down, wearing occasionally, to prevent her passing under our stern. At 1.40. P.M. being nearly within musket-shot distance, she hauled her wind on the starboard tack, hoisted English colours, and fired a gun. We immediately luffed-to, hoisted our ensign, and gave the enemy a broadside. The action being thus commenced, a quick and well-directed fire was kept up from this ship, the enemy gradually drifting nearer to us; when, at 1.55. he bore up, apparently to run us on board. As soon as I perceived he would certainly fall on board, I called the boarders, so as to be ready to repel any attempt to board us. At the instant, every officer and man repaired to the quarter-deck, where the two vessels were coming in contact, and eagerly pressed me to permit them to board the enemy; but this I would not permit, as it was evident, from the commencement of the action, that our fire was greatly superior, both in quickness and effect. The enemy's bowsprit came in between our main and mizen-rigging, on our starboard-side, affording him an opportunity to board us, if such was his design, but no attempt was made. There was a considerable swell on, and, as the sea lifted us a-head, the enemy's bowsprit carried away our mizen-shrouds, stern-davits, and spanker-boom, and he hung upon our larboard-quarter. At this moment an officer called out that they had surrendered. I directed the marines and musketry-men to cease firing; and, while on the taffrail, asking if they had surrendered, I received a wound in the neck. The enemy just then got clear of us, and his foremast and bowsprit being both gone, and



perceiving us wearing to give him a fresh broadside, he again called out that he had surrendered. It was with difficulty I could restrain my crew from firing into him again, as he had certainly fired into us after having surrendered. From the firing of the first gun, to the last time the enemy cried out he had surrendered, was exactly 22 minutes by the watch. She proved to be H. B. M. brig Penguin, mounting sixteen 32-pound carronades, two long 12s, a 12-pound carronade upon the top-gallant-fore-castle, with swivels on the capstan, and in the tops. They acknowledge a loss of 14 killed, and 28 wounded: among the killed is Captain Dickenson, who fell at the close of the action. We received on board, in all, 118 prisoners, four of whom have since died of their wounds. Having removed the prisoners, and taken on board such provisions and stores as would be useful to us, I scuttled the Penguin this morning, before daylight, and she went down: she was completely riddled by our shot, her fore-mast and bowsprit both gone, and her main-mast so crippled as to be incapable of being secured. This ship did not receive a single round shot in her hull, nor any material wound in her spars.

\* The Hornet's force was 18 32-pound carronades, two long 18-pounders, and a complement of 160 men.

## THE REPULSE OF A BRITISH ARMY, FROM BEFORE NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans, the capital of the State of Louisiana, is situated on the left bank of the Mississippi, 105 miles from its estuary, and is the great mart for the produce of the western States of the Union, to which that river\* affords the only outlet to the sea: Lake Pontchartrain communicates with the city by the bayou St. John. It is within two weeks sail of the coast of Mexico, and still nearer

\* The area of territory in the United States which contributes to the waters of the Mississippi, or is dependent on it for a communication with the ocean, is 1,344,779 square miles, or 860,658,560 acres; nearly 28 times the extent of England and Wales, and 11 times that of the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

	<i>Sqr. Miles.</i>
Missouri State.....	985,250
North West Territory $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	53,415
Illinois State (the whole) .....	52,000
Indiana State $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	37,050
Ohio State $\frac{1}{3}$ .....	35,088
Pennsylvania $\frac{1}{3}$ .....	16,493
New York $\frac{1}{10}$ .....	521
Maryland $\frac{1}{10}$ .....	140
Virginia $\frac{2}{3}$ .....	28,200
Kentucky (the whole).....	40,110
Tennessee (ditto) .....	43,200
Mississippi State $\frac{1}{3}$ .....	29,560
Louisiana $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	20,500
Georgia $\frac{1}{30}$ .....	2,000
North Carolina $\frac{1}{50}$ .....	1,100
South Carolina $\frac{1}{50}$ .....	152

Square miles.....3,444,779

the islands of the western Archipelago. The army which had occupied Washington made afterwards an unsuccessful attempt on Baltimore, in which General Ross was killed: after a short repose at Jamaica, the force, augmented to full 6000 men, made an attack on New Orleans, under General Pakenham; but were repulsed by the Americans under General Jackson, with the loss of 2454 men killed, wounded, and prisoners; the American army had only 10 men killed, and the same number wounded.

*General Jackson's Account of the Operations at New Orleans.*

*Camp, 4 miles below New Orleans, Jan. 9, 1815.*

During the days of the 6th and 7th, the enemy had been actively employed in making preparations for an attack on my lines. With infinite labour they had succeeded on the night of the 7th, in getting their boats across from the lake to the river by widening and deepening the canal on which they had effected their disembarkation. In my encampment every thing was ready for action, when, early on the morning of the 8th, the enemy, after throwing a heavy shower of bombs and Congreve rockets, advanced their columns on my right and left, to storm my entrenchments. I cannot speak sufficiently in praise of the firmness and deliberation with which my whole line received their approach—more could not be expected from veterans inured to war. For an hour, the fire of the small arms was as incessant and severe as can be imagined. The artillery too, directed by officers who displayed equal

skill and courage, did great execution. Yet the columns of the enemy continued to advance with a firmness which reflects upon them the greatest credit. Twice the column which approached me on my left was repulsed; by the troops of General Carroll, those of General Coffee, and a division of Kentucky militia, and twice they formed again and renewed the assault.

At length, however, cut to pieces, they fled in confusion from the field, leaving it covered with their dead and wounded. The loss which the enemy sustained on this occasion cannot be estimated at less than 1500 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Upwards of 300 have already been delivered over for burial; and my men are still engaged in picking them up within my lines and carrying them to the point where the enemy are to receive them. This is in addition to the dead and wounded whom the enemy have been enabled to carry from the field during and since the action, and to those who have since died of the wounds they received. We have taken about 500 prisoners, upwards of 300 of whom are wounded, and a great part of them mortally. My loss has not exceeded, and I believe has not amounted to, 10 killed and as many wounded.

*Camp, 4 miles below New Orleans, Jan. 19, 1815.*

Last night, at twelve o'clock, the enemy precipitately decamped and returned to his boats, leaving behind, under medical attendance, eighty of his wounded, including two officers, fourteen pieces of his heavy artillery, and a quantity of shot, having destroyed much of his powder. Such was the situation of the ground which he

abandoned, and of that through which he retired, protected by canals, redoubts, entrenchments, and swamps on his right, and the river on his left, that I could not, without encountering risk, which true policy did not seem to require, or to authorise, attempt to annoy him much in his retreat.

His loss on this ground, since the debarkation of his troops, as stated by all the last prisoners and deserters, and as confirmed by many additional circumstances, must have exceeded 4000; and was greater in the action of the 8th than was estimated, from the most correct data then in his possession, by the Inspector General, whose report has been forwarded to you. We succeeded, on the 8th, in getting from the enemy about 1000 stand of arms, of various descriptions.

Since the action of the 8th, the enemy have been allowed very little respite—my artillery from both sides of the river being constantly employed till the night, and indeed, until the hour of their retreat, in annoying them. No doubt they thought it quite time to quit a position in which so little rest could be found.



## DISASTROUS RENCONTRE BETWEEN THE PEACOCK AND NAUTILUS.

Ὡς σ' ἔβαλον Τρῶες, κατὰ δ' ὄρμια πιστά πάτησαν.

ILLIAD iv. v. 157.

thus have the Trojans stamp'd  
Their covenant under foot, and wounded thee !

COWPER.

Anjier is an English military establishment, under the superintendence of a master-attendant, situated on a bay of the island of Java, 78 miles west of Batavia, at the entrance of the Straits of Sunda. The houses and fort have a picturesque appearance from the sea, while every part of the surrounding country is bounded by ghauts, where, among other trees, grows the *Bohun Upas*, and where the lion and tiger lie basking under a vertical sun. On the beach is seen a motley assemblage of Europeans, Chinese, Hindoos, and Malays, transporting their barrels and bales to the water-side, to ship off to the ketches, the grabs, the junks, and endless variety of country craft lying at anchor in the roads.\*

\* The author of this page was in early life a maritime rover in the oriental ocean. He embarked for India with the brother-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, a youth *qui neque fecit, nec sensit, quod non erat laudandum* (I quote Paternus from memory) whom he studied with at school, and accompanied home every vacation. There is a pleasure in having the remotest claim to the notice of a man whose writings are beautiful as nature, lovely as virtue, and valuable as truth.

On the afternoon of the 30th of June, 1815, as the Peacock, commanded by Captain Warrington, was pursuing her track like a sea-bird through the Straits of Sunda,\* on coming abreast of Anjier she hoisted English colours. It happened that the East India Company's cruizer Nautilus, Lieutenant Boyce, was standing towards the Strait's mouth, in charge of public dispatches from Batavia to Bengal, and, believing the Peacock to be an English ship of war, the lieutenant lowered down his gig, and sent her under charge of Mr. Bartlett, the master, to learn the news from Europe; Cornet White, a passenger on board the Nautilus, accompanied him: Mr. Macgregor, the master-attendant at Anjier, yielding to the same delusion, pushed off eagerly in the fort-boat on the same errand. The gig reached the man of war first; and scarcely had Mr. Bartlett got up the side, mounted the gangway, and raised his hat, when Captain Warrington, who stood on the weather-side of the quarter-deck, dressed in his em-

† Captain Warrington had been sent into the Indian sea to co-operate with Decatur, from whose bold efforts of maritime skill high expectations were formed. There can be no doubt but that in the President frigate, with the Peacock and Hornet as auxiliaries, he would have been a more redoubtable enemy to the China fleet than Linois with three line of battle ships; and that Dance would have looked like the man who drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night. Decatur would have dogged the fleet from Java Head to the Chops of the Channel; and, in every gale of wind which broke the bond of their union, have cut off and sunk, destroyed, or sent into the United States, some of the straggling ducks. This is only reasoning from analogy. It is notorious that Blakeley, no less prompt than intrepid; cut out a merchantman from a fleet under convoy of the Armada, 74, the night before he engaged the Reindeer; and that the Armada was kept perpetually busy either in collecting her convoy under her wings, or firing at the yankey.

broidered uniform, conversing with his officers, called to the Serjeant of Marines, "Pass the boat's crew below!" an injunction which was instantly obeyed; for the lascars who composed her rowers were hauled in by the Americans through the ports, and their officers conducted down the hatchway. The reception which Mr. Macgregor experienced, as he entered the ship from his boat, was not more courteous: he was informed by Captain Warrington's lieutenant that he was a prisoner of war. He began immediately to remonstrate with the lieutenant, saying that peace had been ratified between Great Britain and the United States; that he had a copy of Mr. Madison's proclamation in his pocket, and that he hoped the end and benefit of it would not be disappointed by any act of violence or bloodshed. He was interrupted in his communication by Captain Warrington, who sternly cried, conduct him below! On being hurried down the hatchway into the gun-room, he encountered the purser, who was superintending the cartridges which the gunner had now begun to send up from the magazine. The purser was a jocosé Bostonian, somewhat advanced in years, of lofty stature, and extraordinary corpulence, who enjoyed such vigour of body, and buoyancy of spirits, that his cheek exhibited the ruddy suffusion of a second youth. As a relief from his sufferings in a broiling climate, he had thrown off his coat, and put on a light white jacket, and, as he paced the gun-room floor, endeavoured to produce an artificial circulation of the air by waving his hand before his face—yet the big drops coursed down his cheeks like tears, and his uncovered head supported the illusion of his being under the influence of a shower-bath. It was a common

saying on board the Peacock, when a sailor felt himself overheated, that he sweated like the purser. This Silenus of Ægle, this Bitias of Dido, however strutting his exterior, was a shy cock in heart, and made his own personal safety the rule of all his actions. He chuckled at the love of glory, and the care of posterity, as the ridiculous reveries of idle speculation. When an engagement impended he sought refuge below, and a story had got wind on board, that in the action between the Peacock and the Epervier, he covered himself over with a profusion of his own bread bags, from under which, after the battle, he was dragged out by the laughing lieutenants more dead than alive. Yet, however degraded his conduct, it was not without attractions in the microcosm of a ship ; and his sprightly humour diffused itself from the captain to the cook. There was not a man on board who would not rather have dispensed with the chaplain than his ridiculous victualler. His first words to Mr. Macgregor were, A hot day, Sir, aggravated to such an intenseness by their closing the hatchways to keep the chicken-hearted from deserting their quarters and escaping into the lower apartments, that respiration has become difficult. What news from Anjier ? Are you the *cutwal* of the place—the *goree*—the *pundit*—or have I the honour (assuming an air of grandeur) to address the *rajah* ! I am, Sir, replied Mr. Macgregor, the master-attendant at Anjier, and the news is that peace has been concluded between Great Britain and the United States. I have informed your lieutenant of the event, and a shot fired from your ship will be an unprovoked instance of wanton and aggravated barbarity. I do not see, re-



joined the purser, how we can avoid a little brush ; and if we knock some of the gingerbread-work off your stern, you may impute to yourselves the consequence of a just retribution for pillaging Havre de Grace, bombarding Stonington, and lighting a torch from the firebrand of the furies to consume the city of Washington. What is become of the Capitol, the President's Palace, the Arsenal, and the Rope Walk ? We can now only trace the streets by the colour of the grass, and its sole manufacture is in Members of Congress.

In the mean while, Lieutenant Boyce having perceived through his glass, that his officers, on getting on board the Peacock, were forcibly detained, and the lascars dragged out of the boat, prepared his brig for action ; and Captain Warrington, opening his tier of ports, bore down upon the Nautilus. The two vessels were now lying abreast of one another, with their courses hauled up, jogging on under their topsails. A profound silence prevailed on board the Peacock, whose sailors were diverting themselves with the novelty of the crowded deck of the Nautilus—the Asiatic costume of the crew—and the high tone of command assumed by the Serang,\* who, by his frequent trips to Canton, and rambles through Hog-lane, had acquired a Chinese cast of countenance. His cheek was shrivelled, and his whiskers meagre, but his eye keen and piercing. He wore on his head a huge cotton turban, which the renegade English tars on board the Peacock compared to a “ Welch wig with sleeves to it ;” and he had on a long loose gown, with slippers

\* Boatswain.



turned up at the toes : the old tawny sea-farer often blew his whistle, and called to the lascars *Ka bobbery !* To the idle it was ludicrous, but to the thoughtful affecting, to behold the turbanned sailors standing at the cannon of the Nautilus with lighted matches in their hands, awaiting the command to fire ; for nothing but a high sense of duty could have assembled them to oppose a desperate defence to an assault which they could have no rational hope of repelling. But the breast of Captain Warrington, so far from being awakened to pity, was provoked to indignation—and, darting on the Nautilus a look of anger mingled with scorn, he said to his lieutenant, Should you be prompted, Mr. Mayo, to board that catamaran, you will lay aside your sword, and arm yourself with a whip, as a more suitable instrument to repress the insolence of palankeen-bearers and slaves. Nay, sir, replied the lieutenant, this is, apparently, the Honourable Company's man of war fitted out for the express purpose of cruising for the Peacock.—While Captain Warrington was overcome with indignation at the hostile attitude assumed by men of colour, from whom, as a Virginian, he thought that he had a right to *salams*, he was hailed by Lieutenant Boyce, and a dialogue ensued, from which I shall discard the *said he*.

Lieutenant B. Hoa the ship ahoy !

Captain W. Halloo !

Lieutenant B. What ship is that ?

Captain W. Halloo !

Lieutenant B. I say, what ship is that ?

Captain W. Halloo !

Lieutenant B. Am I to consider you as a friend, or a foe?

Captain W. A foe! (Here the English blue ensign was hauled down on board the Peacock, and the American colours hoisted.)

Lieutenant B. Do you know there is a peace?

Captain W. No.

Lieutenant B. I have, then, the satisfaction to inform you that peace has been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, and ratified by both parties.\* I have the proclamation on board. I hope this intelligence will restrain you from any act of hostility.

Captain W. This information, to obtain credit, must come in a more formal shape. I am here to act, and not deliberate. I command you to haul down your colours.

Lieutenant B. I shall not.

Captain W. Haul down your colours instantly, or I will sink you as sure as you carry tops above your lower mast-heads.

Lieutenant B. I shall do no such thing.

Humanity would willingly draw a veil over the scene that followed—Captain Warrington enforced his demand with his guns, and a brisk action of a few moments terminated in the hauling down the flag of the Nautilus, the death of six Lascars, and the lamentable mutilation of

\* The peace was made early in December 1814, after a war of two years and eight months. By the general pacification of Europe, the causes which had produced the unhappy impulse no longer subsisted; and in the Treaty concluded between the Mother Country and America, both parties silently relinquished their claims, as though unwilling to recapitulate the principles of the contest.

Lieutenant Boyce, and his only officer, Mr. Maystow, by gun-shot wounds. The heart is more sensibly touched by a picture of individual suffering than of general calamity; and the relation which poor Boyce gives of his wounds affects us the more powerfully, from the fortitude which he displays in venting no reproach against the want of moderation in Captain Warrington. "I received a grape-shot (two inches and a third in diameter) in a slanting direction through my right buttock; (it passed out near my back-bone;) and a few minutes after a 32-pound shot shattered my right knee joint, and splintered my thigh-bone. It was deemed necessary to amputate my leg, and it was accordingly taken off above the knee. My cure has been greatly impeded by two unfortunate fistulas in my stump, which have caused me to suffer much." This is the statement of a man whose silence on every thing but his wounds, implies that forgiveness is a virtue most native to his heart; and while the reader deplores the severity of his fate, he may learn from his forbearance the charity of a Christian.

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Such were the events of a war between England and a nation whose forlorn founders left her shores not two centuries before, without possessing consequence enough to have their transmigration recorded in her chronicles. It instructed the councils of America to adopt the policy of those of Athens, when, under the direction of Themistocles, they looked to their wooden walls as the bulwark of the Republic. It gave scope to the abilities of a Hull,

a Decatur, a Bainbridge, a Lawrence, a Stewart, a Perry, a Porter, a Macdonough, a Jones, and a Blakeley; and established a navy, which, in its progressive augmentation, may not only decide the fate of the transatlantic colonies of Europe, but produce important modifications in her own political condition.

### THE END.

### ERRATA.

Page 63—for westward, read windward.

133—for the plural, read the dual number.

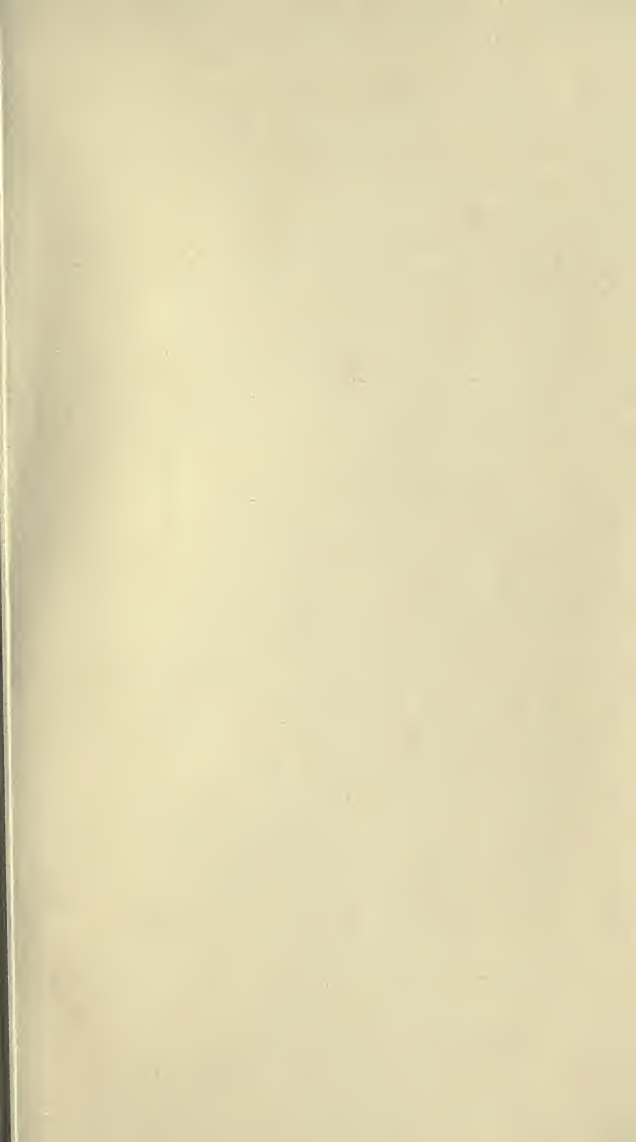
256—*dele*, in the last line, the preposition by.

315—for 1100% read 11,000%.

327—read The cession of the Floridas by Spain to &c.

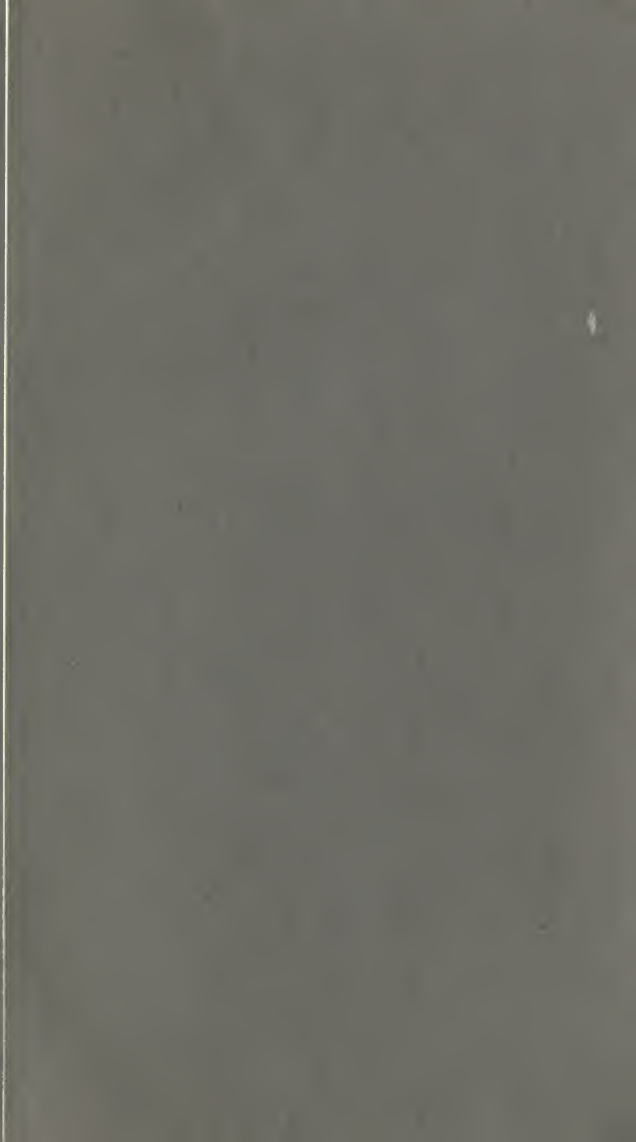
345—for visible, read risible.

\* \* \* *Qui plura velit, adcat contextum.*









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